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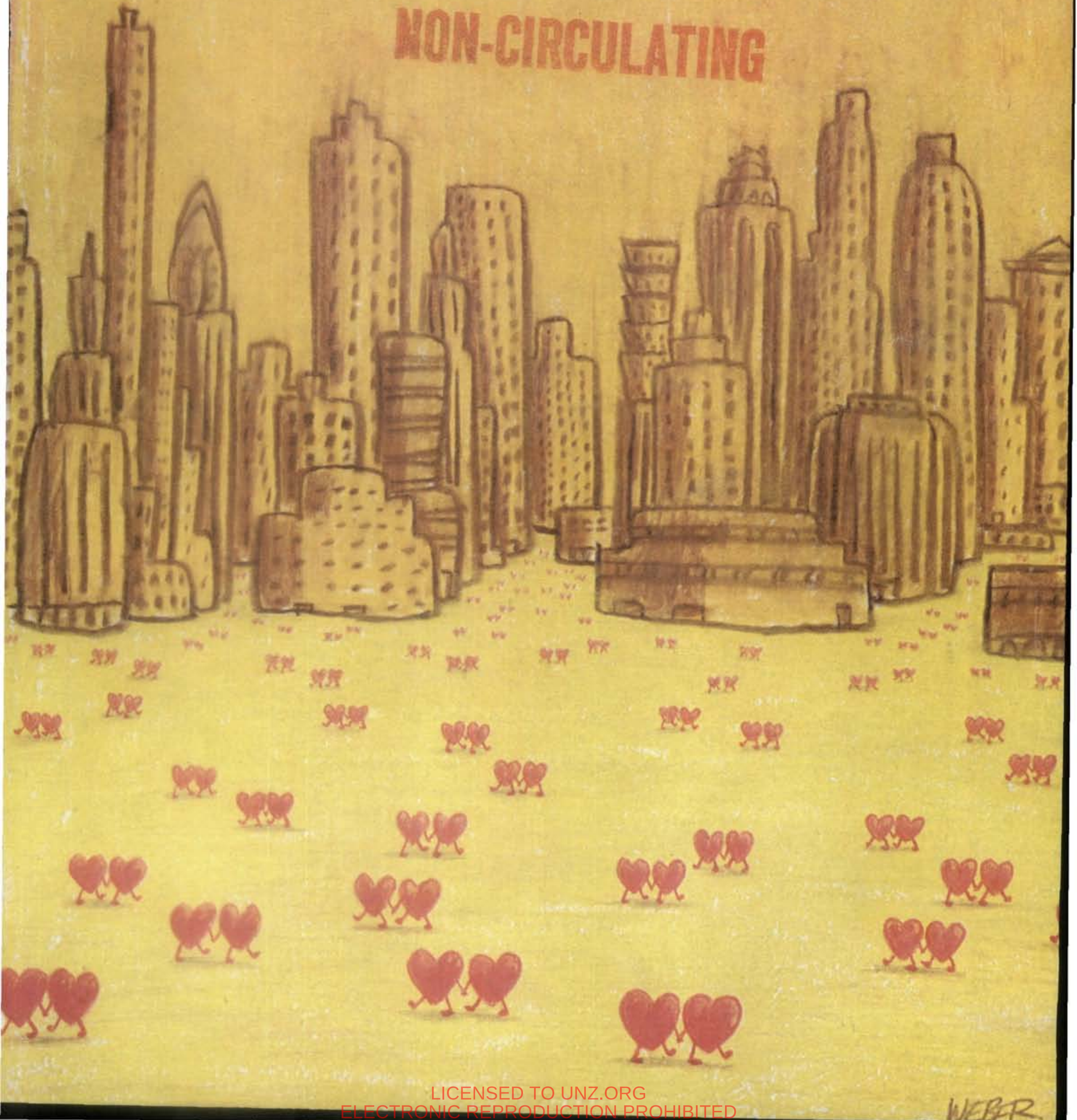

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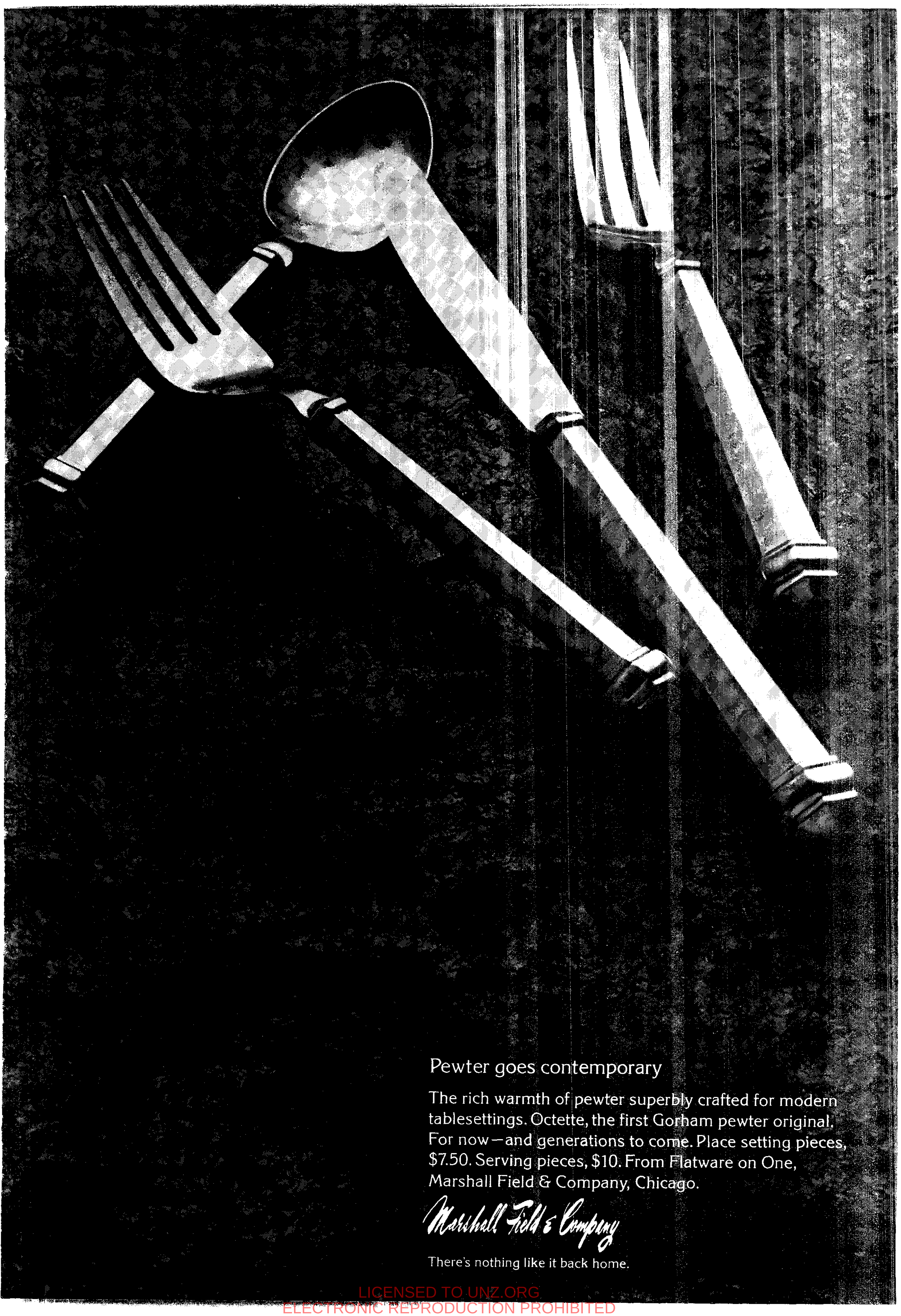

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Washington's Birthday holiday, which will be observed on Monday, Feb. 18. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BAD HABITS—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set at a sanatorium. The performance, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With Paul Benedict, Doris Roberts, and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BRISBURIAL—A play by Edward Pomerantz. Opens Friday, Feb. 15, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 24. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, Feb. 21, at 7:30. Free.)

BRITISH THEATRE SEASON—Performances by the Actors Company at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. There are also performances by two other companies—the Royal Shakespeare Company and the Young Vic—in the course of this long engagement. Congreve's **THE WAY OF THE WORLD**, in the Opera House: Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 13-15, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 19-20, all at 8. . . . **KNOTS**, adapted from R. D. Laing, in the Music Hall: Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2; Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2. . . . ¶ Chekhov's **THE WOOD DEMON**, in the Opera House: Saturday, Feb. 16 at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 17, at 2 and 7:30. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's **KING LEAR**, in the Opera House: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical **CAROUSEL** will be the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 24. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

FIND YOUR WAY HOME—A married man falls in love with a young male hustler, with unpleasant results. A play far more entertaining than one might suppose from its subject matter, and exceptionally well acted by Jane Alexander, Lee Richardson, Michael Moriarty, and John Ramsey. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays, except Feb. 19, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18, at 2.)

THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY—Kate Reid in a play by Brian Friel. Directed by William Woodman. Previews Thursday and Friday evenings, Feb. 14-15, and Saturday matinée and evening, Feb. 16. Opens officially on Sunday, Feb. 17. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18.)

THE GOOD DOCTOR—An uneasy marriage between Neil "Doc" Simon and Anton "Doc" Chekhov. The cast—Christopher Plummer, René Auberjonois, Barnard Hughes, and Frances Sternhagen—is superb. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GOOD EVENING—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a splendid two-man revue. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18, at 3.)

THE GREAT MACDADDY—Al Freeman, Jr., Hattie Winston, and David Downing in a play by Paul Carter Harrison, with music by Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson. Directed by Douglas Turner Ward. The first in this season's series of three offerings by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30.)

HERE COMES THE GROOM—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesdays and Fridays, except Feb. 20 and 22, at 8, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays and Monday, Feb. 18, at 2 and 5:30.)

THE ICEMAN COMETH—O'Neill's lachrymose, repetitive celebration of down-and-outers and their protective pipe-dreams. James Earl Jones heads the big and able cast. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 24.)

LORELEI—The first ghost musical. The only thing in it that is not ectoplasm is the star, Carol Channing, who has true grit and would break her own leg for a laugh. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MOONCHILDREN—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway around a year ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays, except Feb. 19, through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sun-

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days at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18.)

A MOON FOR THE MISBEGOTTEN—O'Neill's sad and comic tale of a rude farm girl and her one encounter with love has been brilliantly revived, with Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Ed Flanders. The director is José Quintero. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 18, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18, at 3.)

NEW PHOENIX REPERTORY COMPANY—Final performances of a thirteen-week engagement. Rachel Roberts and John McMartin in Friedrich Dürrenmatt's **THE VISIT**, adapted by Maurice Valency and directed by Harold Prince: Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 2 and 7:30. . . . ¶ Miss Roberts and Mr. McMartin in Feydeau's **CHEMIN DE FER**, adapted by Suzanne Grossmann and Paxton Whitehead, and directed by Stephen Porter: Thursday and Friday, Feb. 14-15, at 7:30, and Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2 and 7:30. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390.)

THE PAST IS THE PAST and **GOING THRU CHANGES**—A pair of extraordinary one-acters about black life in America, by Richard Wesley. With Bill Cobbs, Robert Christian, and Michele Shay, among others. (Billie Holiday, 1368 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 636-0919. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 3. Closes Saturday, Feb. 23.)

RAINBOW JONES—A musical by Jill Williams, with Ruby Persson and Peter Kastner. Directed by Gene Persson. Preview Wednesday matinée, Feb. 13. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 7. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 18, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18, at 2:30.)

RAISIN—A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays, except Feb. 19, through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18, at 3.)

THE SEAGULL—A dull, lifeless production. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE TEMPEST—The second of three plays by the New York Shakespeare Festival. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

WHAT THE WINE-SELLERS BUY—A play written by Ron Milner and directed by Michael Schultz. A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Previews Wednesday, Feb. 13. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 14, and will run through Sunday, March 17. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

WHEN YOU COMIN' BACK, RED RYDER?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18, at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,745 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 18, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18, at 3.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **IRENE:** A synthetic musical, borrowing from the past without having been there. Jane Powell (who has replaced Debbie Reynolds) and the rest of the cast redeem the falseness with hard work and high spirits. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 18, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18, at 3.). . . **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** Love in three-quarter time in 1973—it sounds improbable, but Stephen Sondheim, with his music and lyrics, and the director, Harold Prince, with his brio, bring it off. The cast includes Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, and Hermione Gingold. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 18.). . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.). . . **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** Jack Gilford and Lou Jacobi as a pair of acerbic old clowns in a characteristic Neil Simon comedy. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?:** A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

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BALLET AND DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule of final performances of the season—Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Don Quixote.". . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "The Cage," "Four Bagatelles," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Danses Concertantes," "Variations Pour une Porte et un Soupir," "Tarantella," and "Serenade.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Four Bagatelles," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Serenade in A," and "Serenade.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Variations Pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 17, at 1: "Serenade," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Scènes de Ballet," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 17, at 7: "Danses Concertantes," "Duo Concertant," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

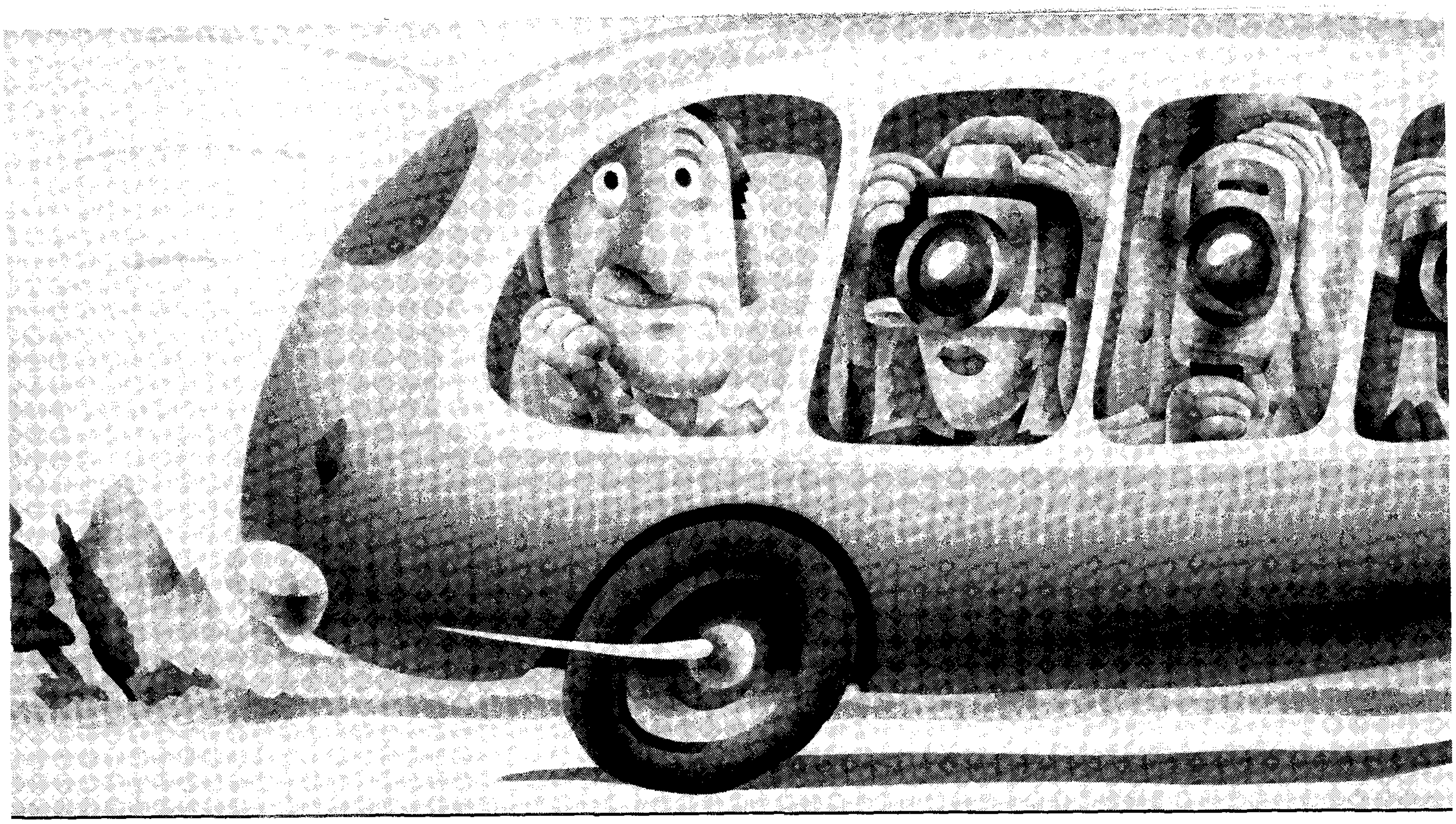
ALWIN NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 2; Friday, Feb. 15, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2; and Sunday, Feb. 17, at 3: "Somniloquy," "Scenario," and "Foreplay." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 13, and Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Divertissement," "Scrolls," and "Tent.". . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8: "Sanctum Suite," "Cross-Fade," and "Tower." (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897.)

MAURICE BÉJART'S BALLET OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—The first performances here of Karlheinz Stockhausen's "Stimmung," with the six vocalists of the Collegium Vocale Cologne. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 14-15, at 8.)

GEORGE FAISON UNIVERSAL DANCE EXPERIENCE—Thursday, Feb. 14; Saturday, Feb. 16; and Sunday, Feb. 24: "In the Sweet Now and Now" (première). . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 15, and Sunday, Feb. 17: "Reflections of a Lady" (première), "The Gazelle," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23: "Boedromion" (première), "The Gazelle," and "Poppy." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Evenings at 8.)

MURRAY LOUIS DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 3—Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 6:45; Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 2 and 8; and Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Porcelain Dialogues" (première), "Interims," and "Hoopla.". . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 21, at 6:45; Friday, Feb. 22, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2; and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 3: "Personnae" and "Scheherezade" (New York première). (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897.)

JOSÉ LIMÓN DANCE COMPANY—Friday, Feb. 22, at 7:30: "Homenaje a Federico García Lorca" (première), "Orfeo," "Exiles," and "Choreographic Offering.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8: The first movement of "Brandenburg Concerto," "La Malinche," "Carlota," and "The Moor's Pavane.". . . ¶ Sunday, Feb.



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24, at 7:30: "Concerto Grosso," "The Unsung," and "There Is a Time."...¶ Monday, Feb. 25, at 8: "The Wingéd," "Dances for Isadora," and "The Emperor Jones." (City Center Downstairs, 131 W. 55th St. 247-4230.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Stan Getz—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Tenor sax, leading a quartet. Nightly, except Sundays, from nine (Fridays from nine-thirty).

Chico Hamilton—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quintet. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 14-16, from ten to three.

Lionel Hampton—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Piano, leading a band, at nine and eleven-fifteen, through Saturday, Feb. 16.

Roy Haynes—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, with his quartet Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 21-23, from ten to three.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. Mondays at ten.

Ellis Larkins—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by James P. Johnson, Willie the Lion Smith, and Fats Waller on Sunday, Feb. 17, from four-thirty to seven-thirty.

Jimmy McPartland—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Cornet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Rose Murphy—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, at eight, except Sundays.

Joe Newman—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Trumpet, with a quartet, from nine to three, Wednesdays through Saturdays.

Pharoah Sanders and Leon Thomas—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Reeds and vocals, respectively, with a sextet. Starting Tuesday, Feb. 19, at ten.

Zoot Sims and Bucky Pizzarelli—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Tenor sax and guitar, respectively, from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

McCoy Tyner—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a quartet, through Sunday, Feb. 17, at ten.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo, Sunday, Feb. 17, from nine until two....¶ Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Beginning Monday, Feb. 18, from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

Mary Lou Williams—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Piano, from *nine-thirty to two, except Sundays and Mondays.*

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—An informal sort of bar, with kegs hanging from the ceiling and people hanging around listening to jazz. The John Foster trio holds forth on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Monday, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Cake Walkin' Babies" and similar classics. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality. Despite the obstructing pillars and a glare that pours out from the kitchen whenever the doors swing open, the jazz that is featured here is well chosen and well miked, and attracts most of the attention. Versatile trumpeter Joe Newman heads up a quartet Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine to three.

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Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Exercising a good and respectful ear for music, this intimate, warmhearted bar and restaurant enjoys a high reputation among musicians and listeners alike. The choice spot in the room is the end of the bar, nearest the music corner. Pianist John Bunch collaborates with Jay Leonhart, on Fender bass, through Saturday, Feb. 16. Starting Monday, Feb. 18, guitarists Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma engage in their friendly rallies. Sundays, Jaki Byard, a fine pianist who can play in many styles, receives enthusiastically good-natured support from bassist Major Holley. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine to one.

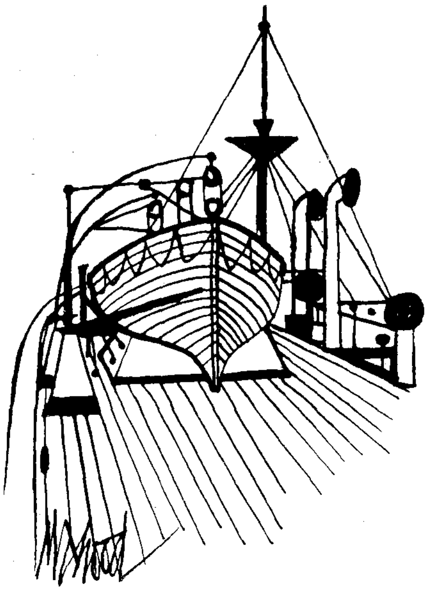
Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Mary Lou Williams, who remains (after nearly forty years) one of the most vigorous, fluid, and swinging of keyboard artists, works with bassist Milton Suggs at nine-thirty, every night except Sunday and Monday. Julius Monk is at the piano providing cocktail music nightly, except Sundays. Dinner and supper.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A small, well-lit bar and restaurant overflowing with enthusiasm (and patrons). Twenty-two-year-old stride pianist Brooks Kerr, Sam Woodyard on drums, and Paul Quinichette on tenor sax perform Wednesdays through Saturdays. The No Gap Generation Jazz Band, another traditional combo headed by another youthful leader, clarinettist Art Miller, takes over Sundays through Tuesdays. Music from eleven until four. Dining.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Singer and pianist Rose Murphy does a variety of songs, including her old hits "I Can't Give You Anything but Chi Chi" and "Button Up Your Chi Chi Chi," in her unchanged tiny, little-girl voice. Bassist Morris Edwards backs her up nightly from eight to one. Dick Hyman flourishes at the keyboard on Sundays. Dinner.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—A long bar and a barnlike back room in which a series of singers and instrumentalists—not necessarily folk (and not necessarily first-rate, either)—entertain. Sounds from nine. Sundays are set aside for a hootenanny, and Mondays are silent.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the gently playful piano stylings of Ellis Larkins with Al Hall on bass Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sunday, Feb. 17, from four-thirty to seven-thirty, Larkins and Hall will play works by fundamentalists James P. Johnson, Willie the Lion Smith, and Fats Waller. Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard with bassist Johnny Williams from nine-thirty on Mondays, and from six to nine Mondays through Fridays singer-pianist Tad Bruce reigns over these tiny quarters. Snacks.



Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—With its casual atmosphere, sparely designed chairs and lamps, and large, sprawling square tables, this spacious room looks not unlike a student-union lounge. The bandstand, which is also expansive, accommodates Sal Salvador and Allen Hanlon through Saturday, Feb. 16. Both musicians are former big-band guitarists—Salvador played with Stan Kenton in the fifties and later led his own band, and Hanlon was a member of Red Norvo's twelve-piece swing band. On Tuesday, Feb. 19, guitarist Ted Dunbar begins working with bassist Larry Ridley. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Having moved this enterprise uptown from its former well-worn and warmly regarded informal quarters on Spring Street, the management has proved shrewd. For recently night-clubbing has reacquired something of its old cachet, and the Half Note is now, by virtue of its polish, decorum, and black-tied waiters, a night club. Stan Getz, the ever-supple-and-tasteful tenor saxophonist, performs with his quartet opposite pianist Mike Longo's duo. Music from nine (Fridays from nine-thirty). Closed Sundays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Pianist Lance Hayward is present every night but Monday and Wednesday (Jim Roberts takes over on Wednesday). Bassist Lyn Christie participates on Fridays and Saturdays. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Pratt, Major Holley, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke deliver it from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A three-story restaurant complex. The main-floor dining room, square and barnlike, adjoins a circular bar where pianist Barry Harris and bassist Lawrence Evans are turning out some well-planned, well-executed jazz—if only one could hear it over the frantic convention of voices. Mondays through Saturdays from eight until one. A comprehensive menu. Closed Sundays....¶ In the **52nd Street Room**, popular singer Lou Rawls delivers high-energy soul and blues Mondays through Wednesdays at nine-thirty, and Thursdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays....¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Weathered wood, ropes and riggings, a young, ardent clientele, and an amicable staff form a setting for fairly reliable entertainment that varies from rock, folk, and blues to jazz. Novella Nelson's singing, however, eludes such classification—her dramatic delivery can turn a song like Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Happy Talk" into a dirge. Accompanied by a backup quartet, she'll be here through Sunday, Feb. 17. On Tuesday, Feb. 19, Bonnie Bramlett begins singing her wrenching, gutsy blues numbers, aided by her band. Shows begin at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are turned over to an assortment of aspiring musicians and jesters. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—With absolutely none of the characteristics of the famous Kansas City clubs of the past (e.g., the Sunset, the Subway, and the Reno), this New York pinnacle on the folk, rock, and blues circuit might just as well have been christened Max's Secaucus. The second-story music room has recently been refurbished—the white walls have been painted dark gray to hide the dirt, and they are now adorned with blown-up photographs of the hip and famous—but the disagreeable seating plan was, regrettably, not tampered

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with. Currently, Bill Chinnock, a young bluesman, is singing and playing guitar with his band. Appearing with him through Sunday, Feb. 17, is Manhattan Transfer. Although its name connotes the twenties, the two-year-old vocal-and-instrumental group seems partial to the forties and to the swing jazz that overlapped into that era from the thirties. Four vocalists—two women in all-black and all-white sequinned-and-feathered slinkiness, and two men in black and white tails—sing, scat, sway, dance, and snap their fingers in front of a casually attired four-man unit—guitar, piano, bass, and drums. The period pieces that they perform—and perform very well—include "Java Jive" (associated with the Inkspots), "House of Blue Lights" (the Andrews Sisters), "Candy" (the Pied Pipers), and "Give Me Some Skin" (Lionel Hampton). R. Crumb realized at last! Jumping back into 1974: Papa John Creach, a gospel fiddler, works with his band, Zulu, on Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 18-19. Starting Wednesday, Feb. 20, singer, pianist, songwriter Billy Joel will alternate with Henry Gross (a former ducktail with Sha Na Na), who sings with his rock group. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, two shows other nights. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.

METRO, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—A new Village citadel upholding the doctrines of folk, rock, and pop. The Country Gentlemen, a fine group of bluegrass musicians who incorporate contemporary numbers into a traditional framework, pick and twang through Monday, Feb. 18. Following them in on Wednesday, Feb. 20, is Breakfast Special, a casual assemblage of country-style performers. Their material is drawn from the writings of Merle Haggard and Chuck Berry, and some of their songs deal with such sacred country-music themes as the seduction of a waitress by a trucker. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Tuesday, Feb. 19.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—While a portrait of Henry VIII looks on from Tudored walls, conversationalists at the tables compete with the performers on the stage. Pianist Barbara Carroll and bassist Lisle Atkinson work under these less-than-adequate conditions Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine. Woody Allen, now a stand-up clarinettist, performs with the Monday-night Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both of which have tables for drinking and dining. When he's not soloing in his low-keyed, engaging manner, Chico Hamilton seems pleased as punch (as do the customers here) over the inventiveness of the young musical artisans in his quintet. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 14-16. On the next Thursday through Saturday (Feb. 21-23), another very fine drummer, Roy Haynes, leads his quartet. From ten until three.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A genuinely exotic night spot that boasts fresh-cut flowers on the piano, singing waiters, and forties campiness. Lee Horwin is a very pretty, no-nonsense young singer with an appealingly husky voice. A strong yet stylish and occasionally humorous presence, she never panders to her audience. She trades sets with another singer, Victor Vail, through Saturday, Feb. 16. On Tuesday, Feb. 19, singer Linda Hopkins arrives with her contemporary interpretations of Bessie Smith blues. Shows start at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Intermittent piano music is provided by pianist Jeremy Stone from eight-thirty to two. Sunday, Feb. 17, features singer Joey Cord, who goes on at nine and eleven-thirty. Monday nights are showcases for other burgeoning entertainers. Dining.

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—These two tiny and tired-looking rooms, with erotic (soft-core) tablecloths, are dominated by the interchanges between Bucky Pizzarelli's subdued guitar chords and Zoot Sims' dancing tenor-sax solos. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A friendly, well-maintained establishment that gives aid and comfort to those who happen to find themselves on the upper West Side. The Teddy Saunders trio holds down the fort Thursday, Feb. 14. Flutist Richard Clay and his trio follow, on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16. On Sunday, Feb. 17, guitarists Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma move in. Thursday, Feb. 21, is given over to guitarist Mark Elf's trio, and vibraharpist Peter La Barbera works with his trio Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23. Music from nine-thirty until three Thursdays through Saturdays and from nine until two Sundays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In its earlier days, the Vanguard (now forty) was considered a bohemian curiosity. Today, some of the best musicians in the world do their best work here. Pianist McCoy Tyner and his quartet will be here through Sunday, Feb. 17. Tyner's brilliantly complex and intense performances can be hard on those listeners who don't know what they have bargained for. On Tuesday, Feb. 19, saxophonist Pharoah Sanders descends the murky staircase with a sextet that features singer Leon Thomas. Sanders, a musical humanist-explorer, has, since 1968, frequently worked with Thomas, who in 1960 replaced Joe Williams as a singer with Count Basie. Currently, they share an interest in, and an uncommon capability to produce, African-rooted, intensely percussive, repetitive, incantatory music. Their songs include such titles as "Selflessness," "Love Is Everywhere," and "The Creator Has a Master Plan—Peace," with Sanders playing tenor sax, singing, or banging on a Bundt cake pan, and Thomas singing, yodelling, or playing flute. Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, and company provide Monday-night services. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Right off a New York City truck route, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: the piano-bass work of Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays, and the varied keyboard musings of Kenny Brawner Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This wooden-and-brick-walled gathering place for Columbia students has recently revived poetry readings during the daylight hours and installed a music room for nighttime diversion. Mondays and Tuesdays belong to Brooks Kerr and his distinguished quartet—trumpeter Franc Williams, drummer Sam Woodyard, and tenorman Paul Quinichette. Art Miller's jazz band performs Wednesdays and Thursdays. On Sunday, Feb. 17, solo pianists Mike Lipskin and Anthony Coleman trade sets. Music Sundays through Thursdays from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX,** the Sy Oliver band and the Peppi Morreale trio play for dancing from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFÉ,** from seven-thirty until curfew, Herb Winner's dance threesome calls the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's crew fills in on Sundays and Mondays. Also, Tuesdays through Saturdays, Joseph Murello plays cocktail piano from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—A singer called the Luv Machine is in operation in the **PERSIAN ROOM.** On Monday, Feb. 18, the Monique Van Vooren machine will take over the premises. At ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel put forth dance tunes from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, while pianist Ruth Andrews provides the music from nine-thirty to one. Sandu Marcu does the fiddling on Sundays from four to seven and seven-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Within a beautiful balloon on permanent station above midtown, the Lionel Hampton band plays at dinner and supper. On Monday, Feb. 18, pop singer Buddy Greco will come in. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—A contingent of Italian dancers, musicians, and chefs has been installed here to celebrate an Italian Fortnight. The hours for entertainment are five to eleven, through Sunday, Feb. 17. On Tuesday, Feb. 19, a change of scene: duo pianists DeMaio and Silver, who will play from seven to midnight Tuesdays through Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Four Freshmen end their dinner and supper sessions in the **MAISONETTE** on Saturday, Feb. 16. Tuesday, Feb. 19, brings along caroller Gloria Loring. Dancing all night to the Anthony Terini band. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE,** the next-door sylvan glade, offers accordion and piano music, from seven to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays. A Russian menu. . . . ¶ The **ST. REGIS ROOM** is host to pianist Emme Kemp and conga drummer Candido Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. Snacks.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—These nights, at dinner and supper, the **EMPIRE ROOM** affords the songs of Tony Martin and the dances of Cyd Charisse. Dancing to the Bob Rosengarden orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

BERNARD ARNEST—Landscapes of Colorado and paintings of young rock musicians, plus a series of small drawings based on a recent trip abroad. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

RUDOLF BARANIK—Paintings with black backgrounds and areas (often collage) of white and gray. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

BEN BENSON—Geometric collages. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

HARVEY BREVERMAN—Paintings combining hard-edge, Photo-Realist, and abstract elements, plus drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

MARTIN CANIN—Optical paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDITH CARLSON—Paintings of vertical rectangles set against a background of horizontal bands. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDRA COOTE—Paintings consisting of layers of colored pencil applied progressively from light hues to dark, and resembling skies. Starts Saturday, Feb. 16. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARTHUR COPPEDGE—Portraits, and paintings of figures and city scenes. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

CORNEILLE—Paintings of the red-light quarter in Amsterdam, by a founder of the Cobra group. Through March 9. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

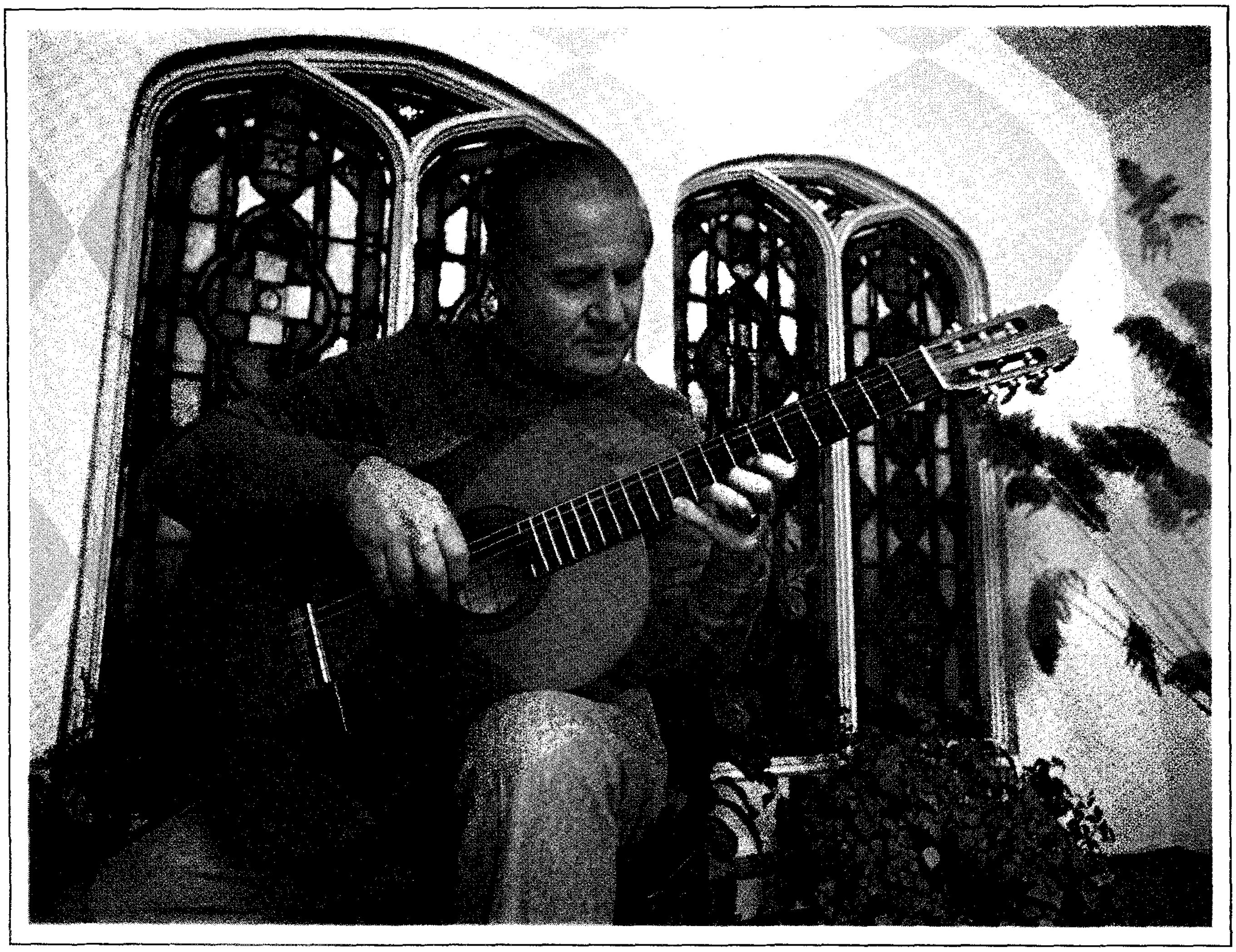
RON DAVIS—Minimal paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

SONIA DELAUNAY—Brightly colored geometric tapestries. Through Feb. 28. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEE GATCH (1902-68)—Two decades of compositions in various combinations of oil, collage, and stone. Through March 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

AGNES HART—Paintings of geometric shapes on which other forms, done in sand and marble dust, are superimposed. Through March 2. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

JAMES HERBERT—Small watercolors, pastels, and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

charcoal-and-pencil drawings, all of figures. Through March 2. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Margo Hoff—Acrylic canvas collages. Through Feb. 27. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Serge Hollerbach—Figure studies in casein and acrylic. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nancy Holt / Joe Zucker—A work dealing with light and reflection. / Compositions made of cotton balls and acrylic. Through Thursday, Feb. 21. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

John Hultberg—Paintings from 1973. Through Wednesday, Feb. 20. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marvin Israel—Paintings of chairs and dogs. Through March 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Klee (1879-1940)—Drawings and watercolors. Through Feb. 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Mazur—Oils, pastels, and prints of interiors and views from windows by an artist who formerly worked with an air brush. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ira Richer—Large abstract paintings bolted in sections, and small unstretched canvases. Through Feb. 28. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ludwig Sander—Geometric color-field paintings. Through Thursday, Feb. 21. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Thomas Sills—Abstract paintings by a leading black artist. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward John Stevens—A new series of gouaches based on a trip to North Africa. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Joaquín Torres-García (1874-1949)—Paintings by the South American abstractionist. Through March 2. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

John Wesley—More of this artist's paintings of everyday objects and figures with a comic-book slant. Through March 6. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chris Wilmarth—Small wall sculptures of squares and rectangles in etched glass against steel plates, plus watercolors and graphite relief drawings. Through March 7. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Figure paintings and drawings by Milton Avery and nine European masters, including Bonnard, Matisse, and Rousseau. Through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Self Portraits and Portraits of Other Artists," a show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Soyer, Dickinson, Pearlstein, and others. Starts Saturday, Feb. 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by, among others, Paul Jenkins, Alan Davie, and Barbara Hepworth. Through Tuesday, Feb. 19. . . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Willem de Kooning, Milton Avery, Darby Bannard, Hans Hofmann, and Burgoyne Diller. Through March 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LARCADA**, 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings and drawings by five artists. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. . . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, graphics, watercolors, and sculptures by School of Paris artists. Through March 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SOLOMON**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: American paintings and graphics by Frankenthaler, Gottlieb, Jenkins, and others. Through Feb. 28. . . . **WASHBURN**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: A reconstruction, in part, of the 1925 exhibition organized by Alfred Stieglitz at the Anderson Galleries. Seven Americans are represented, including Demuth, Marin, and O'Keeffe. Through March 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DORIS WEINER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: "Thangka Art," an exhibition of Tibetan and Nepali hanging scrolls ranging from the earliest known paintings of the genre (1367) through the first half of the nineteenth century. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century American artists. Through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)

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Sculpture—Pieces by Arp, Braque, Ernst, and others. Through March 1. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Ludwig Bemelmans (1898-1962)—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Ray Ciarrochi—Mostly landscapes. Starts Saturday, Feb. 16. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Civitello—Muted paintings of roofs of buildings. Through Thursday, Feb. 21. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Calvert Coggeshall—Paintings by a veteran abstractionist. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Thomas Evans—Large abstract paintings. Through Feb. 27. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—More than a hundred woodcuts created from 1918 to 1950 and used by the artist as letterheads. Through March 2. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

Lucio Fontana (1899-1968)—Drawings by an Italian modernist who specialized in gashed canvases. Through March 2. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Hartman—Paintings of clouds. Starts Saturday, Feb. 16. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Yvonne Jacquette—Paintings and drawings of cities and skies. Through Thursday, Feb. 21. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

R. B. Kitaj—Figurative paintings from 1966 to the present. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gary Kuehn—Paintings and sculptures from the last ten years, and recent felt-pen works. Starts Thursday, Feb. 14. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Liberman—Bronzes and other small sculptures. Through March 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Ligare—Pencil drawings of seascapes with sand formations, along with larger silvery abstract works developed from them, by a California artist. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

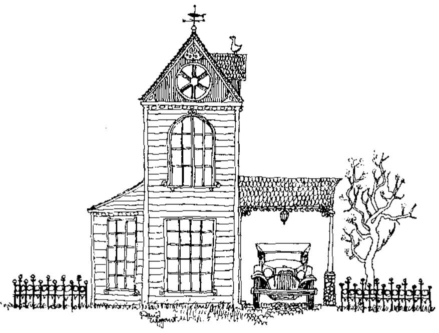
Patricia Mangione—Semi-abstract paintings of imaginary landscapes and figures. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Piet Mondrian (1872-1944)—Paintings, drawings, and constructions, together with some two hundred items from the Harry Holtzman Collection—photographs, his painting materials, writings, and books. Through March 9. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Ed Moses—Abstract acrylic paintings by a California artist. Starts Saturday, Feb. 16. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph B. O'Sickey—Impressionistic paintings of gardens. Through March 2. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Pearlstein—Two landscapes and five paintings of the nude in the studio. A collateral show to his retrospective at the Finch College Museum of Art. Through March 2. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)



Randall Rosenthal—Paintings, often massive yet minutely detailed. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Marko Spalatin—Paintings of cubes in geometric patterns, done with an airbrush. Through March 2. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Adja Yunkers—Abstract paintings and collages. Through March 2. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: The fifth annual exhibition of American folk art. Through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings executed and shown during the thirties by eight gallery artists. Through March 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: American paintings of the fifties by Pollack, de Kooning, Rothko, Kline, and others. Through March 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **RENÉ**, 6 W. 57th St.: Aubusson tapestries by Albers, Arp, Kandinsky, and others. Through March 16. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Stephen Antonakos—Four neon sculptures. Through March 6. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Nancy Azara—Three large partially painted wood carvings of precariously balanced forms, plus color drawings. Starts Saturday, Feb. 16. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6; Saturday, Feb. 16, from 1 to 5.)

Jamis H. Benefield / Esta Nesbitt—Painted-clay figures, highly detailed and placed in miniature landscapes. / Paintings of abstracted figures. Through Feb. 28. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Natalie Bieser / Don Eddy—Wall pieces of wood, thread, and beads. / Realist paintings of windows and reflections in windows, based on photographs. Starts Saturday, Feb. 16. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Bradley—Sprayed-paint abstractions. Through Wednesday, Feb. 20. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Hilo Chen—Photo-Realistic paintings of figures on a beach. Through March 13. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Clark / Nancy Lagin—Neon sculptures and wall pieces. / Watercolors and two large paintings with a feeling of landscape. Through Friday, Feb. 15. (Ward-Nasse, 178 Prince St.)

Alan Cote—Large abstract paintings. Through Feb. 28. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Doktori—Latex wall pieces. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway.)

Loretta Dunkelman—Drawings in encaustic on paper. Starts Saturday, Feb. 16. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Oded Halahmy—Four abstract aluminum sculptures painted in monochromatic hues. Starts Saturday, Feb. 16. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays; Saturday, Feb. 16, noon to 6.)

Grace Knowlton—Sculptures of large spheres in glazed clay, concrete, and steel. Through Thursday, Feb. 21. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

David Novros / Brice Marden—Abstract paintings on panels. / Twenty-five drawings done with sticks dipped in ink. Through March 2. (Bykert, 484 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Sanders / Rosalind Shaffer—Assemblages of metal, glass, fur, and other materials, linked together by photographs and painted areas. / Figure paintings. Through Wednesday, Feb. 20. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Joel Shapiro—Sculptures in wood and metal. Through March 6. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Michelle Stuart—Large graphite paintings. Through March 6. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

Marlene Tseng / Stella Waitzkin—Huge abstract watercolors, plus smaller works on paper. / Polyester sculptures resembling books. Starts Friday, Feb. 15. (Yu, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.: Eight interpretations of the human figure in painting, by Barnet, Gretna Campbell, Marsicano, and others. Through Thursday, *Feb. 21. (Closed Mondays.)*... **O.K. HARRIS,** 465 West Broadway: Sculptures by Duane Hanson, paintings by John Horn, and projections by Eric Staller. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

BERNARD APTEKAR—Painted sculptures. Through March 8. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

RUTH GIKOW—Drawings and watercolors depicting contemporary life in New York. Starts Saturday, Feb. 16. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

JOYCE WEINSTEIN—Cityscapes in oil. Through March 2. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—*At the* **PHOENIX,** 542 LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings by George Kanelous and Margaret Pomfret and sculptures by Elena Kepalas. Through March 1.... **VISUAL ARTS,** 209 E. 23rd St.: "Diamond Mirror: The Art of the Buddhist and Hindu Tantra," including more than a hundred examples from the seventeenth century to the twentieth. Through March 1. (*Mondays through Thursdays,* 10 to 5 and 6:30 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON—An exhibition of twenty-two photographs taken between 1932 and 1969, among them some of the greatest photographs ever made—for example, the portrait of Matisse with his doves in Vence (1944), the Renoir-like picnic on the banks of the Marne (1938), and the little New Orleans black girl in the long white dress (1946). Through March 9. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

ROBERT FICHTER / NATHAN LYONS—Photographs with autobiographic images. / *Photographs.* Through March 2. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JUDY TOMKINS / LEIGH RICHMOND MINER / JEREMY COGAN—*Black-and-white* photographs of the black community in Bridgehampton, L.I. / Black-and-white photographs of the black community on St. Helena Island, South Carolina, *taken in the early nineteen-hundreds.* / Sharp-focus color photographs of nature. Through Feb. 24. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sun*days, 2 to 5.)*

DON WORTH / OLIVER GAGLIANI—Photographs. / Abstractions. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ELLIOTT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Scenes of battles and portraits of the men who fought them, from the Crimean War through the First World War. Through March 2.... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: An elegant exhibition of work by André Kertész (b. Hungary 1894), Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (b. Hungary 1895), and Alexander Rodchenko (b. Russia 1891) done in the twenties and thirties. Through April 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **SOHO PHOTO,** 30 W. 13th St.: Photographs on the theme of women by Ken Heyman, Mary Ellen Andrews, Edna Katz, and Bob Rogers. Through Feb. 26. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Ninety-seven medieval tapestries, on loan from museums and private collections all over Europe and North America. Among them are the enormous tapestry from the "Apocalypse" series at Angers and the six pieces of the "Lady with the Unicorn" from the Cluny Museum in Paris. Also, of course, the "Hunt of the Unicorn" set from the Cloisters. Through April 21.... ¶ "The Tens, The Twenties, The Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of clothes of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through May 31.... ¶ A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away on the second floor of the north

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wing, under the title "Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art."... ¶ Ninety-four French drawings ranging from the work of Jacques-*Louis David to that of Picasso.* Starts Thursday, Feb. 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than two hundred oils, drawings, objects, ready-mades, lithographs, books, replicas, posters, and films spanning the career of Marcel Duchamp. *Through Feb. 24....* ¶ Woodcuts of the eighteen-nineties by Félix Vallotton which depict all levels of Parisian society. Starts Friday, Feb. 15.... ¶ Floor *sculptures and wall pieces made of cloth, rope,* sand, and other materials, by Barry Flanagan. Through March 3.... ¶ Twentieth-century portraits by Beckmann, Modigliani, Nolde, *and others. Through April 28.... ¶ Photo*graphs by Kertész, Moholy-Nagy, and Rodchenko; see above, under "Photography." (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy-five prints dated from 1903 to 1942 by Wassily Kandinsky, on loan from the *Stadtische Galerie, in Munich. Through Feb.* 24.... ¶ Selections from the museum's collection. Through March 24. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; *Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6;* Sundays and Monday, Feb. 18, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A loan exhibition of some three hundred works of American folk art from 1776 to 1876. Through March 24.... ¶ A retrospective of portraits from the nineteen-thirties to the present, by Alice Neel. Through March 17.... ¶ *Paintings by William Allan, a young* Californian. Through Sunday, Feb. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 18, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—English prints and drawings from the seventeenth century to the present, including work by Hogarth, Rowlandson, Cruikshank, Beardsley, Rossetti, Hamilton, Hockney, and Riley. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.... ¶ Terra-cotta sculptures (toys, cult figures, and relief panels) from ancient India. Through March 3. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, 77th St. at Central Park W.—A show in tribute to Daniel Giraud Elliot, who gave his collection of some thousand birds to the museum in 1869; it is comprised of specimens from the collection, memorabilia, and more than fifty paintings of birds by artists Elliot commissioned to illustrate books. Through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 18, from 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Monochromatic Chinese ink paintings, along with black-and-white ceramics, on loan from the Cleveland *Museum of Art. Through March 3.* (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A retrospective of the work of Philip Pearlstein, composed of paintings, related drawings, and all of his prints. Through March 17. A complementary show is at the Frumkin Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—A show exploring the interaction of Japanese pictorial arts and literature. The interactors include calligraphy, paintings, and manuscripts, mostly of aristocratic provenance and ranging from the eighth century to the nineteenth. Lent from the collections of Mrs. Donald Hyde and Mr. Philip Hofer. Through March 17. (Mondays, except Feb. 18, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 18, from 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photo panels, models, and texts by Moshe Safdie, the architect and urban planner. Through March 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Highlights of acquisitions from the past fifty years, including drawings, book bindings, and manuscripts. Starts Friday, Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Baroque '74," a show of nearly a hundred objects (jewelry, furniture, textiles) by American craftsmen. Through March 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Twenty-seven masterpieces of African sculpture acquired under the guidance of the late Robert Goldwater, who directed the museum from its inception, in 1956, until his death, last March. Through Feb. 28. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—"Painters of the Mind's Eye" links the nineteenth-century Symbolist movement in Belgium with the work of the Belgian Surrealists René Magritte and Paul Delvaux. Delvaux, not to put too fine a point upon it, is the worst painter in the world. Through March 17.... ¶ Paintings, drawings, and magazine illustrations and covers by Benito, the Art Deco artist who did much work for *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair* in the twenties and thirties. Through March 20.... ¶ Metal collage constructions made during the past seven years out of printed tin throwaways and raw-aluminum sheeting by Jim Nichols. Starts Friday, Feb. 15.... ¶ Drawings of collectors, writers, artists, and actors by Don Bachardy. Starts Friday, Feb. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of photographs of New York City taken between 1853 and 1901. Through May 31.... ¶ "New York to 1765: River, Bowery, Mill, and Beaver," the first in a series of bicentennial presentations. Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century portraits, engravings, books and manuscripts, and other objects trace life in early New York as it grew from a small company-owned town to the complex it was to become on the eve of the Revolution. Two smaller exhibits are also here: "The Duychincks—Merchants, Chiefs, and Painters" and "Pieter Schuyler and the Indians." Through March 13. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Other People's Mail: Letters of Men and Women of Letters," an exhibit of letters by fifty Americans and fifty Britons. The writers range from Benjamin Franklin to Clifford Odets and from Jonathan Swift to George Orwell. Through May 11. (Weekdays, except Monday, Feb. 18, from 9 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER—Original scores, posters, photographs, sculptures, programs, correspondence, and costume designs tracing the career of composer Elliott Carter. Through March 30. (Mondays, except Feb. 18, through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and etchings of the black ghetto and African landscapes by Vincent Smith. Through March 3. (Mondays, except Feb. 18, and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Rosalind Elias, Shirley Love, Leo Goeke, William Walker, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi; conducted by John Pritchard.... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 14, at 7:15: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Mignon Dunn, Jess Thomas, Walter Cassel, and Paul Plishka; Erich Leinsdorf.... ¶ Friday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Otello," with Teresa Stratas, Jean

Kraft, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . .¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2: "La Bohème," with Montserrat Caballé, Maralin Niska, Luciano Pavarotti, Dominic Cossa, John Macurdy, David Holloway, Andrij Dobriansky, and Paul Franke; Leif Segerstam. . . .¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Evelyn Lear, Edith Mathis, Brigitte Fassbaender, Mildred Miller, Manfred Jungwirth, Leo Goeke, and William Dooley; Karl Böhm. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 18, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Rosalind Elias, Shirley Love, Leo Goeke, William Walker, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Evelyn Lear, Edith Mathis, Brigitte Fassbaender, Mildred Miller, Manfred Jungwirth, Leo Goeke, and William Dooley; Karl Böhm. . . .¶ Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Maralin Niska, Luciano Pavarotti, Dominic Cossa, John Macurdy, David Holloway, Andrij Dobriansky, and Paul Franke; Leif Segerstam. . . .¶ Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Otello," with Teresa Stratas, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . .¶ Friday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Rosalind Elias, Shirley Love, Leo Goeke, William Walker, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi; Jan Behr. . . .¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 1:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Evelyn Lear, Edith Mathis, Brigitte Fassbaender, Mildred Miller, Manfred Jungwirth, Leo Goeke, and William Dooley; Karl Böhm. . . .¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Montserrat Caballé, Nicolai Gedda, Sherrill Milnes, and Justino Díaz; James Levine.

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 28—Thursday, Feb. 21, at 7: A new production of Bellini's "I Puritani," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Hale; conducted by Julius Rudel. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-4700, Ext. 256.) . . .¶ Friday, Feb. 22, at 8: "La Bohème," with Patricia Brooks, Carol Bayard, José Carreras, and Thomas Jamerson; Giuseppe Morelli. . . .¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Glenys Fowles, Herman Malamood, and John Darrenkamp; Christopher Keene. . . .¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8: "La Traviata," with Marisa Galvany, Beverly Evans, Helene Guilet, Reginald Byers, and Dominic Cossa; Mario Bernardi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Manhattan School of Music Opera Workshop—Stravinsky's "Rossignol" ("The Nightingale") and Menotti's "The Medium," both in English, the first staged by M. M. Streicher and the second by James Lucas. Anton Coppola will conduct. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Pierre Boulez conducting—Performances of Mahler's Symphony No. 8 Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 14-16, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 7:30 (with Edda Moser and Felicity Palmer, sopranos; Betty Allen and Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-sopranos; Werner Hollweg, tenor; Siegmund Nimsgern, baritone; Raymond Michalski, bass-baritone; the Westminster Choir; and several other choirs); and a varied program on Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 22, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Cleveland Orchestra—Lorin Maazel conducting the final performances of the season here. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8, with Leonard Rose, cello; and Monday, Feb. 18, at 8, with Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Zubin Mehta directing, with the women of the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Feb. 18, at 8:15.)

Minnesota Orchestra—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Martha Argerich, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Colin Davis conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Wednesday, Feb. 20, and Friday, Feb. 22, at 8:30.

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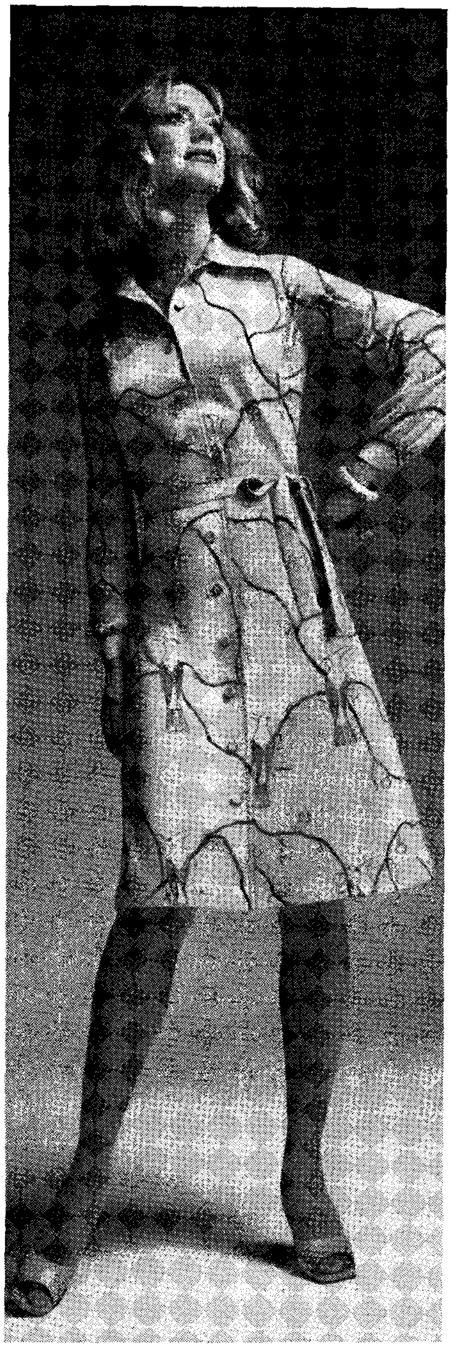

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

both with Michael Roll, piano, and Heather Harper, soprano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8, with Jessye Norman, soprano, and Robert Levin, piano.)

MANHATTAN ORCHESTRA—George Schick conducting a benefit concert, with Frederick Swann, organ. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

NETHERLANDS WIND ENSEMBLE—An all-Mozart program. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

ST. PAUL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Dennis Russell Davies conducting, with Elly Ameling, soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—William Smith directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

RECITALS

RITA BOUBOULIDI—Four of the concerts in a series of eight presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. 280-3600. Wednesday, Feb. 13; Sunday, Feb. 17; Wednesday, Feb. 20; and Saturday, Feb. 23, all at 8.)

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Classical guitarist. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

ABBEY SIMON—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—"Music at Versailles," a program of instrumental and vocal music, with Edward Smith, harpsichord, and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

NICANOR ZABALETA—Harp. (Vélez Blanco Patio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

CAMBRIDGE CONSORT—Two singers and three instrumentalists from Boston in a program entitled "Love and Dalliance in Renaissance France." (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Oscar Shumsky, violin; Lynn Harrell, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 17, at 5.)

RADU LUPU—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

JANOS STARKER—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

PURCELL STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 2:30.)

CLAUDIO ARRAU—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 3.)

MARIA CALLAS AND GIUSEPPE DI STEFANO—Soprano and tenor, in a benefit recital. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 8:30. For tickets, call 582-7500.)

TOBY APPEL—Viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

VASSO DEVETZI—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

PAUL WOLFE—Harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

CLEVELAND QUARTET—The third in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL AND ROBERT VEYRON-LACROIX—Presenting the Bach cycle of flute and harpsichord sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

JANÁČEK QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

ALICIA DE LARROCHA—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

CHRISTOPHER PARKENING—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

NOTE—Raymond Lewenthal will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 3, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Tuesday, Feb. 19, in the order that

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MISCELLANY

Aaron Copland Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by Jean Hakes, soprano; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; Arthur Bloom, clarinet; the Gail August Dancers; and a string ensemble. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 5:45: **TOM PAXTON**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 5:45: **SYLVIA SYMS** and **BARBARA CARROLL**.

New York Dolls and Elliott Murphy—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, the Four Tops, and Jay & the Americans—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8.

Bob Greene's "World of Jelly Roll Morton"—Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8.

Black Oak Arkansas, Duke Williams & the Extremes, and Jo Jo Gunne—Academy of Music. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8 and 11:30.

Bobbi Humphrey Quartet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 3. No tickets necessary.

New York Jazz Repertory Company—The third in a series of concerts, this one with Sam Rivers, Sy Oliver, and Billy Taylor. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 3.)

James Gang, Brownsville Station, Strawbs, and Styx—Academy of Music. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 8.

Yes—Madison Square Garden. Monday, Feb. 18, and Wednesday, Feb. 20, both at 8.

Cheech & Chong and Bachman-Turner Overdrive—Academy of Music. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Golden State, Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Portland, Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Nets vs. Virginia, Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Memphis, Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 7:35.

Hockey—At Nassau Coliseum—Saturday, Feb. 16, at 7:35: Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 7:35: Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens.

Racing—At **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Thursday, Feb. 14, and Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 2; through Monday, May 27. . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 16. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 23.

Tennis—World Championship Tennis: Stan Smith, John Newcombe, Brian Gottfried, Clark Graebner, Bob Lutz, Alex Metreveli, Charlie Pasarell, Cliff Richey, Dick Stockton, and others, in a benefit tournament. (Nassau Coliseum. Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 19-20, at 9 and 1; Thursday, Feb. 21, at 10 and 7; Friday, Feb. 22, at 1 and 7; Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2 and 7; and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 1.)

Track Meet—National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 22, at 7.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 2.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY**: Thomas Scherman conducting a program that will include the première of Benjamin Lees' "The Trumpet of the Swan" (based on the E. B. White story), with Emile Renan, narrator. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.). . . **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN**: "Patience," Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 16-17, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday, Feb. 23, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.). . . **FESTIVAL WINDS**: A program of chamber music, with commentary by Melvin Kaplan. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 3.)

H. R. Pufnstuf Show—Sid and Marty Krofft presenting over a hundred characters from their television shows "H. R. Pufnstuf," "The Bugaloos," "Lidsville," and "Sigmund and the Sea Monsters," plus TV star Johnny Whitaker and a twenty-eight-piece puppet orchestra. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 13-15, at 10:30 and 2; Saturdays, Feb. 16 and 23, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30; Sundays, Feb. 17 and 24, at 1 and 3:30; and Monday, Feb. 18, and Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 20-22, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "Pinocchio." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 18, at 1 and 3:30.). . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "Guess Again," Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Pinocchio," Saturday, Feb. 23, at 12:30 and 2:30. (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. For tickets, call 260-4863.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS**: "I Won't Take a Bath!" (P.S. 41, 116 W. 11th St. Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3. Tickets at the box office only, on the days of the performances.)

Fun and Fantasy '74—A gallimaufry of whimsical craft work, in a variety of mediums, with prices—seven hundred and fifty dollars, for example—strictly for adults. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Fairtree Gallery, 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Daily, 10:30 to 5.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition of children's art done by students in the John F. Kennedy Schule, in West Berlin. Through March 10. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Spaceship Earth." (Tuesdays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Monday, Feb. 18, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, on Monday, Feb. 18, from 8 to 10 A.M.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Louis Simpson reading from his own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

National Antiques Show—The thirtieth annual affair, at which three hundred dealers will be showing such diverse items as pens and inkwells, clocks, Victorian figural napkin holders, and Wild West novels. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Saturday, Feb. 16, through Sunday, Feb. 24. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 10:45 and 2, and Thursday, Feb. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from many sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 14, at 10:15, and Friday, Feb. 15, at 2: Paperweights, watches, and *objets de vertu;* from a number of collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 21, at 2: Jewelry, from various sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 16.

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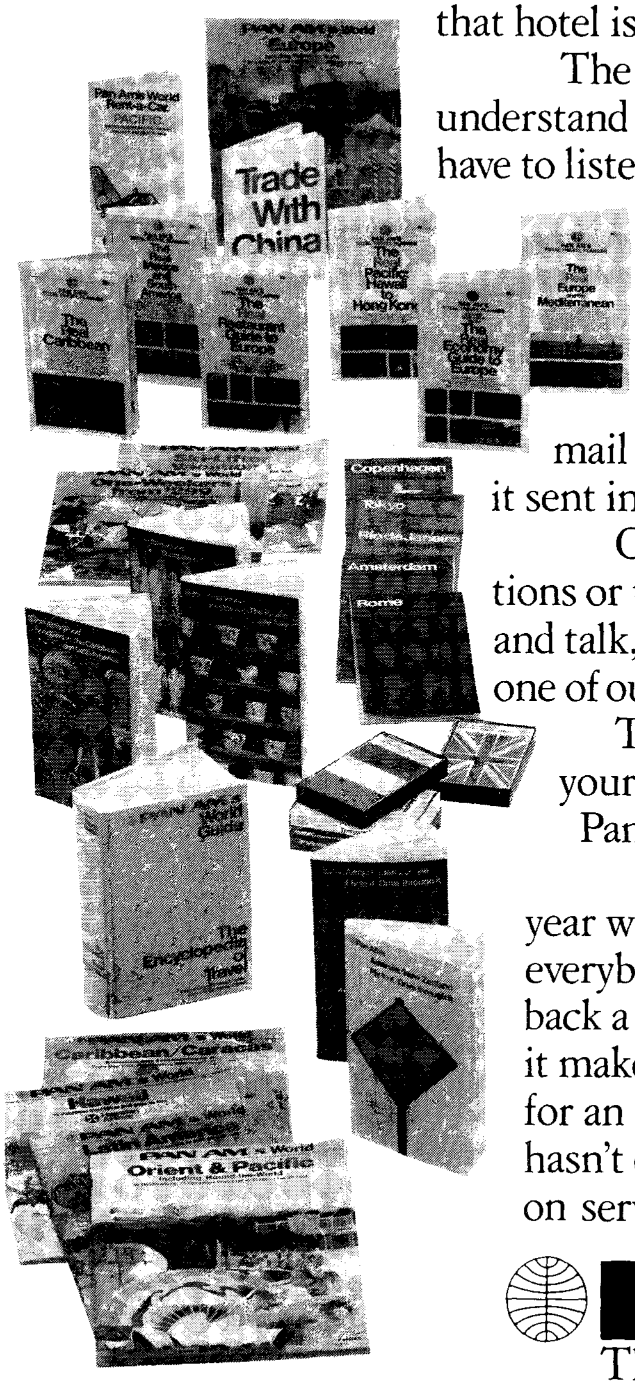
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

BARONET AND CORONET

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Partner."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Feb. 16: "The Band Wagon" and "Broadway Melody of 1940."
Feb. 17-19: "Treasure Island" and "Alice in Wonderland."
From Feb. 20: "Platinum Blonde" and "American Madness."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Feb. 19: "Cops and Robbers" and "Slither."
From Feb. 20: "The New Land" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Walking Tall."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 19: "The Long Goodbye" and "Slither."
From Feb. 20: "Bang the Drum Slowly" and "The Friends of Eddie Coyle."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Feb. 14: "Serpico."
From Feb. 15: "Sleeper."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 14: "Vanishing Wilderness."
From Feb. 15: "Sleeper."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Blazing Saddles."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Zardoz."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Don't Look Now."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Feb. 14: "Road Movie."
From Feb. 15: "The Exorcist."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Serpico."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Last Detail."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Way We Were."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Way We Were."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Man Is Not a Bird."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Exorcist."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
"The Ceremony."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Magnum Force."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"American Graffiti."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Exorcist."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Thieves Like Us."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Papillon."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 19: "A Clockwork Orange."
From Feb. 20: "M*A*S*H."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Robin Hood."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Feb. 14: "Deep Throat II."
From Feb. 15: "Romeo and Juliet."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Feb. 19: "Happy New Year."
From Feb. 20: "Last Tango in Paris."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Walking Tall."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Feb. 14: "Papillon."
From Feb. 15: "Crazy Joe."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Sting."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"McQ."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Sugar Hill."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Black Belt Jones."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Feb. 19: "Alfredo Alfredo" and "Save the Tiger."
From Feb. 20: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 19: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Steelyard Blues."
From Feb. 20: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Mean Streets."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Happy New Year" and "Money, Money, Money."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and **4**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Feb. 19 at one or another of the theatres: "Tupamaros!," "When the People Awake," and "Memories of Underdevelopment"/"O Lucky Man!" and "If..."/ "Magnum Force."... ¶ Through Feb. 14: "Westworld" and "Soylent Green."... ¶ From Feb. 15: "Robin Hood" and "One Little Indian."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Feb. 13: "La Strada" and "Nights of Cabiria."
Feb. 14-18: "The 39 Steps" and "The Lady Vanishes."
Feb. 19: "Chloé in the Afternoon" and "Claire's Knee."
Feb. 20: "8½" and "I Vitelloni."
From Feb. 21: "Pygmalion" and "The Importance of Being Earnest."

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Feb. 19: "Executive Action" and "Up the Sandbox."
From Feb. 20: "The New Land."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Vanishing Wilderness."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Superdad."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Day of the Dolphin."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Day for Night."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Happy New Year."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Sleeper."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Feb. 14: "Red River" and "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon."
Feb. 15-16: "The Producers" and "The Twelve Chairs."
Feb. 17: "Little Women."
Feb. 18-19: "The Rise of Louis XIV" and "Senso."
Feb. 20-21: "Morgan!" and "Billy Liar."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Exorcist."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Exorcist."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Feb. 19: "The Way We Were" and "Butterflies Are Free."
From Feb. 20: "Executive Action" and "Up the Sandbox."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Feb. 14: "Westworld" and "Soylent Green."
From Feb. 15: "Robin Hood" and "One Little Indian."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Feb. 19: "Bamboo Brotherhood" and "The Dragon's Vengeance."
From Feb. 20: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Feb. 19: "Romeo and Juliet" and "If..."
From Feb. 20: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Happy New Year."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
"Walking Tall."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 14: "Persona," "Hour of the Wolf," and "Shame."
Feb. 15-19: "Robin Hood" and "One Little Indian."
From Feb. 20: "The New Land" and "Up the Sandbox."

Note—A few specialist film houses—**bleecker st. cinema**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals mostly, and only on weekends. Friday through Monday, Feb. 15-18: "The Harvey Girls" (1946; Judy Garland and John Hodiak) and "Girl Crazy" (1943; Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney).... **film forum**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Thursdays through Sundays.... **pagoda**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 13 at 5:30: "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Merle Oberon and Melvyn Douglas.... ¶ Feb. 14 at 5:30: "Seventeenth Parallel" (1968), in French, directed by Joris Ives.... ¶ Feb. 14 at 8: "Lettre de Sibérie" (1957), directed by Chris Marker.... ¶ Feb. 15 at 2: "Concerto Pour un Exil" (1967), in French, directed by Désiré Ecaré; and "Cabascabo" (1968), in French, directed by Oumarou Ganda, no English titles.... ¶ Feb. 15 at 5:30 and Feb. 16 at noon: "Shadows" (1961), directed by John Cassavetes.... ¶ Feb. 16 at 3: "L'Amour C'Est Gai l'Amour C'Est Triste" (1968), in French, directed by Jean-Daniel Pollet.... ¶ Feb. 16 at 5:30: "The Trap" (1968), in French, directed by Jacques Baratier.... ¶ Feb. 17 at 12:30 and 3: "Hugo and Josefin" (1968), a Swedish film, directed by Kjell Grede.... ¶ Feb. 17 at 5:30: "L'Amour C'Est Gai l'Amour C'Est Triste" (1968).... ¶ Feb. 18 at 2: "Le Mystère Mao" (1965), in French, directed by Claude Oztenberger; and "Regard Sur la Folie" (1961), in French, directed by Mario Ruspoli.... ¶ Feb. 18 at 5:30: "The Trap" (1968).... ¶ Feb. 19 at 2: "Toni" (1934), in French, directed by Jean Renoir; no English titles.... ¶ Feb. 19 at 5:30: Four short French films; recommended for adults only.... ¶ Feb. 20 at 5:30: "Toni" (1934).... ¶ Feb. 21 at 5:30: "Le Mystère Mao" (1965) and "Regard Sur la Folie" (1961).... ¶ Feb. 21 at 8: "Heavy Traffic" (1973), directed by Ralph Bakshi, an X-rated animated cartoon. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through Feb. 14: "Viva Villa" (1934), directed by Jack Conway and Howard Hawks, with Wallace Beery.... ¶ Feb. 15: "Shock Corridor" (1963), directed by Samuel Fuller, with Peter Breck and Constance Towers.... ¶ Feb. 16-17: "The Apartment" (1960), directed by Billy Wilder, with Jack Lemmon and Shirley MacLaine.... ¶ Feb. 20-21: "Libeled Lady" (1936), directed by Jack Conway, with Jean Harlow

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and William Powell. (Showings Wednesdays and Thursdays at 4 and 6, Fridays at 5 and 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Feb. 13: "The Jail," directed by Michael Anderson, Paul Jacobs, Saul Landau, and Bill Yahraus. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 14: "American Moods," a program of five short films. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6, 7:40, and 9:30 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (636-4100). Films of the American Film Institute—Feb. 12 at 8: "Mystery of the Wax Museum" (1933), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Lionel Atwill and Fay Wray. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 8: "The Old Dark House" (1932), directed by James Whale, with Charles Laughton and Melvyn Douglas. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 8: "The Invisible Man" (1933), directed by James Whale, with Claude Rains. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 8: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1932), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins. . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 8: "Daughters of Darkness" (1971), directed by Harry Kümel, with Delphine Seyrig. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 7:30: "Curse of the Demon" (1958), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Dana Andrews. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 9: "Jonathan" (1972), in German, directed by Hans Geissendörfer.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Alfredo Alfredo—Dubbed with a mellifluous Italian voice, Dustin Hoffman gives a warm and friendly performance as a shy young Italian bank clerk; the stranger's voice makes him seem like a silent comedian doing a routine. The novelty of seeing him without his own frightened, choked-up voice gives this rather conventional Pietro Germi comedy an extra dimension. Stefania Sandrelli plays the flighty, extravagantly romantic girl Alfredo marries; his bride's exquisite features give her a look of mystery, but she's an imbecile sphinx, mysterious yet dumb as a cow. Carla Gravina plays the modern independent working woman who liberates him. Not up to Germi's "Divorce—Italian Style," but the first third stays at a fairly high level; after that the picture sags. In Italian. (Reviewed in these pages 1/21/74.) (Waverly; through Feb. 19.)

Alice in Wonderland (1933)—Charmless, wooden version, with Paramount's most famous stars barely recognizable—and then only by their voices, since they appear in huge false heads. And though it's fun to recognize them that way, those voices don't do much for the Lewis Carroll lines. The film was lavishly produced, with great care given to the settings and the costumes and the makeup, but the spirit is missing. Charlotte Henry plays Alice (with plucked eyebrows), Cary Grant is the Mock Turtle, Gary Cooper is the White Knight, Louise Fazenda is the White Queen, Richard Arlen is the Cheshire Cat, Jack Oakie is Tweedledum, and Alison Skipworth is the Duchess. Perhaps the most memorable, however, are W. C. Fields as Humpty Dumpty, Edna May Oliver as the Red Queen, Sterling Holloway as the Frog, and Baby Le Roy as the Joker. Norman McLeod directed; the text, by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and William Cameron Menzies, includes material from "Through the Looking Glass." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 17-19.)

American Graffiti—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (8/13/73) (Columbia II.)

American Madness (1932)—A topical melodrama of the Depression and bank failure, it's about a run on a bank—and with a twist that is purest Hollywood. The big banker (Walter Huston) is the hero, and it's his lower-echelon employees who are the villains. Frank Capra directed, and Robert Riskin wrote the script. Capra's dramatic use of the bank, where almost all the action is set, is ingenious, and the sequences of the mounting panic and the storming of the bank are effectively staged, but the resolution is the usual Capra-Riskin populist hokum: the small depositors, grateful to Huston for his help in the past, bring in their savings to preserve his bank from ruin. Even this early in his career, Capra often underestimated the audience. In some cities, the picture was *too* topical: in Baltimore it opened the day after a bank panic and closed in forty-eight hours. With Pat O'Brien, Constance Cummings, Kay Johnson, and Gavin Gordon. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 20.)

The Band Wagon (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain," but there are few musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men, Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for some good revue numbers, such as "Triplets," with Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray, and, at the end, the "Girl Hunt" dance, parodying Mickey Spillane, with Astaire as the detective and Miss Charisse as the ladies in his life. When Miss Charisse wraps her phenomenal legs around Astaire, she can be forgiven everything, even her three minutes of "classical" ballet and the fact that she reads her lines as if she learned them phonetically. With Oscar Levant, in a good role for a change. Vincente Minnelli directed; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 16.)

Bang the Drum Slowly—A fictional story with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (9/10/73) (Gramercy; starting Feb. 20.)

Billy Liar (1963)—An English comedy in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. With Julie Christie. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 20-21.)

Black Belt Jones—With Jim Kelly and Gloria Hendry, directed by Robert Clouse. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Blazing Saddles—With Cleavon Little and Gene Wilder, directed by Mel Brooks. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton.)

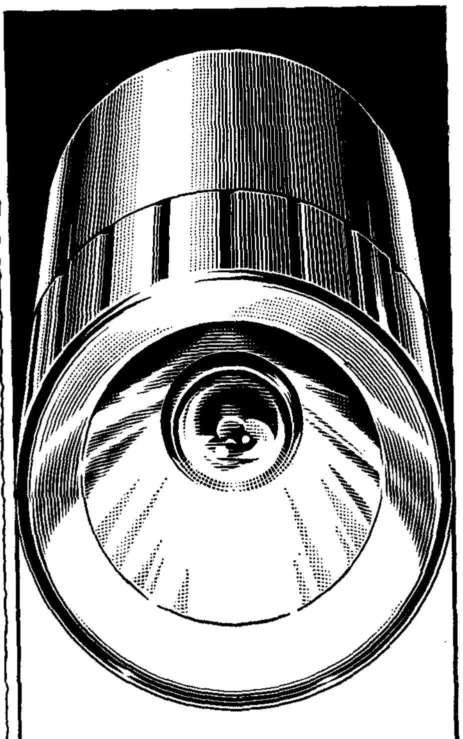
Broadway Melody of 1940—Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy. That's a lot of tapping. Norman Taurog directed; he couldn't do much with the indefatigable, intensely dull Miss Powell. A half-dozen good Cole Porter songs, including "I Concentrate on You" and "Begin the Beguine." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 16.)

Butterflies Are Free (1972)—Based on the Broadway play, with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Heckart, and Edward Albert. Dim stuff from a dim original, full of the worst sort of show-biz perkiness. Directed by Milton Katselas. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 19.)

The Ceremony (1971)—Directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (First Avenue Screening Room.)

Chloé in the Afternoon (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a superb lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (10/7/72) (Elgin; Feb. 19.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent mov-



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ie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Elgin; Feb. 19.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (72nd Street East, and 8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 19.)

Cops and Robbers—Directed by Aram Avakian from a screenplay by Donald E. Westlake, about two cops (Cliff Gorman, sparkling-toothed and gaunt, and Joe Bologna, who looks dolorous). The cops become robbers, and the senior partner of the Wall Street corporation they rob turns out to be as crafty as they are. So everyone is his opposite. The content is trite; it is the style that upholds the film—one of quixotic admiration for the droll resolve of Manhattan life. (8/27/73) (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 19.)

Crazy Joe—With Peter Boyle and Paula Prentiss, directed by Carlo Lizzani. (Loews Orpheum; starting Feb. 15.)

Day for Night—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Festival.)

The Day of the Dolphin—The most expensive Rin Tin Tin picture ever made, with a gimmick the Rin Tin Tin pictures never stooped to: the dolphins here are dubbed with plaintive, childish voices and speak in English. Mike Nichols directed this elaborate anthropomorphic exercise; the wretched plot is about an attempt to assassinate the President by using the dolphins as bomb carriers. George C. Scott is the godlike dolphin trainer. (12/31/73) (Ziegfeld.)

Don't Look Now—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion Gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Fine Arts.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Elgin; Feb. 20.)

Executive Action—Feeble, insensitive fictionalization of how President Kennedy might have been the victim of a large-scale right-wing plot. It's a dodo-bird of a movie, the winner of the "Tora! Tora! Tora!" prize—in miniature—for 1973, with matchlessly dull performances from a cast that includes Burt Lancaster, Robert Ryan, and Will Geer. Dalton Trumbo wrote the script from a story by Donald Freed and Mark Lane; David Miller directed. (11/19/73) (23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 20.)

The Exorcist—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Cinema I, Beekman, Paris, and Paramount. . . . ¶ Plaza; starting Feb. 15.)

The Friends of Eddie Coyle—Ineffective movie based on the George V. Higgins book—which should have been first-rate movie material. Robert Mitchum, looking appropriately square-headed, tries hard, but nothing really meshes in this movie. The actor who comes across best is Richard Jordan, as the smart, treacherous cop. The director, Peter Yates, doesn't seem to know how to tell a story, and he certainly doesn't know the Boston Irish locale. With Peter Boyle. (Gramercy; starting Feb. 20.)

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Happy New Year—With Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Greenwich, Playboy, and Symphony. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Feb. 19.)

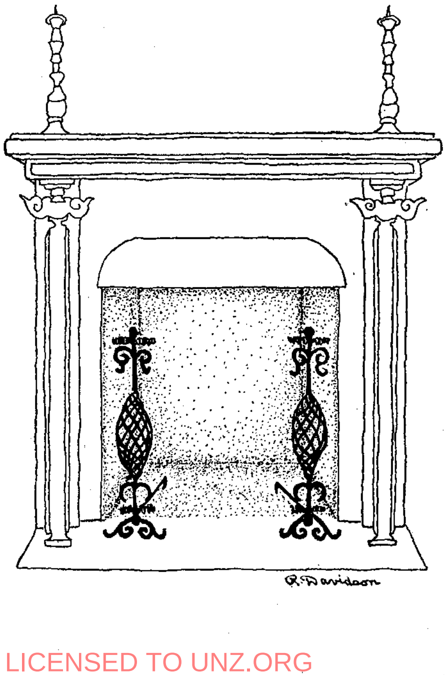
Hour of the Wolf (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his infected, deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (Olympia; through Feb. 14.)

If . . . (1969)—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker; through Feb. 19.)

The Importance of Being Earnest (1952)—Oscar Wilde's deliriously convoluted, perfect comedy. This English product, directed by Anthony Asquith, is a bit stagy but marvellously acted, especially by Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, and Michael Redgrave. (Elgin; starting Feb. 21.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film début); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Elgin; Feb. 14-18.)

The Last Detail—About three seamen. Dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson and Otis Young are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. The movie is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (Coronet.)



Last Tango in Paris (1972)—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (10/28/72) (Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Feb. 20.)

Little Women (1933)—Enchanting. There are small flaws—a few naively sentimental scenes, some obvious dramatic contrivances—but it's a lovely, graceful film, and surprisingly faithful to the Louisa May Alcott novel. Katharine Hepburn gives an inspired performance as Jo, and the cast includes Edna May Oliver, Joan Bennett, Frances Dee, Spring Byington (as Marmee, of course), Paul Lukas, Douglass Montgomery, and John Lodge. George Cukor directed (beautifully), and David O. Selznick produced. The dreadful score is by Max Steiner, and Jean Parker, as Beth, is not the world's greatest actress. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 17.)

The Long Goodbye—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental that "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (10/23/73) (Gramercy; through Feb. 19.)

Magnum Force—The bloody, brutal sequel to "Dirty Harry." This time, Clint Eastwood doesn't speak for vigilante justice, and he slaughters those who do. But he's the same emotionless hero, who lives and kills as affectlessly as a psychopathic personality. The setting is San Francisco, but, as in the spaghetti Westerns, Eastwood's gun power makes him the hero of a totally nihilistic dream world. Ted Post's direction is mediocre; the script by John Milius and Michael Cimino is cheaply effective. (1/14/74) (Columbia I. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Feb. 19.)

Man Is Not a Bird (1966)—A Yugoslav film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (Ciné Malibu.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (72nd Street East; starting Feb. 20.)

McQ—Prostratingly dull. John Wayne, eager to change his image, plays a tough cop, modelled on Clint Eastwood's Harry Callahan. As a member of the Seattle police force, Wayne clutches a little gun in gnarled hands the size of cattle hocks. John Sturges directed, at a funereal pace. (2/11/74) (86th St. East.)

Mean Streets—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Memories of Underdevelopment—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counter-revolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (5/26/73) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 19.)

Money, Money, Money—Claude Lelouch's knockabout comedy concerning a set of farcical urban pirates whose most rewarding theft lies in kidnapping the Pope. The picture is not funny, funny, funny, but fairly. In French. (4/21/73) (Greenwich.)

Morgan! (1966)—An unusual movie about an anarchistic left-wing misfit rebel (David Warner). The movie (directed by Karel Reisz, from David Mercer's TV play) often

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seems to be out of control as it teeters along, sometimes presenting its hero as cute and funny, other times as tragic and in pain. With Vanessa Redgrave. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 20-21.)

The New Land—At the end of "The Emigrants," the viewer wanted to go on and discover if the survivors of the mid-nineteenth-century emigration from Sweden found what they had hoped for. In this second half, the master director Jan Troell shows what happened to them in Minnesota. Together, the two halves offer the pleasures of a rich, overflowing epic novel. Troell has a ravening appetite; it almost seems as if he loves nature so much that he wants to plunder it all; the viewer is the beneficiary. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann have never been better—that's saying a lot. With Eddie Axberg and Monica Zetterlund. (10/15/73) (In Swedish, with subtitles, at the St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting Feb. 20. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the 23rd St. Cinema; starting Feb. 20.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a dreamy, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). The last Federico Fellini film before his flamboyant style became overpowering, and perhaps his finest. In Italian. (Elgin; Feb. 13.)

O Lucky Man!—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated and ambitious picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer ("The Loves of Isadora," among many others); the quiet style of the camera work is Miroslav Ondříček's ("If . . . ," "The White Bus," "Loves of a Blonde," "The Fireman's Ball," and so on). Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (6/16/73) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 19.)

One Little Indian—From the Disney studios, with James Garner and Vera Miles, directed by Bernard McEveety. (Quad Cinema, and Beacon; starting Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Olympia; Feb. 15-19.)

Papillon—A pointlessly gruelling movie, in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (12/24/73) (Loews Tower East. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through Feb. 14.)

Partner (1969)—Two years before "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this inventive but bewildering political vaudeville—a modernization of Dostoevski's "The Double," in which a young drama teacher (Pierre Clémenti) has fantasies of extending the theatre of cruelty into political revolution. Clémenti doesn't convey enough intellectuality for an audience to understand the character, who seems to be a comic-strip Artaud. Visually extraordinary, and with original and daring tricks of style, but not easy to take. With Stefania Sandrelli and Tina Aumont. In Italian. (3/27/71) (Art.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. It has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Olympia; through Feb. 14.)

Platinum Blonde (1931)—Frank Capra's early talkie about a glib newspaper reporter (Robert Williams) who marries an aristocratic heiress (Jean Harlow, ludicrously miscast but fun to watch anyway). Almost a catalogue of the movie conventions of the period, complete to an effete valet (Claude Allister) and a comic butler (Halliwell Hobbes). The film's considerable attractions include Robert Riskin's uninhibited dialogue and ravishing Loretta Young, who, as a tough-minded girl reporter (prototype of the later Jean Arthur roles), is a natural aristocrat. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 20.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 15-16.)

Pygmalion (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G.B.S. picture ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that fatuous snob Higgins. With Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, and Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins. Shaw supervised, Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. (Elgin; starting Feb. 21.)

Red River (1948)—A Howard Hawks film. John Wayne plays the heavy, and a magnificent young actor called Montgomery Clift is the stepson in a cattle Western full of stampedes and bang-bang battles with Indians. Hawks worshippers claim much too much for this film, but Clift is elating. He glitters with audacity and talent. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Feb. 14.)

The Rise of Louis XIV (1966)—Rossellini's beady-eyed and graceful chronicle about the growing up of a young monarch from a boy written off as nothing much more than an unambitious young debauchee into one of the most skillful absolutists in European history. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 18-19.)

Road Movie—With Regina Baff, Robert Drivas, and Barry Bostwick, directed by Joseph Strick. (Plaza; through Feb. 14.)

Robin Hood—An animated version from the Disney studios. (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Beacon; starting Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Olympia; Feb. 15-19.)

Romeo and Juliet (1968)—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap. His version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (New Yorker; through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Juliet 2; starting Feb. 15.)

Save the Tiger (1973)—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (2/17/73) (Waverly; through Feb. 19.)

Senso (1955)—Visconti on the Risorgimento. Farley Granger gives a wet performance in a part that Visconti wanted Marlon Brando to play, but Alida Valli has languorous splendor, and the intellectual spread of the film in very fine. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 18-19.)

Serpico—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Baronet. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Feb. 14.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). In Swedish. (Olympia; through Feb. 14.)

She Wore a Yellow Ribbon (1949)—John Ford's film begins with Custer and the disgrace of Little Big Horn, and the film has the handsome, faintly melancholy look of Frederic Remington's work. The subject is the burden of command, and the cavalry-captain hero (John Wayne), an officer on his last mission before retirement, is a man who, unlike Custer, is worthy of his office. Like Ford's other large-scale, elegiac Westerns of this period, it's not a simple action film but a pictorial film with great set pieces. There's some tedious Irish comedy (Victor McLaglen is around too much) and a lamentable pair of lovers—John Agar and Joanne Dru. The

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cast includes Ben Johnson, Mildred Natwick, Noble Johnson, George O'Brien, Francis Ford, and Arthur Shields. Based on James Warner Bellah's "War Party;" screenplay by Frank Nugent and Laurence Stallings. Filmed in Monument Valley. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Feb. 14.)

Sleeper—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, and with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Eastside Cinema; starting Feb. 15.)

Slither—The first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and offbeat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (3/10/73) (Gramercy, and St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 19.)

Soylent Green—Priggish science fiction, directed by Richard Fleischer. A clodhopping movie nominally about the awfulness of monopolistic capitalism and the lack of birth control in New York City in 2022 A.D. Charlton Heston is a slow-thinking detective with a lot of hair on his chest, and the late, great Edward G. Robinson is exploited with supreme tastelessness. (4/28/73) (Quad Cinema, and Beacon; through Feb. 14.)

Steelyard Blues (1973)—Blithe exuberance turned into cant. Donald Sutherland, Jane Fonda, and Peter Boyle are among the band of friendly outlaws who are persecuted by the stupid, vindictive straights, and who fly away to a better world. With Alan Myerson's amateurish direction, the film never gets a rhythm going, and its adolescent anarchism just seems smug. (2/17/73) (8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 19.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people will probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné.)

La Strada (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (Elgin; Feb. 13.)

Sugar Hill—With Marki Bey, directed by Paul Maslansky. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I.)

Superdad—Bland, vacuous situation comedy from the Disney studios, with Bob Crane and Barbara Rush having slapstick troubles with their teen-age daughter, Kathleen Cody. Vincent McEveety directed; that is, he supervised the grimaces that are meant to provoke laughter. (Music Hall.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (9/3/73) (Cinema II.)

Thieves Like Us—From the first, pearly-green long shot, Robert Altman finds a sureness of tone and never loses it. This story of young lovers in the thirties is the closest to flawless of his films—a masterpiece. Made in Mississippi, "Thieves Like Us" is so sensuous and lucid that it is as if William Faulkner and the young Jean Renoir had collaborated. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love, Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Elgin; Feb. 14-18.)

Treasure Island (1934)—Wallace Beery as Long John Silver, and Jackie Cooper as Jim Hawkins, in a lively, robust version of the Stevenson story, directed by Victor Fleming in the damned-the-budget style of M-G-M. The cast includes Lionel Barrymore (fortunately in a sinister role), Lewis Stone (more energetic than usual), and Otto Kruger and Nigel Bruce. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 17-19.)

Tupamaros!—A documentary inside view of Latin America's urban-guerrilla movement. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 19.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 15-16.)

Up the Sandbox (1972)—Barbra Streisand has never seemed so multi-radiant as in this joyful mess, taken from the Anne Richardson Roiphe novel. The picture is full of sass and knockabout urban humor, though it doesn't seem to have settled on what it's meant to be about. The heroine is the wife of a Columbia instructor, and the movie is a hip, free-association treatment of her daydreams and conflicting desires, and of a variety of women's-lib problems. Irvin Kershner directed. (12/30/72) (23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia; starting Feb. 20.)

Vanishing Wilderness—A documentary. (Guild. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Feb. 14.)

I Vitelloni (1953)—Fellini made this warm observation of overgrown Italian loafers. The warmth doesn't prevent his view from being accurately acid about these adolescents pushing thirty who sponge off their parents and (all but one) lack the stomach to quit their aimless provincial lives. Fellini, as usual, wonderfully touches melancholy with farce. In Italian. (Elgin; Feb. 20.)

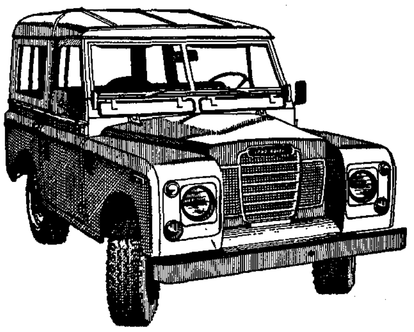
Walking Tall—With Joe Don Baker and Elizabeth Hartman, directed by Phil Karlson. (Cinema Village, U. A. East, and Thalia.)

The Way We Were—Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time, and Barbra Streisand is a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Redford and Streisand turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (10/15/73) (East 59th Street I, and East 59th Street II. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 19.)

Westworld—Michael Crichton wrote and directed this sci-fi movie; it's set in Delos, a Disneyland for adults, where vacationers can play out their movie-fed fantasies by living in total environments that simulate past ages—ancient Rome, the medieval world, or the West of the eighteen-eighties. Computer-programmed humanoids satisfy the guests' vanity and lust and aggression. The idea is ingenious, and the film might have been marvellous; it isn't (the movie has the skimped TV-movie look of a too-tight budget), but it's moderately entertaining, and the leads (Richard Benjamin and Yul Brynner) are far superior to the actors in the usual sci-fi films. With James Brolin. (11/26/73) (Quad Cinema, and Beacon; through Feb. 14.)

When the People Awake—A documentary on recent political events in Chile and their historical background, through early 1973. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 19.)

Zardoz—With Sean Connery, directed by John Boorman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Trans-Lux East.)



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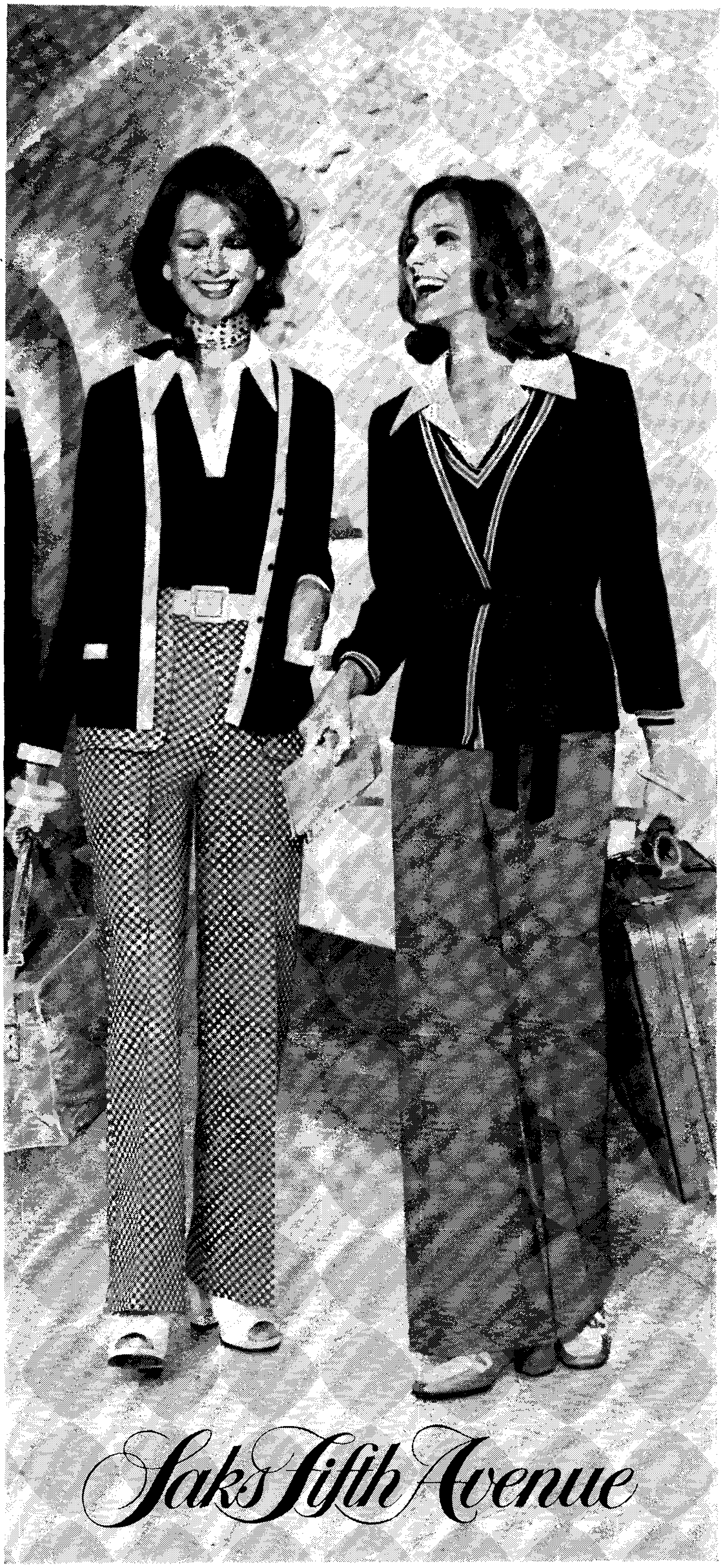


Saks Fifth Avenue

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

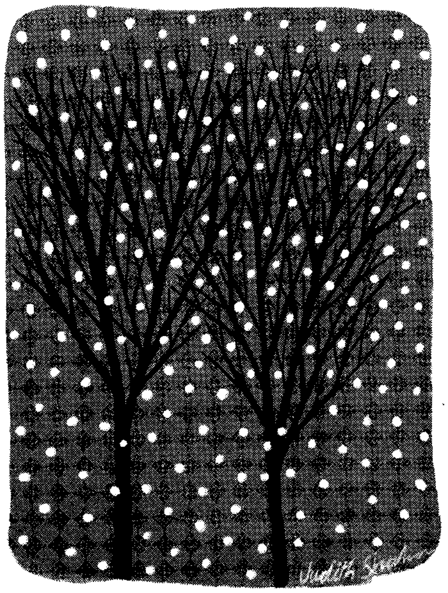
Notes and Comment

WHEN the energy crisis dealt its first sudden blows to the world's economy, there were not a few people who believed that a "return to the simple life" might be here or in the offing. Visions of cozy rural communities, with "old values" fully restored, and of quiet cities filled with cyclists and pedestrians floated before their eyes. A bracing austerity, it was said, would bring the world to its senses. Now that many people are giving thought to the simple life, we decided to make a quick check of a few of the world's nations to see how it is coming along.

In Peking this week, the eye and ear were assailed by the stirrings of a new national "campaign." In China, when the newspapers, the radio, television, and the loudspeakers in the factories and fields drop their standard propaganda and begin to pound out a single new theme, the Chinese know that a campaign is under way. The lives of millions will be changed—although the Chinese do not yet know how—and the life of the nation may be overturned. The last major campaign was the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution—an event in which Mao Tse-tung and his colleagues unleashed bands of angry youths against all levels of the Party and governmental bureaucracy. After some months, normal daily life was completely disrupted, and after three years the Cultural Revolution was abandoned. The new campaign is cryptic in its aims. It has no name as yet. The nation is to "criticize" Confucius, Schubert, Beethoven, and Lin Piao. This campaign is all the more obscure in that none of its principal targets are among the living. No one knows precisely what it is that Beethoven and Schubert stir in the human breast, but the Chinese authorities somehow sense that that's the thing they want to stamp out.

In Moscow this week, a recently launched campaign continued, but its targets were the living—notably, the author Alexander Solzhenitsyn. The aim here is no mystery. In his recent book, "The Gulag Archipelago, 1918-1956," Solzhenitsyn has revealed a large part of the truth about the past of the Soviet regime, and the authorities wish to discredit both the author and his revelations. Not long ago, his ex-wife joined in the campaign. Russian viewers of television, although they are not allowed to read the book, allegedly write to the Soviet authorities expressing their outrage at its contents.

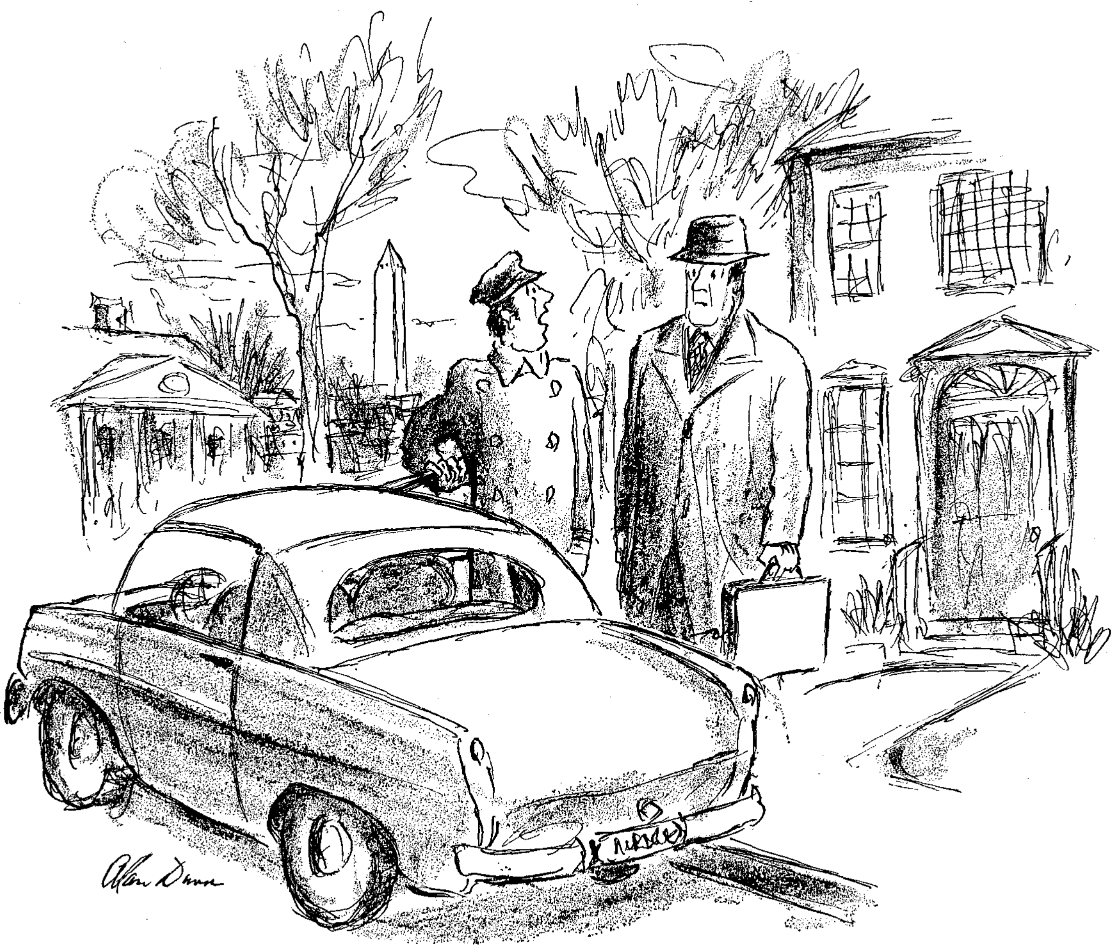
We turn now to the United States. The preoccupation here is not with writers and artists, whether living or dead. Here it's the Devil that absorbs us. President Nixon had a few slighting words to say recently about "professional criers of doom and prophets of despair," but the people who are lining up around the block to see "The Exorcist" were not listening. The experts are not sure why so many people want to see a film about a little girl possessed by the Devil. At least one or two experts think that minds are beginning to collapse under the weight of our day's insoluble problems. "My janitors are going bananas wiping up the vomit," the manager of one theatre where the film is playing reports. The Devil is on people's minds at the White House, too, where he is suspected of having erased eighteen and a half minutes of tape, according to the President's chief assistant, General Alexander Haig. However, not everyone is carried away. The press, on the whole, has taken a "balanced" approach to the Devil. *Newsweek* opined that "it is probably just as well . . . that the fad will inevitably pass, for the Devil's realm is dotted with pitfalls." One clergyman, upon hearing of a supposed exorcism, declared that the problem had not been the Devil at all. That idea was "just plain funny;" any sensible person could tell that the problem was merely a few ghosts. But large numbers agreed with the columnist who saw the new interest in the Devil as a sign of a spiritual awakening.



Finally, in England this week the talk was not of writers or artists or devils but of the prospect of "a catastrophe unparalleled in our postwar industrial history," as one official put it. The coal miners had voted to strike, a general election had been called, and the economic life of the nation was grinding to a halt. In Britain, the simple life had given way to physical, not mental, collapse. They were calling it a new Dark Age.

Clyde

AT a certain point in the career of every famous athlete, the publication of a book with the athlete's name on it becomes mandatory. (It's the same with politicians and game-show panelists.) Last week, it was Walt Frazier's turn. Walt Frazier, for the benefit of those who have been on Saturn for the past seven years, is the beating heart of the best team in the National Basketball Association—the New York Knicks. He is an extremely graceful and handsome man. He flows



"Sir, this is your official car."

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back and forth on a basketball court with a blend of detachment and concentration that is positively yogic. He has large, liquid eyes, and a beard and head of hair that look as if Henry Moore had carved them out of anthracite. He wears clothes that fit, and he drives a burgundy-and-antelope Rolls. Everyone calls him Clyde. In matters of style, Clyde is the reality of which black movie heroes like Shaft and Slaughter are merely the shadows.

"Rockin' Steady: A Guide to Basketball and Cool," by Walt Frazier and Ira Berkow, is the book. There was a party to celebrate its publication last Wednesday afternoon, in the downstairs room at Jimmy's, and we were there. Walt Frazier, wearing a black velvet suit and his usual composed expression, sat at a table and autographed copies of the book for a couple of hundred of his fans, including Willis Reed, the Knicks' captain; Red Holzman, the Knicks' head coach; and Howard Cosell, the senatorial hopeful. On each flyleaf, under his name, Mr. Frazier wrote "Clyde," not omitting the quotation marks.

We talked with Ira Berkow, the co-author, who is thirty-four and writes a syndicated sports column for the Newspaper Enterprise Association. Mr. Berkow has curly, sandy hair and a wide-open smile. He was wearing a blue turtleneck jersey and a plaid sports jacket—the kind of jacket that baseball players wear in hotel lobbies. He told us that he and Clyde had played one-on-one while they were working on the book, and that Clyde had won their first game, 11–7.

"How did you manage to get seven points off him?" we asked.

"I'm a good shot," Berkow said. "Clyde said, 'You made me hustle.' He said he liked my driving left-handed double-pump hook shot. He really said that—I have it on tape. And my tapes work. No gaps. But they're starting to wear out, because I play them every night. I think he was amazed that I could do anything at all. Athletes are always amazed when a writer shows any signs of physical coordination. I once got a hit off Denny McLain in a pickup game. It was only a little dribbler, but it blew his mind, because I'm a writer."

Frazier stood at a microphone and said a few stolid, traditional-athlete words about how much he owed to his coach and his teammates and what a great thrill it was, and so forth. Somebody asked him about cool, and he gave an answer that suggested he would be a hard nut to crack in an encounter group. "Cool is something that comes naturally to me," he said. "On the basketball court, I show no emotion, and I guess I'm the same way off the court. Inwardly, I may feel anxiety, but I never show it." Frazier said he did express emotion on rare occasions. Working on the book, he had relived some of his tougher childhood experiences, and had been moved. "Sometimes," he said, "talking with Ira and reminiscing, my eyes filled with tears."

Folk in a Labyrinth

ON a recent Thursday night, we went to the Whitney Museum, along with some seventeen hundred other New Yorkers, to attend the private opening of the exhibition called "The Flowering of American Folk Art." As we stepped off the elevator into the fourth-floor gallery, we saw a seven-foot gold-leafed curlew weathervane; a life-size apothecary-sign sculpture depicting a character in Mark Twain's "The Gilded Age;" a "Peaceable Kingdom" painted by the Quaker preacher Edward Hicks; a bold purple-red-and-green Amish quilt; and a red-white-and-blue flag-patterned gate strikingly reminiscent of Jasper Johns' paintings. The exhibition covers the first century of our nation's independence—1776 to 1876—and will later travel to Richmond and San Francisco. It has been organized by two women who have written and lectured about American folk art for over thirty years—Alice Winchester and Jean Lipman.

Mrs. Lipman is a slight, ebullient woman, who was dressed that night in a black-and-yellow dress carefully matched to her black-and-gold early-nineteenth-century-memorial jewelry. She was standing by the painting called "Winter Sunday in Norway, Maine," which she had purchased around 1940 for fifty cents, the shopkeeper having explained that he wanted to be sure he got something for the frame. Mrs. Lipman told us that since then many thousands of dollars had been spent by various publishers and museums in reproducing "Winter Sunday," and she went on to share some other thoughts concerning the growth of interest in our nineteenth-century folk tradition. "It's often the artists who rediscover the treasures of the past," said Mrs. Lipman, who also has a sizable collection of contemporary American sculpture. "The sculptors William Zorach, Elie Nadelman, and Robert Laurent were among the first Americans to start collecting our folk art, to look at it as serious art and take it out of the domain of curiosities or antiques. This was in the early nineteen-twenties, even before the first show at the Whitney Studio Club. The artists were impressed by those very elements of the folk tradition—direct carving, simplification and abstraction of form—which they were trying to achieve in their own work. It's comparable, actually, to the way French painters like Derain and Braque discovered African sculpture in the first decade of the century. Today, there seems to be an equally great interest in the folk tradition on the part of contemporary Pop and Op artists. Richard Anuszkiewicz is fascinated by quilts, for instance, and Andy Warhol collects a lot of decorated furniture. The kinship between Op, Pop, and folk has certainly helped to create the phenomenal interest in this exhibition."

We asked Mrs. Lipman if the renascence of folk art might be related to a nostalgia for solid American values in a period when they have been radically undermined, and she nodded emphatically. "It's certainly part of our attempt to recover our lost innocence—part of the same cultural fabric as young people wanting to go out West and ranch, instead of making careers on Wall Street," she said.

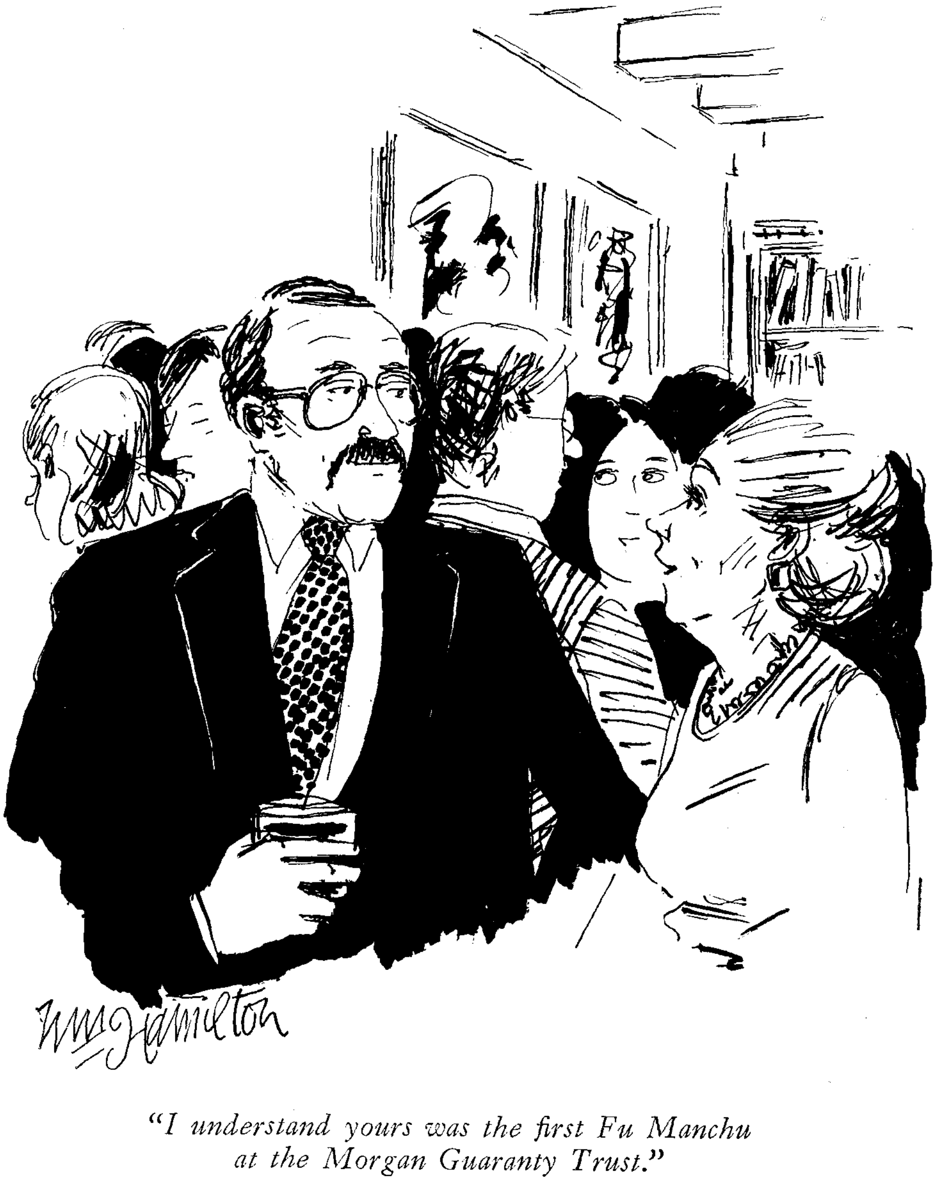
"Well, I don't know about the nostalgia bit," said Miss Winchester, a fragile, gray-haired woman, who wore, on a silver-lamé dress, a large spray of bronze orchids sent to her by the Whitney. "I think it's not so much a longing for what is gone as a *reaffirmation* of what America stands for."

As we paused beside a life-size polychrome cigar-store Indian, we were joined by the Whitney's director, John Baur, who told us that there was some disagreement among historians about the aptness of the term "folk art" for the exhibition. "Some great specialists, like Bernice and Edgar Garbisch, prefer the term 'naïve' for the paintings and drawings," Mr. Baur said. "They insist that the term 'folk' should only be used for crafts. But 'naïve' doesn't rescue us, either, because there's an awful lot of art here that's anything but naïve—art that is executed by highly skilled craftsmen." Mr. Baur pointed to a ship figurehead lent by the Mariners Museum, in Newport News. "Look at this figure, for instance. The sculpture of the drapery is very rococo, highly sophisticated."

"Mr. Garbisch decided that 'naïve' was right," Miss Winchester said, "but we decided that 'folk' was right."

"And we realize that neither term defines it exactly," Mr. Baur added, with a patient smile. "Yet there's no better word to lump it all together."

As the galleries began to fill with guests, we looked for Thomas Armstrong III, who is at present the Whitney's associate director, and is scheduled to replace Mr. Baur as acting director in September of this year. Mr. Armstrong—a tall, affable Cornell graduate in his early forties—was standing by a handsome exhibit of scrimshaw work. He told us that he had recently spent some years as curator of the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Collection, in Williamsburg, and he seemed to think it a happy coincidence that the present exhibition should be the first major show installed at the Whitney since his tenure there. Like Miss Winchester, Mr. Armstrong was put off by nostalgia. "I'm fed up with the Down Memory Lane interpretation," he said. "What's most crucial about this show, and hasn't been stressed enough, is that it will lead to a radical reassessment of what was *really* important in nineteenth-century American painting and sculpture. This exhibition proves that the two traditions of American nineteenth-century art—the so-called academic and naïve traditions—are parallel phenomena, extremely different in character but absolutely equal in value, with the naïve tradition often more forceful and interesting. Until now, they have never been put on an equal footing. The folk, or naïve, tradition was totally omitted from the Metropolitan's 'Nineteenth Century Ameri-



"I understand yours was the first Fu Manchu at the Morgan Guaranty Trust."

ca' show almost four years ago, for instance, and is rarely taught in any university courses on American art. This exhibition answers such a question as 'Are Ammi Phillips and John Brewster, Jr., to be considered as important as Thomas Sully?' The answer is a categorical 'Yes.' "

We went on to talk to the architect of the Whitney Museum, Marcel Breuer, who, with Hamilton Smith, designed and installed the current folk-art show—Breuer's first installation at the Whitney. He was standing rather despondently alongside some beautiful small painted chests, having repeatedly tried to sit on one of the platforms he had had built for the exhibition and been reprimanded by the Whitney guards.

"I have always had a great passion for folk art," Mr. Breuer said. "I've looked at it a great deal in Hungary, in Greece, in many other countries. I think that the most outstanding difference between American folk art and that of other nations is that it has a more extraordinary balance of primitiveness and sophistication. I faced no major problem in designing this exhibition except that of scale. Many of the objects are small and delicate and would have got lost in this great big open hall. So I designed a labyrinth, to create many intimate spaces. I kept thinking of Ariadne's thread; that has always been one of my favorite myths. To create the maze, I used two kinds of partitions. One is the standard interchangeable unit I designed originally for the museum; the other is the two-by-four you see in every Colonial frame house. I'm quite prepared for the fact that some people will be annoyed by the labyrinth."

"I can't stand this business of not being able to cross over from one part of the room to another and being forced to go in one direction," a young woman in brocade was saying to her escort as Mr. Breuer vainly tried to sit down again. "Isn't this some kind of aesthetic Fascism?"

"Oh no, it's just Bauhaus," her escort reassured her—and, indeed, Breuer was one of the early masters of the Bauhaus.

In front of a painting representing the Garden of Eden, we chatted with George Weissman, vice-chairman of Philip Morris, without whose sponsorship, the Whitney people say, the folk-art show would have been utterly impossible. "Anyone can buy five Rembrandts and move them around," Mr. Weissman said. "But at Philip Morris we try to do things that are difficult and challenging—that have never been done before. For instance, we sponsored a show of Pop art in the nineteen-sixties that was so avant-garde no museum would originate it at the time, and we had it circulated by the American Federation of Arts. In Canada, our Canadian affiliate, Benson & Hedges, is financing a project whereby Canadian artists will decorate gigantic wall surfaces in public buildings in five major cities. And in Melbourne our Australian affiliate has given a hundred thousand dollars for the acquisition of works of young Australian artists. What I love about this show is that it has accomplished the same thing as the exhibition on the North American Indian we sponsored at the Whitney two years ago. It has taken folk art out of the ethnology closet and put it on a great aesthetic level."

"It's a show that seems to make people intensely happy," Thomas Armstrong said as he brushed past us, glass in hand. "It says to people, 'Here's the way it is.' "

More Art

THE 1974 NEW YORK ART DECO EXPOSITION will be a comprehensive and exciting event, combining the attitude and attractiveness of a museum exhibition with the commercial viability of a major antiques show. . . .

We went to "The 1974 New York Art Deco Exposition," at Radio City Music Hall, with a young man named Stephen, a young lady named Amanda, and some gripping promotional material. The gripping promotional material (courtesy of Big Apple Events, 767 Lexington Ave., New York 10021) told us that there was an Art Deco revival "afoot." Stephen and Amanda told us it was over.

"You know what the new thing is?" Stephen asked. "I'll tell you what the new thing is. It's not trying too hard."

"I thought the new thing was Art Nouveau," Amanda said.

"Art Nouveau has peaked," Stephen said. "The new thing is not trying too hard."

We asked Stephen how he had succeeded so far in the new, not-trying-too-hard style.

"It's tough," he said. "So far, all I've come up with is a cardigan sweater and an Accutron watch."

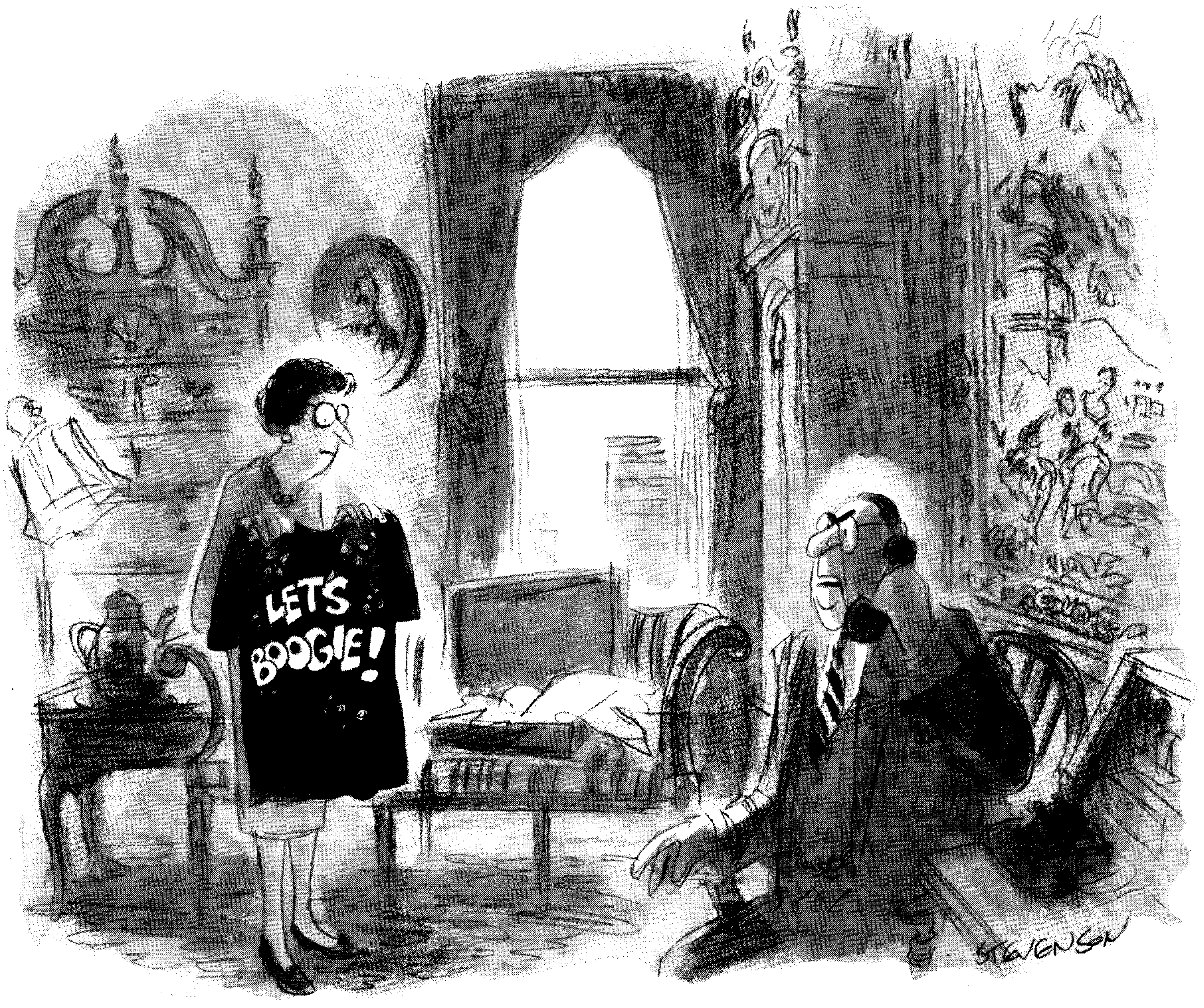
Seventy-five to one hundred dealers will exhibit. They will be provided with every amenity that has become standard in major antiques shows: pegboard or drapery booths built by a firm specializing in this type of construction, tables, chairs, electric outlets. . . .

One thing about "The 1974 New York Art Deco Exposition" was that it messed up the nice Art Deco lobby of Radio City Music Hall with a lot of dumb-looking little booths. There was one little booth devoted exclusively to the work of Rockwell Kent, but mostly each little booth had a sort of jumble of things that did not call to mind, for instance, the attitude and attractiveness of a museum exhibition. We stopped at a booth that included books in its jumble. This booth belonged to Dwight Goss, of San Francisco. "Oh, look!" said Stephen. "They come from all over the country." We examined some of the books Goss had for sale. We picked up a 1945 Grosset & Dunlap reprint of "The Son of Tarzan" (marked at twenty dollars) and put it down again. Stephen picked up a copy of "The Fred Astaire Story," a photo album (priced at a hundred and thirty-five dollars) that had once accompanied a collection of Fred Astaire records. "Oh, look!" said Stephen. "It's signed by Fred Astaire. Oh, look! They don't give you the records."

At the little booth of Joe Macdonald, there were things of a different sort. "I have mostly Ertés and Laliques," said Mr. Macdonald, a blond young man who deals privately. "Thank goodness *some* people know what they are. I've sold quite a lot to the Japanese, and quite a lot to museums. The most important piece I have left is *this*." Mr. Macdonald pointed to a ceramic-and-wood panel. "It was in the 1925 Paris show. I found it at a place where they rent things out to movies. You can hang it on the wall, like a Japanese screen. And it's fourteen thousand dollars."

Fashion magazines are likely to want to photograph at the Exposition. . . .

The nicest little booth at the Art



"Brooks Brothers? Arthur T. Sturgis here. I believe a mistake has been made."

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Deco show belonged to Lune en Papier, a Madison Avenue shop. At the Lune en Papier booth, there was a Mission Orange syrup dispenser, an old electric gum-ball machine, and a wonderful thing called a Rotor-Table. Tony Goodstone, a young man in a panama hat, told us about the Rotor-Table. "You'll notice," he said, "that the Rotor-Table has a stationary round glass top. Rotor-Tables were bar novelties, you see. You were supposed to keep your drink on the glass top and play the game, which rotated underneath the glass top, for more drinks. That was the theory. It's a pinball machine, but it predates the solenoid-action machines, where you have a kicker that shoots the ball away. But when you get a ball in the free-ball hole, the traffic light *does* light up, and it does buzz. Also, it's got the skyline of New York on it."

We asked Mr. Goodstone how much the Rotor-Table was selling for.

"Well," said Mr. Goodstone, "it's nine hundred and seventy-five dollars."

That about does it for the thirties—for good. But in closing we want to announce that we have in our possession a comprehensive and exciting collection of *moderne* promotional material dating from the Art Deco revival of the early seventies, and that no serious bid over one thousand dollars will be refused.

Still More

THE Museum of Modern Art got two thousand high-school and college students to come look at a Marcel Duchamp show by throwing a party called "A Valentine for Marcel Duchamp." There were things to do at the party. Marcel Duchamp stopped painting in 1918, when he was thirty-one, and took up chess after that, so one of the events was a twenty-one-year-old chess master playing thirty-five games at once. John Cage knew Marcel Duchamp, so one of the events was John Cage playing a piece called "Music for Marcel Duchamp" on a piano that had weather stripping, rubber, and a bolt among its strings.

There were also Dada movies, as well as a movie about Duchamp's chess playing, made in 1964, in which he asks the question "Why should I like chess, which is a very logical game and has absolutely nothing to do with crazy thoughts?"

A number of the kids looked at the show, and we heard one of them tell his date about Duchamp's glass-panel work titled "The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even." He said, "It wasn't *supposed* to be cracked—it got cracked in Brooklyn." He was right.

THE MORTAL MILK

It is commonly supposed that fairies, or elfins, are trifling little beings, always on the wing and incapable of dying. This misapprehension has come about because they prefer to live in invisibility—though they can be visible at will, by means of an automechanism, which works rather like the *una-corda* pedal or a gearshift. In fact, they are about four-fifths of ordinary human stature, fly or don't fly according to their station in life, and after a life span of many centuries die like other people—except that as they do not believe in immortality they die unperturbed. Their life span is portioned into a brief childhood of forty years, an extended plateau of being grown up, a suave decline into old age. As longevity is the common lot, it is taken for granted. The working fairies at the Court of Brocéliande, who flew about their duties, did not find time heavy on their hands; indeed, they sometimes complained that they never had a moment to themselves. The nobility, who marked their social standing by scorning to use their wings, had not much time to call their own, either. The low fertility rate, which kept the population at a steady balance, meant that even the most solicitous parents could not give all of a century to the pleasures of parenthood. For the rest, life at court was spent in disciplined entertainment.

Of all the elfin courts in Western Europe, Brocéliande most piqued itself on its adherence to a seasonal calendar of pleasures and ceremonies. On the First of May the Queen was publicly attired in her new pink turban (the Royal Turban was a survival from the original Persian Kingdom whence the Brocéliande Dynasty had descended); at Midsummer hay was tossed to the accompaniment of pastoral wind instruments; a bear was baited to drums and trumpets on the First of November; the Egyptian Days were observed by abstaining from love and broad beans (broad beans, a peasant food, were in fact never eaten, but on the Egyptian Days they were served at table and ceremonially refused); etc., etc.

One year it so happened that the beginning of March brought a spell of hot weather. As this was six weeks before the Spring Ceremony, when Brocéliande acknowledged the season by changing from furs and velvets into silks and gossamer lawn, the courtiers sweltered on in winter clothes and kept up their courage by boasting about their inheritance of the laws of the Medes and Persians. The heat continued, a note of merit sharpened the boasting, general conversation became increasingly listless. Aquilon, on a pretext of his obligations as Master of the Royal Pack of Werewolves, excused himself from attendance and went for a stroll in the forest. When he was safely out of view, he took off his furred mantle, hat, and gauntlet gloves, and blew his whistle. His valet came flying at the call, and was told to carry them and follow at a distance. Bareheaded and barehanded, Aquilon walked on the edge of the forest and looked out on the brilliant gaunt landscape, where two peasants were breaking the clods and proclaiming in loud, uncouthly cheerful voices that a peck of March dust was worth a king's ransom. As he stood watching them with a naturalist's unimpassioned interest in some familiar variety of the lesser creation, he heard a rapid wingbeat, and Puck, the whipper-in of the Royal Pack, alighted beside him.

"I've been looking for Your Lordship everywhere," Puck said in the complaining tone of an old servant. "Please to come and look at them. The responsibility is getting too much for me."

Hopping impatiently while Aquilon strolled, he poured out his story. The werewolves had gone off their feed—which he had put down to the untimely hot weather till he noticed that first one, then another had come out in a rash. The sickness had spread through the pack, and now they were scratching themselves raw and vomiting, with matter streaming from their eyes and noses. Even if they recovered, which he didn't expect, it would not be possible to hunt them for weeks; they would be too feeble to pull down a calf.

"Such a fine pack they were," he lamented. "I can't account for it." And went on to account for it by a thought which had often crossed his mind: that their lives were unnatural and that sooner or later Nature would get the upper hand, since werewolves, when all was said and done, were men, and when they ravened for themselves they attacked women and children, women and children were their natural meat; and lacking it the poor creatures' blood had grown impoverished. If he could have his way, he'd let them loose for a while.

"If we did, they'd never come back," said Aquilon. He spoke feelingly.

As they neared the kennels, the stink of mortal sickness bloomed on the air. The sun beat down on the enclosure, where the werewolves staggered about, colliding with each other, snapping and snarling, too dispirited to fight, and tripping over their dying fellows. Puck chirruped to them through the bars, calling their names. They turned for a moment at the sound of his voice and stared with bleared eyes. It was plain that they despaired of themselves. One of them was calling for a priest.

Aquilon felt a hand on his shoulder. It was his cousin Beliard, who came to remind him of the afternoon's entertainment of roast chestnuts.

"If you don't want to offend the Queen, dress yourself properly and hurry back. What's wrong with your werewolves? Molting?"

"Dying."

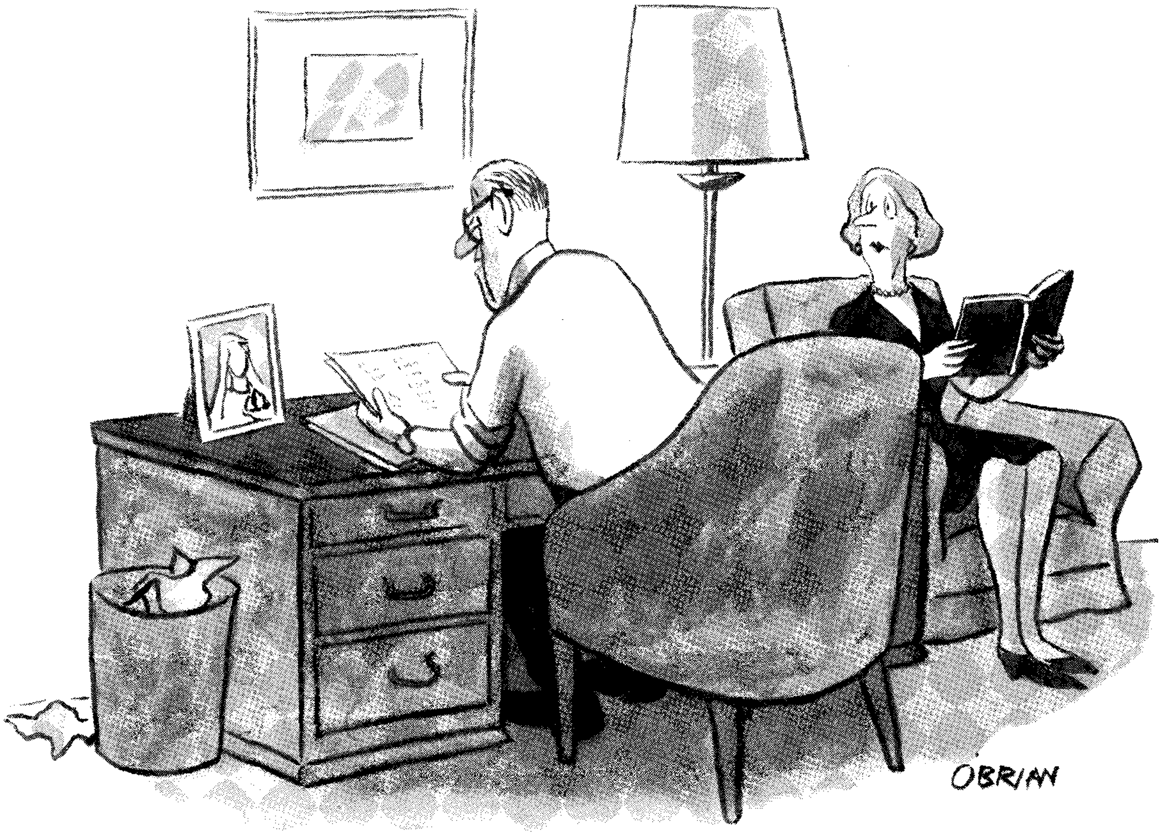
"That won't do you any good. I daresay they won't all die. I'm sure old Duke Billy won't. Bet you a hundred Duke Billy won't die."

"Done."

Not to accept the bet would have been ill-mannered, but Aquilon was perfectly indifferent to the upshot—tolerably indifferent, too, about the lèse-majesté of being late and improperly dressed for roasting chestnuts.

When he was younger, Aquilon took a gamester's pleasure in seeing how far he could go without incurring sentence of exile. Some of his excursions were considerable, as on the First of May when he flew naked round and round the tower, saluting the Royal Standard. No word was said of exile; his pleasure waned. He had enjoyed hunting, charmed by his well-fitting boots and the poetry of those hunts through the forest by moonlight, the stag crashing ahead, the brassy yelling of a pack of werewolves in full cry. But with his Mastership it became an affectation and a bore. He would dice by the hour, enthralled by the careless rattle and the silent incontrovertible throw; but for preference he played alone, right hand matched against left. Which was unsociable and, in a court life, reprehensible.

Queen Melior was woman enough to enjoy disconcerting public opinion. She countenanced the loyal flight around



"According to my figures, we could retire right now on an annual income of forty-eight dollars and fifty cents."

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the tower, remarking that it was only what might be expected from someone whose very infancy was scandalous. Aquilon's mother had no milk. Accredited fairy wet nurses were summoned, but the child refused breast after breast till a mortal was abducted, who wept for her own child while he sucked her and throve. This, according to his Aunt Pervenche, Beliard's mother, accounted for everything: she had foreseen it from the start. Freely admitting her nephew's faults—fickleness, coldheartedness, sulky temper, misuse of his opportunities, ingratitude, large hands, she blamed them on a tainted constitution.

People who live for centuries are bound to repeat themselves. For the twentieth time Lady Pervenche had confided to the Queen that the milk, etc. Melior listened graciously, laughed in her sleeve, and reflected that however many Aquilon's offenses, at least he wasn't a bore. But her attention having again been drawn to his hands, she had to admit to herself that they were large. What else had Pervenche said? A sallow complexion? It hadn't been mentioned, but it was true. What else? Ingratitude. Ingratitude! It darted upon her like a hail of arrows how often she had given him cause to be grateful, how often she had condoned, overlooked, ignored, made allowances for, laughed away, forgiven—forgotten, almost. And in return for all this?—to see her mercies taken for granted. She'd show him! Public opinion should see her showing him. Public opinion saw, and marked, and felt it was high time. It also saw Aquilon responding with such egregious civility and meekness that he might have been playing opposite his Queen in a charade of The Henpecked Husband. Melior broke off the performance. Righteous wrath improves with keeping. She would bide her time—time was never lacking at Brocéliande—till she had a faultless occasion to show the ingrate she was not a queen to be trifled with. Public opinion calmed down. The November bear-baiting restored a sense of ordered harmony. That year's bear was a particularly fine bear. It defended itself with fury and disembowelled several dogs. When it sagged from the stake and lay dying, spectators in the front row saw real tears fall from its eyes.

Melior did not have long to wait. The murrain among the werewolves supplied the ideal pretext for disgracing Aquilon with impartiality. The werewolves were one of Brocéliande's distinguishing glories; the murrain was a calamity: all deplored it and no one could suspect her of a personal spite. Nevertheless, at that evening's Assembly, she opened the subject in the voice of a grieving mermaid, condoling with Aquilon, whose devotion had been frustrated by the negligence of an underling: Puck was to blame. Beliard saw what she was after, and made imploring eyes at his cousin—but in vain. Aquilon declared that Puck was an admirable servant. If any remnant of the pack were saved, it would be entirely Puck's doing. And having made an eloquent eulogy of his whipper-in, he cut the ground from under Melior's feet by resigning his Mastership before she could deprive him of it.

The ground presently gave way under his own feet, too, for more than half the werewolves recovered. He was left in the mortifying position of having made a grand gesture about nothing crucial. Melior noted this, and remembered that the third time is lucky.

She waited till after the Spring Ceremony to call a Council. Even when it was assembled, she delayed a little longer, announcing trifling changes, seasonal adjustments, before she delivered her blow: Aquilon, freed from his obligation to the werewolves, was to go as Ambassador to the Court of Blockula.

If she had appointed him Groom of the Scullery, she could hardly have appointed him to greater ignominy. Embassies to Blockula were not even punitive; they were insignificant sinecures bestowed on persons of no significance. Everyone present admired the composure with which he thanked her. He would have admired it himself, but he was engaged in trying to account for his start of pleasure. Blockula was a petty Kingdom in Sweden. Its courtiers were referred to as the Trolls. Their only interests were eating, drinking, horseplay, and pedigrees. They drank spirits, sang interminable ballads, were bearded. Their banquets were so rowdy that the very name of Blockula was synonymous with gross revels held by mortals. Their Queen was a dwarfish child. Such were the reports brought back by Brocéliande's returning ambassadors—those who returned: some were finished off by the climate or lost at sea. What other charming details could he recall? They ate goat's-milk cheese and were surrounded by wolves and bears. Yet he had felt unmistakable pleasure, and apparently had shown it.

Why was he taking it so calmly, asked Beliard when they were alone. What had become of his self-respect? Tact was all very well, but it was carrying tact too far to look positively pleased.

"She seemed rather disconcerted. I am never lucky with my tact."

"You never mean to be."

"Perhaps I shall be luckier at Blockula. I might be quite a success at Blockula."

"Cooped up with Trolls."

"Travel will improve my mind. I might go on with my study of mortals—I have a notion they vary from place to place. If they won't vary, I'll study Trolls. A spell of coarse feeding might be just what I need. That foster mother of mine, you know. My first tug at a mortal breast ruined me for polite society."

There was a pause. His face fell, and he said—for once speaking without affectation—"The worst of it is that for the journey I shall have to be visible. And among all those hulking mariners of Penker's. I hate being made to feel small."

Ivo Penker, Master of the sailing ship Amicable, was a Channel Islander, who boasted he had never fumbled a harbor entrance or paid a customs duty. Brocéliande relied on him for smuggled goods and sea transport. The Amicable was a high-built ship, and could pack away an embassy as easily as a race of ginger.

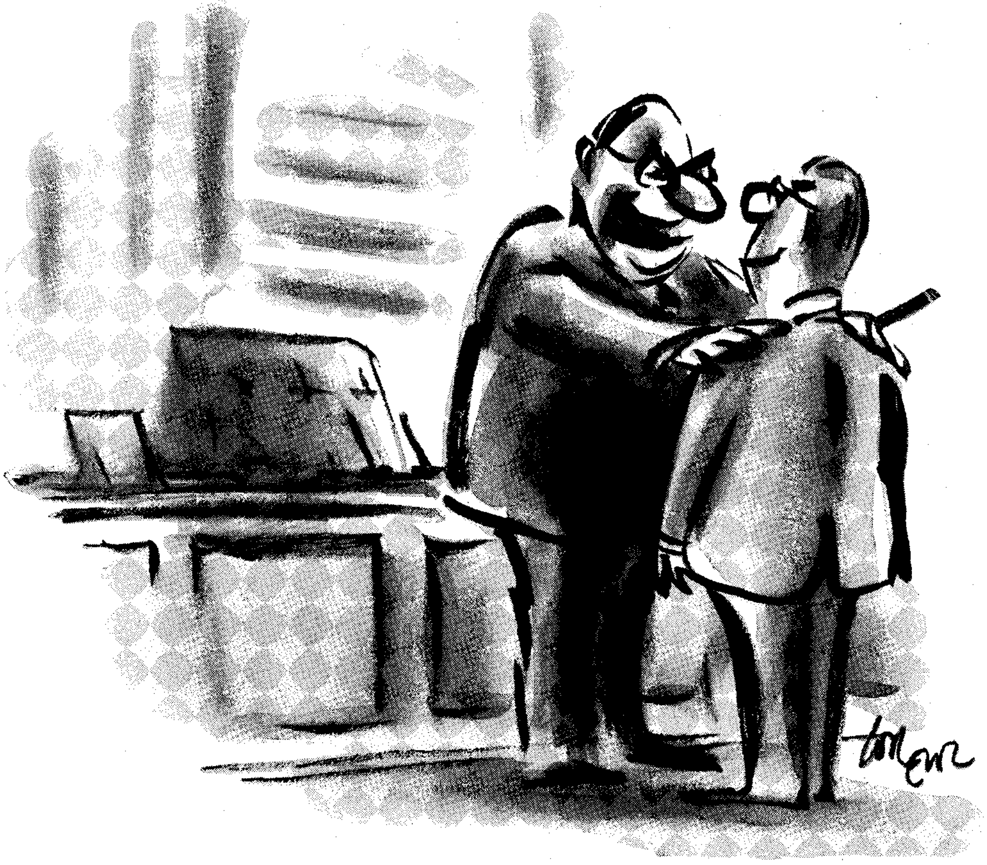
Though Blockula was such a hole-and-corner little Kingdom, Melior saw to it that Aquilon should do her credit. His wardrobe, his cellar, the flasks of rose water and Eau de Brocéliande, his outfit of table silver, his silver chamber pot were of the finest, marked by the final ostentation of modesty. His retinue, selected for their mediocrity, were well dressed as waxworks. His chariot was drawn by four perfectly matched bays. All this took time. It was August before he embarked. Ivo Penker was accustomed to the measurements of Elfin; his only concern over the discrepancy between his stature and Aquilon's was that he had to bow that much deeper—an effort for a man of his girth. Aquilon felt the contrast acutely, and spent the voyage sulking in his stateroom. At Göteborg he disencumbered himself of his waxworks, ordering all but his body servants, coachman, grooms, and two secretaries to return to Brocéliande with dispatches to Queen Melior—dispatches, he said, of urgent importance. At the last moment he reprieved the Court Geographer, who had battled his way into the party because he wanted to see a snow mountain. The senior secretary, who had fair-copied observations on English cooking and cockroaches, supposed Aquilon was not quite so much in disgrace as was rumored, since he corresponded with the Queen in code.

FROM Göteborg to Uppsala the route was well enough. The remnants of the rye harvest were being carted into red-painted barns, women and hens gleaned in the stubble fields, the air was somnolent with the sweetness of warm grain. The senior secretary travelled with him, saying at intervals that Uppsala was a historic city. Blockula was far to the north of Uppsala and they had not got to Uppsala yet. At Uppsala the horses were rested and reshod.

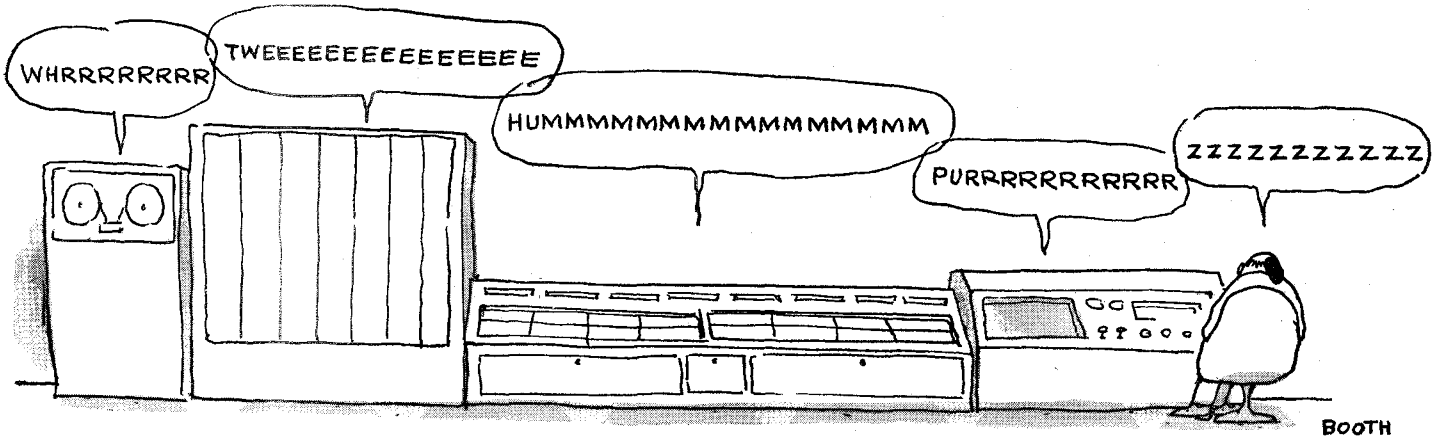
They continued northward, groping their way through a cold sea fog. It was on the third day after leaving Uppsala that Aquilon had a curious adventure.

They had put up at an inn used by previous embassies, and after supper he went to the stables to see if the horses' legs had been washed and if they were properly rugged. All was well. He said good night to the grooms, who were sleeping with the horses, and was turning back to the inn when he heard a voice in the fog say, "To Blockula!" and a second voice repeat, "To Blockula!" Fog distorts sound, and it seemed to him the speakers were standing on a roof. They were loud mortal voices—such speakers could not be going to an elfin court. When another voice went past him saying more urgently, "To Blockula!" he remembered the word's chawbacon associations, determined to witness a Blockula, and set out to follow the voices. The fog swirled round him, he was splashing through cat-iced puddles, he had lost sense of direction, knew he was being a fool and should give up the chase; but for the sake of foolery he shouted out, "To Blockula!" A halloo of voices answered him. He went on and was in a changed world.

The fog had cleared. The rising moon cast his shadow on smooth grass. He stood on the edge of an enormous meadow with a large barn at the farther end of it. The barn doors were open, figures were passing and repassing, dark against its candlelit interior. "Where they'll feast," he thought. He had no time to think further, for suddenly they all turned and came swoop-



"By George, Harkins, you've got integrity! And I don't mean post-Watergate integrity, either."



ing down on him, crying, "Antecessor!" As they neared him, the enthusiasm died from their voices. They stopped short, shaking their heads, and backed away. A moment later they swept off like a flock of starlings, and began a wild follow-my-leader dance over the meadow. Somehow he had joined them, his shadow prancing with theirs, and when they shouted again, "Antecessor, Antecessor!" he shouted with them and joined in the rush toward what he saw as a tall man standing on a hillock, and then saw as a hoary standing stone. It was certainly a stone; for when he kissed it, as they did, it was rough and cold to his lips. But to them it must have seemed a man, for they kissed it devoutly and spoke to it, and danced round it in a worshipping circle; and women who had children with them lifted the children high in the air as children are lifted above the level of a crowd to see a procession go by. A tooting horn sounded from the barn. They crowded in and sat down at a long table, eating and drinking and all talking at once. He did not understand their language, but he laughed with them and made pleased noises. By now, the children were yawning. The sight made him yawn in sympathy, and he was glad when he was shown into a room with a curtained bed in it. In the bed was a naked girl. She was clean and plump and willing, and he thought, "Now I am going to possess a mortal." He had done so—very little artistry was needed—and she was contentedly grunting herself to sleep, when the bed curtains were parted and a tall grey-eyed woman looked down on them. There was no stir of expression on her face. He watched her draw the curtains together again, and fell asleep.

When he woke, he felt the bed melting from under him, the girl and the bed curtains gone. He looked round for his boots. They were on his feet, he was lying on the ground, the first light of day was hovering over a blackened waste of moor. He had fallen asleep out-of-doors. But where was he, and why was he here? He had gone out to look at the horses. He could remember every detail of the stables, the speckled light from the lantern, how he had talked to the grooms; after that, vaguely, someone standing on a roof; after that, nothing.

Beliard, that mass of superstitions, would have said he was bewitched. He was arguing with Beliard in his mind when he heard a cock crow, and a second cock answering it. Guided by the two cocks, he walked over the moor till he saw the roofs of a village, and, entering the village, came to the inn. He remembered his retinue, and asked himself whether they were snoring or faithfully searching and inquiring for him and would greet him with a history of all they had suffered. The innkeeper told him they were still asleep. It struck him that the man was looking at him curiously. "Wake them; tell them I shall start in half an hour's time. And get me my breakfast. And tell my barber to come to me." After his night out-of-doors the inn smelled intolerably fusty.

IN an hour's time, they were off. He had berated them so efficiently for oversleeping that no one ventured to ask him if he had slept well. As he got into the chariot he saw a strange man on the box. The innkeeper explained that this was the ostler, whose duty it was to guide visitors through the rest of the journey to the castle. The route was difficult; even with the ostler to direct them, it would be six days before they got to Blockula.

The thought of six more days enclosed with the senior secretary was so appalling that Aquilon invited the Court Geographer to travel with them, and then remembered the junior secretary and invited him, too. The junior secretary was so extremely junior that this act of condescension made the senior secretary silent with rage. The Court Geographer was a man of no conversation. Though the rearrangement made the chariot incommodiously crowded, it secured a whole day's silence. The chariot lumbered on through freezing fog. Sometimes a stony clatter told him of a waterfall he could not see. Once he heard an owl. Once, when they had paused to let the baggage wagon catch up with them, he heard the twang of a guitar, which the barber was playing to divert his fellow-passengers. On the second day the senior secretary began to conjecture that they must be nearing Lapland, and if it were not for the fog they would see the northern lights. He was now on speaking terms with the junior secretary, and the junior secretary expanded and was informative. After the third night, there were no more inns; the ostler took them to farmhouses, which were hospitable and charged them a great deal for accommodation they shared with sheep, pigs, and cattle. On the fourth day the fog cleared and was replaced by swarms of midges. The horses made better going, were moving at a trot, when there was a violent jolt. The chariot reeled and stopped. The nearside leader had fallen, the three other bays were plunging and kicking. Aquilon and the ostler went to their heads, the grooms ran up and disentangled the fallen horse. It had broken both knees. There was nothing to be done but knock it on the head and leave it for the wolves. When they got going again, Aquilon said he would walk. He was in such a fury against Melior for sending this beautiful creature to die in the wilderness that he dared not trust himself in company. Its screams were still in his ears when he returned to the chariot, where the junior secretary was telling the Geographer about the barbarities of the northern latitudes. "They strip themselves naked and dance round him till they foam at the mouth. And then he feasts them on entrails and toad broth and dead children. Every year they are bound to give him thirteen children for his own use. I assure you, it's true. I read it in a treatise." The senior secretary said that much the same thing obtained among Christians, whose bishops— He sank his voice for the bishops. The junior secretary shuddered, but maintained his case. "And the Lappish witches—"

A pity I don't have the pair of them knocked on the head and left for the wolves, thought Aquilon. If he travelled with anybody on the return journey, it should be with the barber.

On the seventh morning the ostler told them the rest of the way was straightforward, and asked to be paid off. Early in the darkening afternoon they came to the Castle of Blockula. It stood in a pass between mountains—squat, massive, rectangular. It was larger than he expected. He sent the secretaries to announce his arrival and sat in the chariot, wishing he had not arrived; or rather, that he had not been sent. He sat for a long time. Then he heard an extraordinary braying sound which echoed back and forth between the mountains. The castle door had opened, a procession of welcome approached, speeches were made, he was conducted into the castle. As he went in, the trumpeters sounded another solemn bray.

The castle was built round a courtyard open to the sky. A number of motionless tall men stood about in it, taller even than those who escorted him—and most of these were taller than he. They were wooden men, badly carved and exactly lifelike. One by one, the court officeholders introduced themselves. They spoke Court Elfin, so correctly that at first he found it hard to understand them. Their civilities took a long time; so did supper. But when he climbed into his gigantic bed, the linen was so fine, the pillows so soft and plump, that he felt a surge of esteem for these simple good-hearted Trolls. On the morrow he would be received by Queen Serafica.

It took him all the morning to be washed and shaved and dressed and combed and polished to his satisfaction. He watched the process with deepening gloom. However much his own appearance might do him credit, he would be disgraced by his deplorable tail. Young girls are quick to see the ridiculous. What would Queen Serafica think when she saw him advance, followed by the senior and junior secretary, the Court Geographer, and a page? Why hadn't he thought of this before dismissing the politer part of his retinue? In the end, he decided to break with all protocol and go into the throne room unattended. Later on, he would mention that a coachload of his followers had fallen over a precipice.

The token of Queen Melior's esteem which he was to present had been on exhibition at Brocéliande, and everyone had admired its suitability for a child sovereign. It was a fan with ivory sticks; the spread, painted on chicken skin, showed a group of grotesque musicians in a pastoral landscape; the reverse was scattered with exquisitely painted daisies; it was enclosed in a box of white shagreen, scented with musk, and wrapped with white bows in daisy-painted paper.

At noon precisely he entered the throne room. He noticed a stir among the officials and some glances at the door when no one else came in, but he carried it off. At the end of the long gallery a cluster of court ladies stood on either side of the throne. He had no eyes for them; he had been hard put to it not to blink; he had not expected the child queen would wear spectacles. Whoever had brought her up, she had been very well trained. She sat upright and motionless, with the dignity of some well-set jewel. She was so small that when he knelt before her his face was on a level with hers. Like a white radish, he thought: the wide brow, the spacious setting of the eyes, the contraction into a long narrow chin. At odds with the radish comparison was a large hooked nose, an ancestral nose, too large for her face. Though so small, she was no dwarf but well proportioned. The hand she put out to be kissed was firm and well knit. He noticed these points as he would have noticed the points of a horse. Queen Melior's letter was delivered and read, then came the turn of the fan. The last bow was untied, the last layer of wrapping paper unfolded by one of her ladies, who handed the shagreen box

LAST DAY THERE

All furniture's gone. It hits me in this light
I've always hated, thinned the way it is
by tiny panes. When I leave now the door will slam
no matter how I close it and my groin will throb
hungry as these rooms. Someone left the snapshot
on the wall: two horses and a man, a barn
dark gray against gray light I think was sky
but could be 80 years of fading. Once I called
that unknown farmer friend. He stared back
ignorant and cold until I blushed.
What denies me love today helps me hold a job.

This narrow space I slept in twenty years,
a porch walled in, a room just barely added on.
I own this and I know it is not mine.
That day I found locked doors in Naples, streets
rocked in the sea. The sea rocked in the hands
of brutal sky and fish came raining from volcanoes.
I see the horses swirl into the barn. I hear
two shots, no groans. When I say I'm derelict,
the horses will return to flank the farmer.
Again, the three die gray as April 7, 1892.

I'll leave believing we keep all we lose and love.
Dirt roads are hard to find. I need to walk one
shabby some glamorous way the movies like.
I'll rest at creeks. I can't help looking deep
for trout in opaque pools. I pass a farm—
it's home, eviction papers posted to the door,
inside a fat ghost packing wine to celebrate
his fear of quarantine; once outside, pleased the road
he has to take goes north without an exit ramp,
not one sign giving mileage to the end.

—RICHARD HUGO

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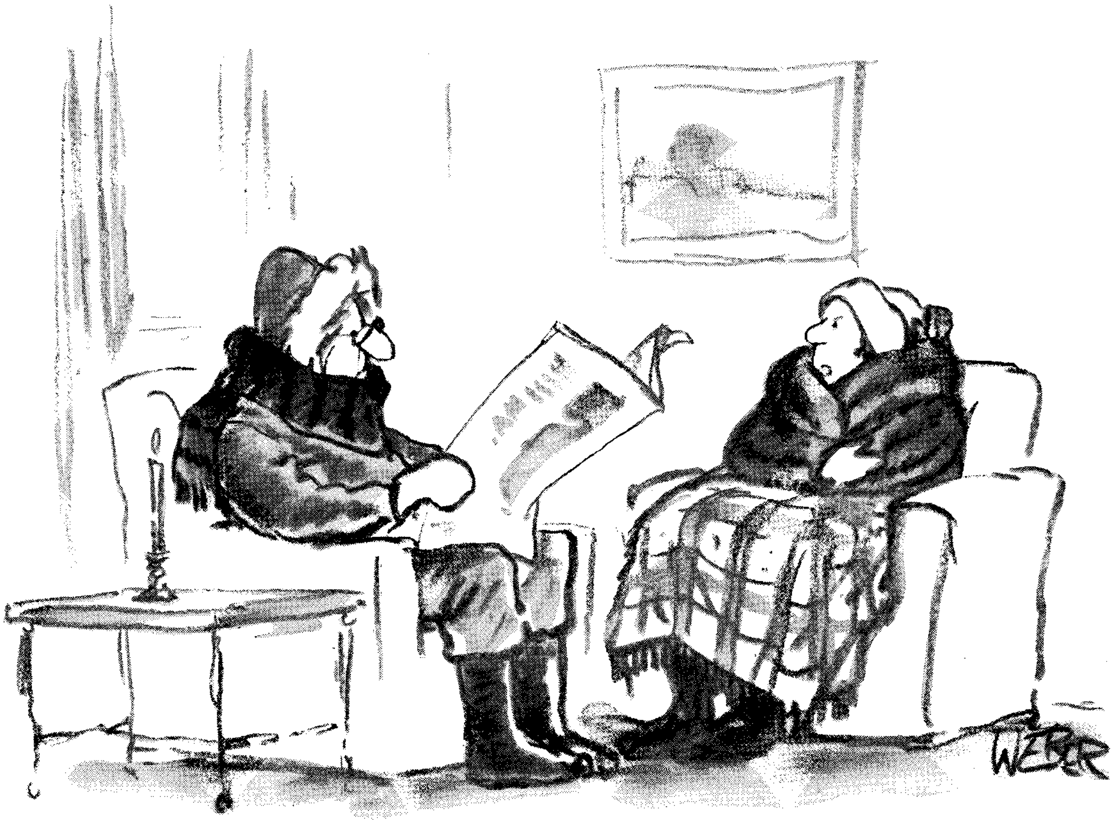


"*Well, it looks like your 'good old days' are finally back.*"

• •

back to him to give to the Queen. She took out the fan, unfurled it, examined it, closed it—and snapped it in two. Shrew, he noted; for there was nothing of childish naughtiness about the act, and though "shrew" was not the right word, he could not immediately think of a better. He could not immediately think what to do next, either. She saved him the trouble by asking about his journey. Revealed as a shrew, she became of more interest, and though she said nothing remarkable, the narrative of the journey lasted much longer than the time allotted for the *baisemain*. He forgot to mention the coach falling over the precipice.

As he retired, walking backward—a thing he did rather well—a cat ran between his legs. To save his balance, he leaped in the air. The cat trotted on; Aquilon continued his respectful withdrawal. There was a faint hum of admiration. Afterward he was congratulated on his agility and aplomb. He praised the cat for knowing its own mind. The Chancellor said it was a good thing he didn't object to cats; he would be meeting a good many of them. Her Majesty's cats, Aquilon asked. No, they were Dame Habonde's cats. No doubt he would meet Dame Habonde, too. She was the Queen's governess. No, she was not present this morning; she did not attend state functions. She was an admirable person, her late Majesty had entrusted the infant Serafica to her care, she was most admirable— He paused. The Treasurer went on for him: "But she is not quite one of us." They were all so discreet that Aquilon was forced to conclude that Dame Habonde was a mortal. No one referred to the fan.

In due course Dame Habonde's pupil would charge him with her compliments to Queen Melior and a *quid pro quo* for the fan. He would return to Brocéliande. Meanwhile, his encounter with the cat had endeared him to the Trolls. They consulted his opinion about dogs and heraldic bearings, told him anecdotes, and slapped him on the back. Several swore an eternal friendship. He was entertained with ceremonial fireworks, bonfires on the mountains, excursions by sleigh. He sat beside the Queen at banquets, rode in the same sleigh with her. Learning that he had never seen an eagle owl, she took him to her aviary. The owl came strutting out of its grotto at her call. Its eyes were red as a furnace, its feet were covered with a close-fitting plumage of nutmeg-brown feathers, as though it wore spats. She fed it through the bars with gobbets of raw meat. It snatched them, and would have snatched her hand as greedily. It was difficult not to think of her as a child. "Take care!" he exclaimed. But the shrew who had snapped the fan (so suitable with its daisies for a child sovereign) reappeared and froze him.

Other entertainments were laid on by Nature. The Geographer could not be torn from watching the northern lights.

But still Dame Habonde did not appear, and still he was not summoned for his *congé*; and the Chancellor, breaking off from an account of the network of third cousins five times removed which connected his wife with Harold Blue Tooth to call for more logs and another bottle, remarked that winter was fairly upon them and that for the next three months the road to Uppsala would be impassable. "We were thinking of a bear hunt tomorrow," he continued. "Killed many bears?"

It was not that he wanted to go back to Brocéliande; but three months of being warmheartedly bored at Blockula was an extreme alternative. And he was beginning to grow fat.

The bear hunt was postponed. He was summoned for a private interview in the Queen's study. "I have written a letter to Queen Melior," she said. "I wish you to read it."

Perhaps there was still time to get away.

The letter was written in a large clear hand:

QUEEN AND GOOD SISTER,

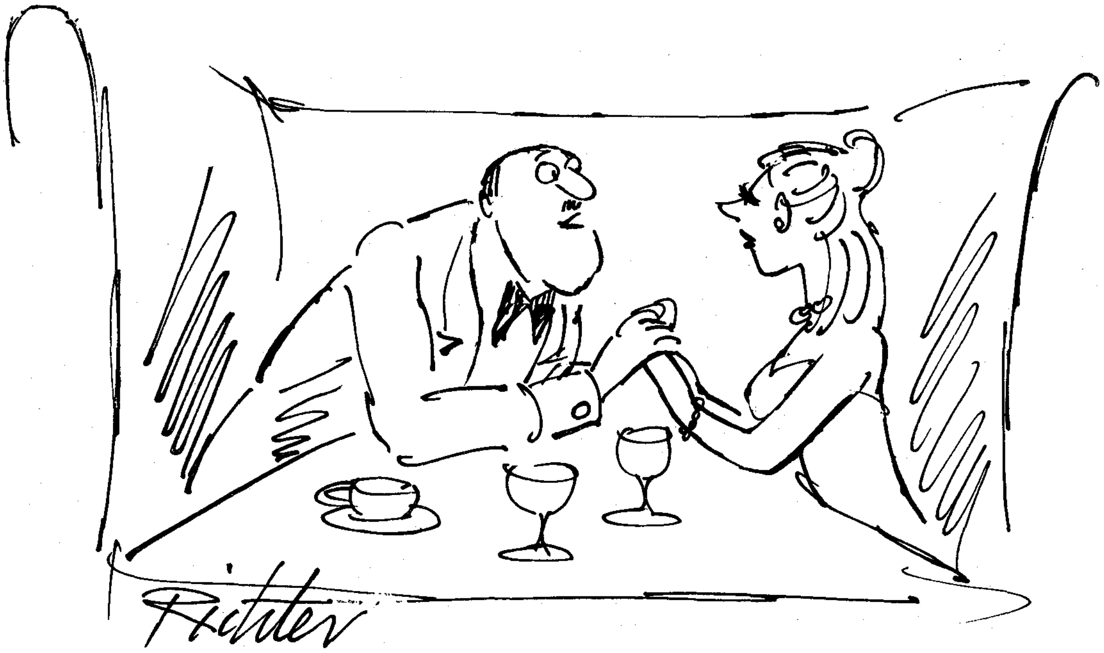
I have much pleasure in acquainting Your Majesty that I have decided to appoint Your Ambassador, Lord Aquilon, to the post of Royal Favorite in My Court of Blockula.

Your Majesty's loving Sister,
SERAFICA R.

He asked leave to sit down.

At various times women had thrown themselves at his head, and he had come to disapprove of it. But he didn't want to bruise her dignity, her dauntless self-will. At the back of his mind he heard Melior's laughter, the titters and repartees enlivening the Court of Brocéliande. Fortunately, there was a civil way out.

"You do me a very great honor"—he saw her fingers tighten as they had tightened on the fan. "But, Madam, you have overlooked a formality. Before a Royal Favorite can be appointed, he must be preceded by a Consort. I



"But enough about Abe Beame."

• •

think, Madam, you are still unmarried."

"Not at all. I am the bride of Antecessor." Her voice was brilliant as a wren's. "So tomorrow I shall call a Council and make the announcement. You must be there, of course."

He seemed to have heard the name before. "Madam, who is Antecessor?"

"It was so long ago I can't exactly remember. But Dame Habonde will tell you. She knows all about it. She's in the anteroom. Go and ask her."

He got up obediently and was halfway to the door when he heard her foot tap on the floor. She sat rigidly composed, the image of anxiety. Even when he was standing beside her, she did not move. He stooped down, pulled off her spectacles, and kissed her eyes.

IN the anteroom was the tall woman who had drawn aside the bed curtains. The moment he recognized her he remembered that forgotten night: the hoisted children, the shouts of "Antecessor," the leaping and prancing, the mortal rowdiness and noise and fervor in which he had consented.

"Who is this Antecessor?" he asked roughly.

"My master," said she.

"And you are a witch, I suppose?"

"I am a witch of Lapland. We rank high among witches."

"And among bawds! Such a high-flying, enterprising bawd that you foist yourself into Elfindom to procure that child for your Antecessor, to—"

"Listen. I had good reason."

She explained that by power of second sight she had foreseen her death and Serafica left uncounselled in a ring of sottish suitors, of whom she would infallibly choose the worst—as her mother had done; that as a measure of precaution she had taken the child to a Sabbath, telling her to look well at the tall man called Antecessor, who one day would make her his bride; that Serafica, remembering little else but fastening on this idea of a pre-contract, which she would certainly observe, since she had a very faithful disposition—

He interrupted, infuriated by this mortal speciousness. "You and your good reasons! You and your good offices! And no doubt it was you who put that girl in the bed."

"And the cat between your legs."

The door flew open. Serafica rushed in, her eyes bolting from her head.

"Aquilon, Aquilon! What are you shouting about? Why are you so angry?"

"He's angry because he's jealous. It's a new experience, and he doesn't like it."

Dame Habonde put an arm round her pupil and they went out together.

On the way back to his apartment Aquilon had to cross the inner courtyard where the tall wooden men had seemed so portentous on the day of his arrival. A drizzle of snow was falling. It was the moment between daylight and dusk, the northern lights were wandering, faint presences, across the sky. He leant against a wooden man and tried to collect his thoughts. There was the Geographer, and his valet, and the barber. The rest he would send back to Brocéliande when the road was open again, accompanying the bearers of Serafica's letter to Melior. The drizzle of snow closed soberingly round his rage, round his consternation. The dice fall; one does not dispute them. In six months' time the snow would have melted, he would have seen spring come to a strange country—though by then it would not be a strange country; he would know the names of the mountains, the voice of the frozen river, every step in Lady Witta's consanguinity with Harold Blue Tooth. The favor of Blockula, the contempt of Brocéliande, the Geographer's delight—he could be sure of these and discount them, discount them because he was sure of them. But how was he to be sure of himself? It was as though he had been introduced to a total stranger, a stranger of an hour's acquaintance who was out of his mind.

He moved to another wooden man. The stranger was there before him, occupying wooden men by right, for he was the Royal Favorite. As such his behavior had been uncivil, calling the Queen's governess a bawd. Yet some allowance must be made for him, for it is a disturbing recognition of love to be catapulted into it by jealousy. Tomorrow Serafica would announce his appointment, and, as she had said, he must of course be there. He ought to be wearing a new suit; but the only unexhibited suit in his wardrobe was a black one, in case of a funeral. He must discredit her in brown and silver. The stranger of an hour's acquaintance thought these considerations trivial, but Aquilon could not entirely agree. It was the original Aquilon, the Ambassador from Brocéliande, she had chosen. The catapulted stranger she had not met.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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EL CERRITO, Calif. (UPI)—When a skunk wandered into the police station early yesterday, dispatcher Robert Rasmussen decided to chase it out.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Not without a lot of soul-searching, we'll bet.

THE OLD BOAT

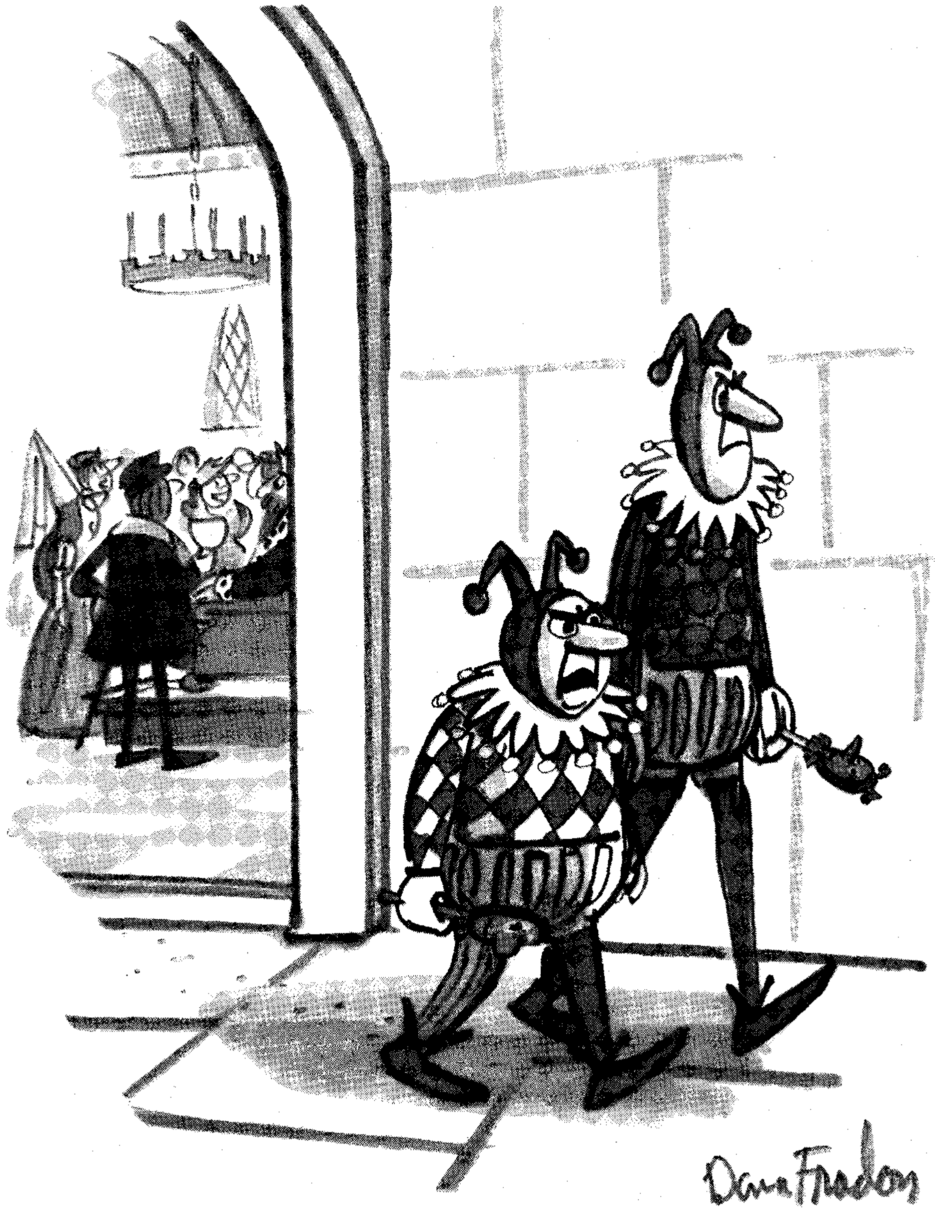
When I took you out, that day, in the old boat, I meant for it to show you something, and now I would not be able to tell you what that was. I wanted for you to see it, not merely because you did not come from the same place that I did. But you did come from far away, after all. From another country, over much water, with your pale flame of hair. And I had come long before, in a smaller boat—but you already knew that. To tell the truth, I had forgotten that voyage. Was it really heroic? Was I? If so, I hope it did not show. The boat from the old family boathouse, which is almost never taken out anymore. Think of the dangers of those other times. Think of the women with babies, women who would never again see anything in the same light. Think how I did not want to come. Think how cold I must have been, in the winter. Guess, if you will, at the terror of my fires, and the temptation to hate my life, the vacancy, long before you were born. But that was not what I wanted to show you.

One time my mother took me out to the island to see the Statue of Liberty. She thought it would show me something, and I thought so too, though how could I say a thing like that? It must have been ten o'clock in the morning, and I was wearing a dark beret; I was somewhere between four and seven. I was never afraid when I was with her.

As we approached the island we slowed down and came into a harbor surrounded by stone walls. She had taught me the word "approach." The boat with its white beams turned to the right and then swung to the left and ran aground with a heavy sigh. There was excitement around us, and people rushed to the rail with cries and exclamations, but my mother told me they were silly. She showed me that we had run aground in soft black mud. She informed me that we were a little early. She took a calm, knowledgeable interest in this routine event which seemed to surprise others. She took me to see our shadow on the green water of the harbor, in which the mud had been roiled up—by us. Our own mud. Outside the shadow of the railing our shadows waved back at us from the water when we waved. Fine spokes of light radiated from our shadows, as they did from the raised hand of the statue, in pictures, which I remembered. She showed me the gouge in the mud, where we had run aground, as the captain often did when he was early, because he was young. She pointed out places where the boat had run aground before, as people should have realized. The harbor had not been constructed with a view to this boat's being able to turn around in it easily. It was being enlarged, but until the new wharf was finished sometimes the boat had to run aground. She had taught me the word "tugboat" at an earlier time, and the word "ramp." Later I was convinced that Venus and the Statue of Liberty had both been taken from the same model, and perhaps I was told that—it might even have been during the visit to the statue. But that was not what I wanted to show you, or wanted the boat to show you.

It was something to do with the boat itself, and not just with when and where it was taken. The curving of the ribs, did you see: an ancient shape akin to the waves, to the reflections of mountains, and to the courses of heavenly bodies? I made them myself once. A little hull to show myself something I could not afterward explain, something that cannot be kept in the boathouse under the cobwebs each with its map of a need. Well, we went out in the old boat. It was past the middle of the day, and in a place I remembered I ran aground deliberately, as though I were young or early, and we left the boat there with the tide going out, so that it would stand on earth near its drying anchor while the sun went down—I showed you that, as we walked away from it. You saw the gold earth rising out of the water, and on it the gold boat where we had been. Someone knew and would come for it, on the dark tide. As when the Ark grounded on Ararat, a little before sunset, and in the morning there was only the world that no one had spoken for.

—W. S. Merwin



"Everybody laughed except that lousy melancholy Dane."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

SLIGHTLY EXAGGERATED ENTHUSIASMS

FOR an American—a North American—a first visit to Cuba is disorienting, because the impression of familiarity is as strong as that of strangeness, and both sensations catch you, alternately, by surprise. When I went to Cuba last summer, the guide-interpreter delegated to me and a colleague by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs was a young man called Tony, who works part time for the Ministry while he studies political science at the University of Havana. He is the son of a guerrilla commander who fought in the Sierra Maestre and was killed a few years after the revolution during a counter-espionage operation against a group of Cuban exiles financed, it is thought in Havana, by the C.I.A. But Tony, having spent much of his childhood, before the revolution, in Miami, speaks English with a flat American accent. Big-boned, close-cropped, literal-minded, he might be a football player from Miami U. destined to end up as an insurance agent or an Eastern Airlines pilot. He acted as a tour conductor, not a propagandist, and his main interest was in seeing that we showed up on time for our bus tours and our appointments with government officials. The appointments themselves did not seem to interest him so much.

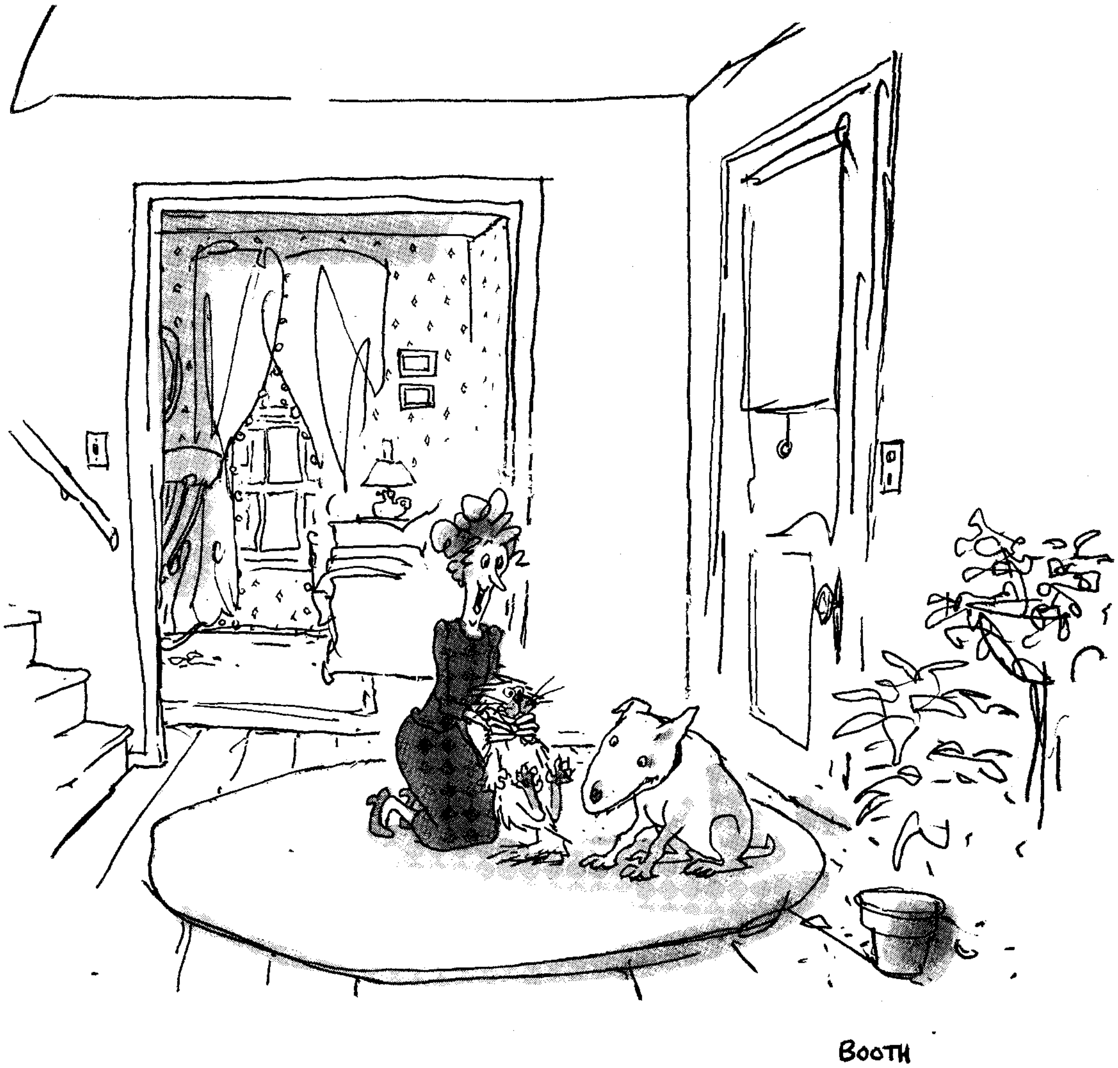
Like most Cubans, Tony is a baseball fan, and during one tour of the city he showed us a new stadium of light, rather elegant design built by the baseball fans themselves. Students, workers, and more than one Cuban official I met had spent evenings and weekends helping with the construction. Not far from the stadium is a series of billboards that before Castro took power, in 1959, no doubt displayed gasoline ads or pictures of reclining blondes holding bottles of suntan oil. The billboards are now adorned with brilliant-colored comic-strip pictures showing the guerrilla leaders in action. But the artistic reference is clearly to Pop Art, and not to comic strips or commercial advertising. There is, of course, no advertising on television, but the Cuban stations show old Betty Grable movies as well as a soap-opera serial depicting the raising of revolutionary consciousness within one farming family. The miniskirt is seen everywhere on the streets of Havana, and is thought to have virtue as a Socialist dress style, because of its economy of material.

In the lobby of the Capri hotel, where I stayed, there were crystal chandeliers, piped-in Muzak of the late fifties, and contoured sofas in a style that may be known to archeologists of the future as preclassical Miami. The Capri once belonged to George Raft. From the picture window of an upper-story room, the view was of half a dozen nearby skyscrapers and a floodlit blue swimming pool. But there were no toilet seats in the Capri, the mirrors had rust spots, and the wallpaper, with its gilded slave girls, was peeling slightly at the corners. At night, Havana had the appearance of an opulent city. By day, it was yellow, sand-colored; with its streets empty of commerce and fiercely clean, it looked like a shell that has been left out for a long time to dry in the sun.

The bewilderment of a first visit to Cuba only increases if it coincides, as it usually does for a North American, with the week of July 26th, the combination of national holiday and carnival that has replaced Christmas as the most important celebration of the Cuban year. July 26th was the date of Castro's attack on the Moncada Garrison, in Santiago, and last summer the Cubans were celebrating the twentieth anniversary of that first gesture of armed revolt against the Batista regime. For the occasion, the Cuban government had invited about a thousand foreign guests, including diplomats from Communist and non-aligned countries; representatives of Communist Parties and guerrilla movements in Latin America, Asia, and Africa; various friends of Cuba, such as Angela Davis and Miriam Makeba; and journalists from all over the world. The celebrations began in Havana, where every night during carnival week Afro-Cuban bands and short-skirted go-go dancers on layer-cake floats performed for huge crowds strolling by on the waterfront. For the foreign visitors, there were also luncheons with music at huge outdoor restaurants, tours of the city, and visits to night clubs with shows featuring torch singers, acrobats, rhythm bands, and chorus lines of girls in sequins and plumed headdresses that might have come from the Copacabana—or the Cuban Tropicana—sixteen years ago. At midweek, the Cuban government flew all its visitors to Santiago, at the eastern end of the island, commandeering every hotel room and, for the press, several new buildings in a housing development. There the schedule continued with a theatrical presentation of revolutionary history, complete with horses, cars, and a cast of thousands. This was followed the next night by a multimedia gymnastic event in the baseball stadium, also with a cast of thousands, fireworks, and the voice of the Cuban Joan Baez over a documentary film montage. A youth brigade in the stands cheered the appearance of Fidel Castro with an American-style high-school cheer: "Give me a 'C'—Comandante! Give me a 'J'—el Jefe! Give me an 'F'—Fidel!" The next morning, the visitors were awakened at five to watch hundreds of children perform a mock assault on the Moncada Garrison, and that night Castro spoke to a huge crowd in the square before the garrison. For the rest of the week, all of downtown Santiago was given over to the carnival, with bands and beer stalls and dancing in the streets. The foreign press was also treated to a rodeo, a barbecue, and visits to revolutionary museums and several more night clubs. Foreign visitors were not allowed to pay for anything, even drinks, and from time to time bottles of the finest Cuban rum would appear in every room with the compliments of the Communist Party of Oriente Province.

For the most part, the press travelled in its own orbit, isolated from both the foreign delegates and the Cuban officials, none of whom, apparently, were seeking publicity. But occasionally paths would cross. At the museum of revolutionary history in Siboney, a small farmhouse near Santiago where Castro planned the Moncada attack, the crowd of journalists parted before a very tall Cuban diplomat who was followed by a line of very short Asians dressed in shiny gray suits that all seemed to have come from the same bolt of cloth; it was the Pathet Lao delegation from Samneua. At the same museum, two Vietnamese journalists—one from North Vietnam, the other from the National Liberation Front—stood looking at an English-language Cuban newspaper from the day of the Moncada assault which had an article chronicling an incident in the middle of the Indo-China war. The Asians did not, as far as I could see, attend the rodeo the day after, but streams of Russian-made Army jeeps bearing delegates from Rumania, Bulgaria, and Poland rolled in and out between the bronco-riding and calf-roping events. One Cuban cowboy in a Stetson hat and jeans told me that the rodeos were much better now that the state paid the cowpunchers' salaries; another helped a delighted Mongolian colonel up onto a quarter horse. At the barbecue afterward, an Indian delegate sat discussing management problems in Oxford English with a group of Africans while a singer just a few feet away did calypso improvisations on the theme of brotherhood between the Mexican and Cuban peoples. The North American contingent consisted largely of pale graduate students from radical newspapers and various cause organizations. For them, the week was extremely trying. Having come to see schools and factories and to do volunteer labor with construction brigades, they found themselves on an unalterable course from conga line to museum to multimedia Socialist spectacle and back to conga line. At two o'clock one morning, the door to my room banged open and a girl who had spent most of the day attempting to translate a government publication on dairy production came running in, crying in sheer despair, "But I hate night clubs! I hate night clubs!"

SUCH a celebration hardly seemed designed to give the foreign visitor a comprehensive view of the Cuban revolution. Indeed, the only point it seemed to make—and this perhaps more firmly than was necessary—was that, Socialist or not, Cuba remains a Caribbean island, blessed or cursed by the quality of its rum, its cigars, and its dance rhythms. But the week of July 26th is the time the Cubans habitually choose to reward foreign friends and to introduce strangers to their country. After the celebrations were over, a number of journalists—including Larry Stern, of the Washington *Post*, and me—stayed on to see something of the country. In this we were largely disappointed, for in two weeks we could not arrange to take a trip of more than an hour or so outside of Havana. The reasons were unclear. In Havana and Santiago, we were perfectly free to walk around by ourselves, to take buses, to visit friends, and to talk to people on the streets. (Havana people seem to have no enormous curiosity about foreigners, but, talk being one of the great commodities of Cuba, people did come up to us from time to time to ask questions or to deliver opinions on various subjects, from the weather to the government.) In Ha-



"From this day forward, we will do our very best to do unto Pussy as we would have Pussy do unto us."

EXOTICA

1
White gown transparent on her,
torse and limb shone through
(in winter, in New York, in '42)—

outside, a few lights in the dark apartments.

2
Her body by candlelight had that elegant look—

but eyes were bruised and "tragic,"
the house half shrouded for a winter of war,
the letter—shrivelled like a stricken moth. . . .

3
Bought girl, braceleted Arab, Zayn-al-Mawasif,
dance! as prelude to the hungry night.

4
Her spirit moved toward me across the harbor,
over the water it moved like a shadow of light.

Spirit is tenuous. *She* was far away.
The air moved damply to the foghorn's groaning.

5
Too late . . .
rain . . .

That bitch Mathilde takes on another man.

6
Who used to read to me of Eloisa's love
in the park, late afternoons, by lake of swans . . .
who with white weak hands,
turning the pages in a whiter sadness?

7
Touch me not with gauzy hair
or skimmering nipple,
ephemerid!

8
Steeped in the cup
my deep descent—

freedom beyond what's human.

9
Russet-brown, copper-pink
bold-blotched with black, and sinewy—
mute spirit of the brushlands,
Surucucu, the quick-striking.

10
Anteaters
in dreams
were a horror to Alexandra. . . .

11
Misunderstanding on the plane to Cairo!
Carlotta went to sulk beside the Sphinx
while I—immaculate, estranged—
turned my thoughts to the endless plains of Kenya.

12
Lizard in the sunshine,
lemur under the moon,
she fled the city of
my ten thousand faces.

13
Paris. The hotel. The morning after.
I felt remote from the sound of Ellen's laughter.

Wanted to get at the news in the morning papers—
more or less indifferent to last night's capers.

14
Blue-lashed
in the smoky moon,
Aissa . . .
(phony Arab name!)
jazzing me for francs near the docks at Cherbourg.

15
La Malbaie. In the herb garden by twilight
at summer's end I caught the "swift Camilla"—

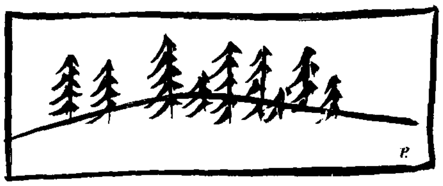
we rode each other through the purple night.

16
Never forget: The cool and gritty wind
over the New York streets those early winter
mornings of the 1930s when
I looked out from my window all alone. . . .

—FREDERICK MORGAN

• •

vana, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs arranged for us to see factories, housing projects, and hospitals, and to interview any number of second-level officials, such as labor leaders and magazine editors. Our guides, most of them students, tended to be more helpful than not, but the decision did not lie with them, and the Ministry appeared to have no interest in taking us—or letting us go—very far outside Havana. Its attitude was puzzling, because the Cuban government had invited us to come (in many cases paying the plane fare) from as far away as New York, Oran, and Ulan Bator. The Cuban government offered no explanations, and it was embarrassing for us to make demands, since the government insisted on treating us as guests and keeping us in a style to which even Cuban officials are not accustomed. Each of us who stayed behind after the celebrations was given a car and driver, and at the Capri we had air-conditioned rooms, meals with beer or wine, and as much meat each day as the Cuban rationing system allows an individual for a week. Whatever the intentions behind it, the hospitality raised for me the disquieting image of American tourists on prepaid vacations to Havana sixteen years ago. As we hurtled from beach to night club, my American radical friends would say, "How wonderful to be in a place where everyone is truly equal—where doctors and lawyers go out to cut cane with everyone else," and then, "But,



"The A. & P.'s having a special on ground round. Pass it on."

• •

of course, to understand the revolution you have to get out of Havana." I have no reason to doubt these friends' assertion but no way to corroborate it, either; my view of Cuba remains limited and somewhat eccentric.

In any event, Havana is certainly an odd place, and perhaps no more so for me than for the Soviet technicians who live in a high-rise with swimming pool a block away from the Capri. For anyone whose experience of Socialist countries is confined to those in cold climates, there is a total confusion of associations. But it is not only that. In a city that lived off its luxuries—that lived off the tourist trade from the United States—the revolution has seemed to bring a much greater break with the past than it has in the Cuban countryside or in a city like Prague. Havana is like some ancient city that has come to be inhabited by a new civilization. It is full of disjunctions, of forms that no longer follow function.

Architecturally, at least, Havana remains much as it was when the rich Cubans chartered planes for the United States. There is a Miami-like section of broad avenues and high-rise hotels, and, beyond that, the old Spanish city, with its baroque cathedral square, its rococo opera house, and its colonnaded streets with eighteenth- and nineteenth-century façades. These façades are crumbling now, as they are in so many former colonial towns in Latin America, but there aren't the heavy smells of cooking or sewage which one associates with such decay. Above that city towers a scaled-down replica of the Capitol in Washington, D.C., which was built by the Batista government and is now used by the Academy of Sciences. Not far from this building are the streets of shops—streets that once must have resembled those in Manhattan, where the passerby seems to be walking in a tunnel and looking out at the brilliant fantasy worlds of clothes and air travel beyond the plate-glass windows. The windows on these Havana streets now give onto dim distances; the counters seem lost in empty space, and the few goods for sale do not begin to fill them. But the shopgirls have decorated the windows with palm leaves and paper cutouts, as if trying to restore some of the lost magic. Because of the lack of other goods, the busiest places are the bookstores. In the Indo-China Bookshop, on Neptuno Street, people browse through shelves of pamphlets that are in the main pirated editions of American technical journals, printed in the Soviet Union.

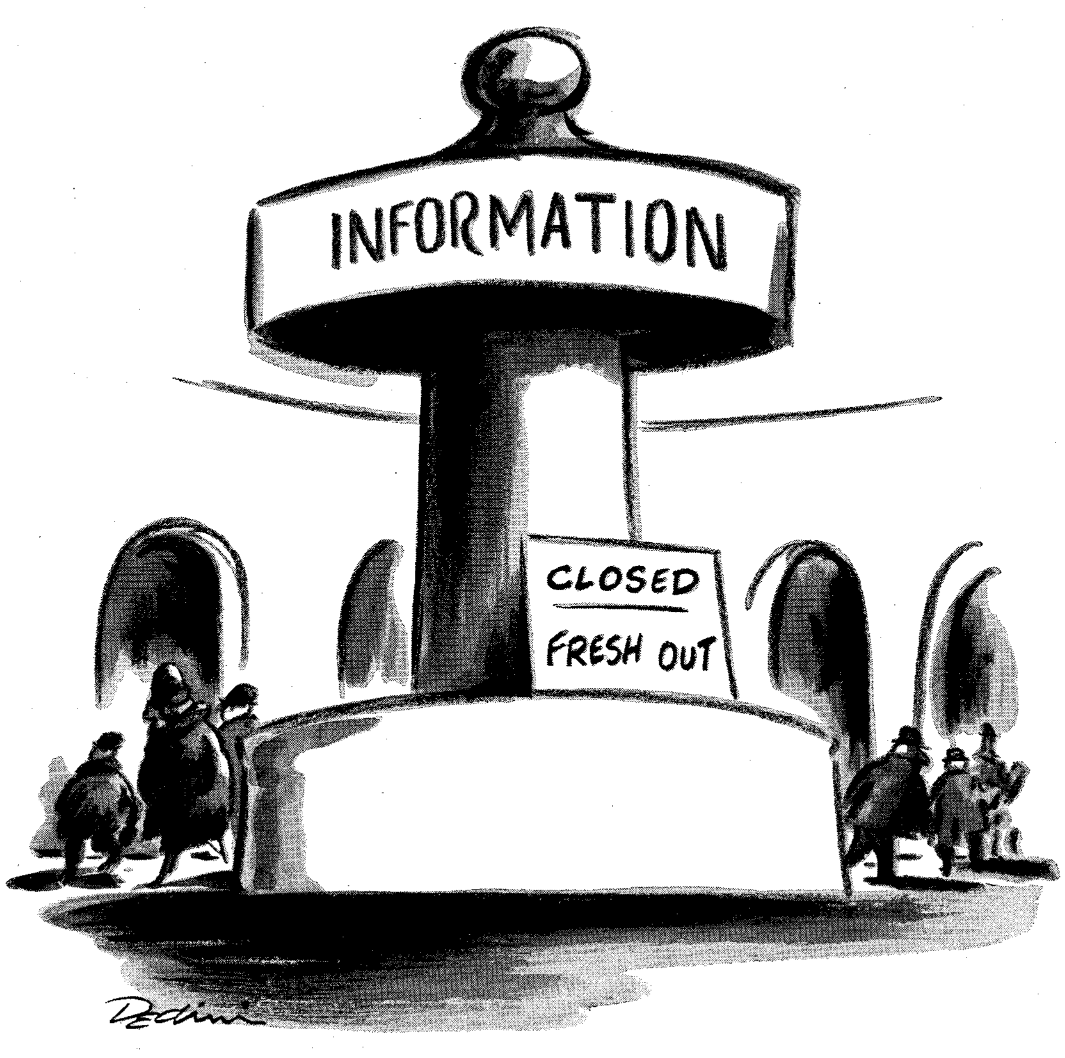
Along Twenty-third Street, which is known as La Rampa and is the main street through the high-rise section of town, office buildings alternate with restaurants, movie theatres, and pavilions displaying the products of various Socialist countries. During the holiday week, the Havana theatres were showing a patriotic Cuban documentary, "The Swimmer" (starring Burt Lancaster), a French-Italian-German production called "The Transplanted Brain," and a selection of other highbrow and lowbrow films which would make the theatres of most American cities look fairly provincial. Even on La Rampa, however, the color and life of the street comes from the propaganda art. For the twentieth anniversary, the government had put out a dazzling array of posters, billboards, and banners, all of them in clean, modern design. The posters—with their slogans or their pictures of José Martí, Che Guevara, and the other revolutionary heroes—looked as though they might have come from any Madison Avenue art gallery. In a city otherwise so bare of decoration, the billboards and posters seemed to represent something more than just propaganda.

In matters of style, Havana is now a battleground. Through the propaganda art, the modernist movement reigns in the streets, but in their houses people still have the slippery stuffed furniture, the plastic Jesuses, the china animals, and the fake flowers of the antimacassar period. The contrast between indoors and outdoors is partly involuntary, because there have been so few objects made—so little decoration except the propaganda—since the revolution. Partly, however, it is the result of a definite aesthetic resistance to the new. The popularity of the slightly down-at-heel night-club extravaganzas is one sign of that resistance. Another is the dissonance in women's fashions. In Havana, the old style of bouffant hairdos, exaggerated makeup, and skintight sheaths over big rumps has not died out but coexists with the newer style of looser, cooler clothing, natural makeup, long hair, and slim legs. The First National Congress on Education and Culture, held in 1971, declared itself against "extravagances" in dress which "in some cases spring from an indiscriminate assimilation of fashions displayed by foreign groups." The disapproval extended only to the extravagances of Carnaby Street, and not to those of the traditional tarted-up, scarlet-clawed look, even though the latter must present even greater obstacles than the former to a revolutionary dedication to sports, health, and manual labor.

Tony and the other guides talked a good deal about cars. And cars are an interesting subject in Havana, not only because there are so few of them but because, in their variety, they present a visual record of the past twenty years of Cuban foreign relations. The base population of cars consists of Fords, Chevies, and Plymouths from the late nineteen-fifties; fat-backed, two-toned, these old American models are so rusted and so patched with parts from their now defunct peers that little remains of the originals. Amid this roaring and coughing herd, the late-model Alfa Romeos, Volkswagens, and Soviet Fiats and jeeps stand out like a new species of transportation. Since these new cars go to foreigners or to the Cuban government, the number of private cars in Cuba decreases every year, giving a practical value to the collection of antiques. One painter, who had been an auto mechanic until the revolution, when he was thirty-two, has rebuilt a 1924 Hispano-Suiza to go a hundred miles an hour. As a conveyance for me, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs alternated between a Soviet Fiat and a baby-blue 1960 Cadillac with fins and electric windows.

There are still barricades on many Cuban beaches. An artillery emplacement overlooks the luxurious beach resort of Jibacoa, with its cabañas and its pre-revolutionary signs in four languages—the wrong languages for the Soviet and Eastern European technicians who take their vacations there. At night, the militia patrols these beaches, together with the factories and other civilian installations throughout Cuba. Cuban officials say that they do not expect a full-scale attack from the United States but that occasionally there are incidents of shooting and kidnapping perpetrated by Cubans living in the United States. Tony and his friends attribute all these incidents to the C.I.A. Understandably, they still have something of a siege mentality, and not only they but some Cubans who criticize certain policies of the regime blame the United States for a great many of their current tribulations. What the guides thought of us North American reporters it was difficult to say. Cuba has lived in such a close relationship with the United States that it is hard to pin down differences of nationality or culture. And, with the physical removal of the Cuban upper classes to the United States, Tony and his friends have had for the past decade only a textbook knowledge of what the words "capitalist" and "bourgeoisie" refer to.

By far the oddest parts of Havana are the districts of Miramar and Marianao, where the rich Cubans once lived. They show no tarnish, no decay; like the suburbs of Pompeii, they seem to remain precisely as they once were—the avenues of flamboyants, the topiary, the high stucco houses trellised with jasmine, and the newer ranch-style houses with their clipped lawns and their



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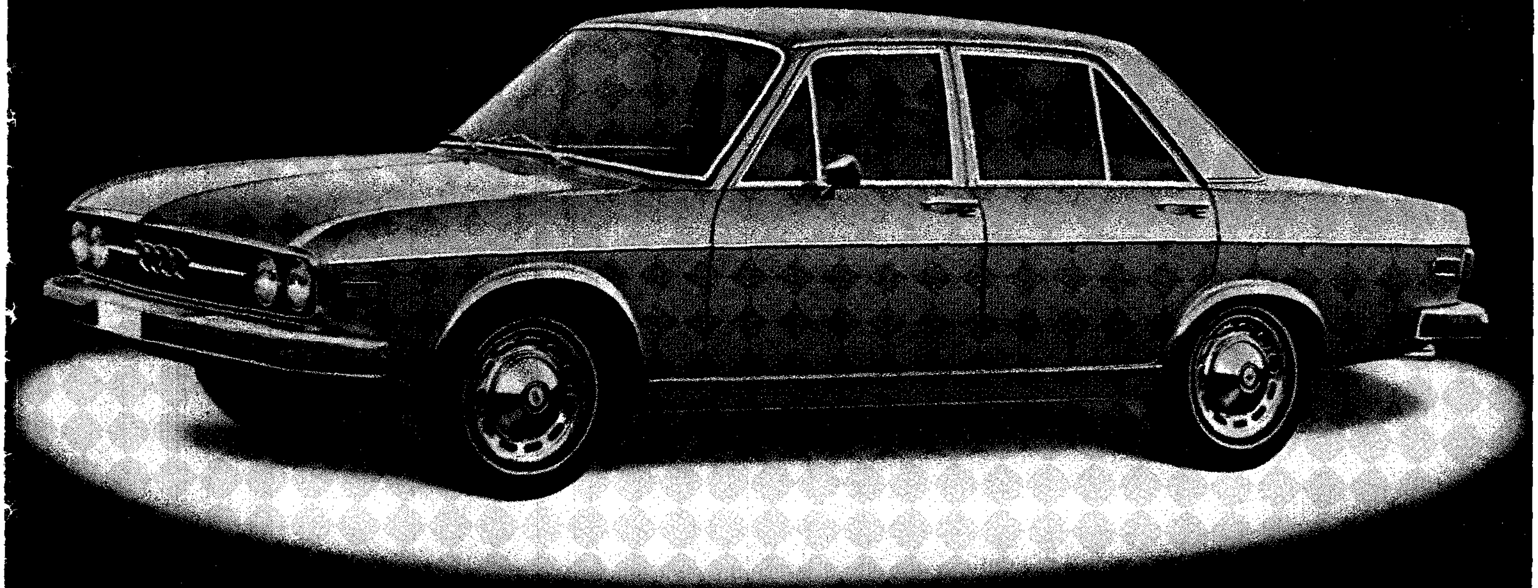
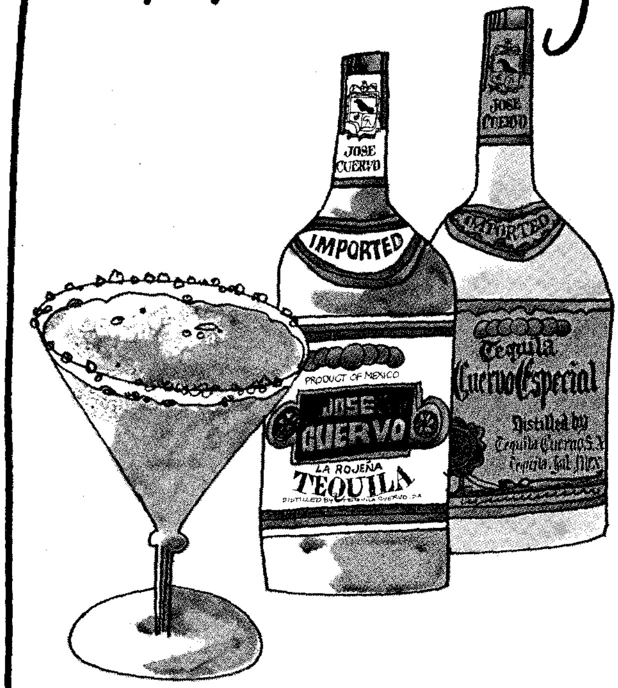
The 1974 Audi 100LS



The original Mexicans.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Blend together in blender:
10 oz. tomato juice (or Snap-E-Tom® if available).
½ medium cucumber, cut up.
1 medium tomato, cut up.
1 tbsp. sugar.
¼ cup red wine vinegar.
¼ cup salad oil.

Add blended ingredients to the following and chill.
2½ cups tomato juice (or Snap-E-Tom),
1 medium tomato,
½ medium cucumber, 1 small onion.
All chopped finely.

Serve very cold with at least two of the following garnishes: Croutons, chopped hard-boiled egg whites, chopped green bell peppers, chopped fresh onion. Serves 6.

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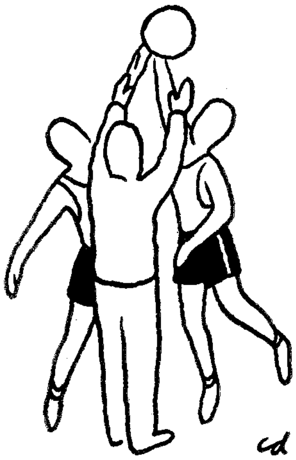
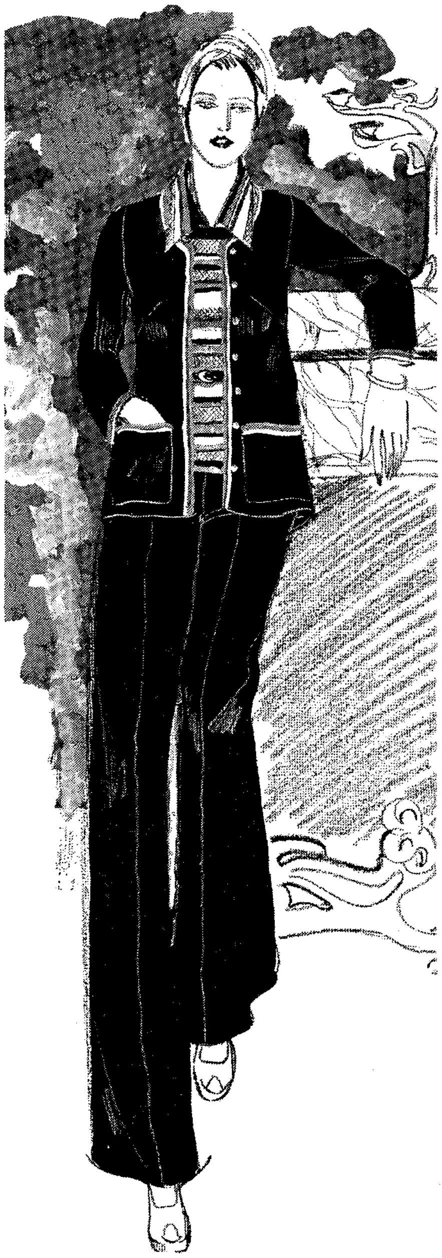
banks of hibiscus. When their inhabitants fled after the revolution, the houses were taken over by the Cuban government and assigned to working-class families, embassies, and various ministries. For Tony and his friends, these districts seem to have lost all their old associations. Driving through Miramar, a guide pointed out the North Vietnamese Embassy, a day-care center, and a dormitory for young people who have come in from the countryside to study. He seemed surprised when I asked whether there was any symbolism intended in the selection of occupants for this luxury housing. Oh, no, he said, it was just that there was a great deal of free space here after the revolution.

THE change in Miramar and Marianao is nonetheless truly symbolic of what has happened in Cuba since the revolution. In the past fifteen years, the Cuban government has to a great extent turned the society inside out. In a country that once produced so many luxuries, there are almost none, and Havana is a city of scarcity. The quantity and variety of consumer goods have increased sharply over the past two years, but most manufactured goods are still rationed; the chief exceptions are such things as soap, toilet water, silver wedding rings, and plastic shoes. And not only the shops but the grocery stores (all of them now government-run) are rather barren places, the latter being dominated by rows of canned goods and brown paper bags of rice or beans. Eggs are rationed, and so is fresh milk, to ensure that old people and children under twelve receive one litre a day. On an island where almost anything will grow, it was strange to find that cucumbers and avocados were the only fresh produce in the stores. (However, the majority taste, according to Cubans, is still for the traditional Caribbean diet of rice, beans, pork, and sweets. Cubans apparently still do not like fish—a great pity, since the expansion of the fishing fleet has been one of the few big successes of the food industry.) While there is enough to eat (Cuban workers and students usually eat at least one free meal a day in their canteens), the scarcity of food puts certain great restrictions on life. For instance, Cubans have little latitude to travel freely through the countryside, because of the difficulty of eating on the road—there are few restaurants, and groceries must be bought at one assigned store and no other. There are still lines in front of grocery stores and restaurants, but they apparently aren't as bad as they used to be. Cubans with money to spend take their holidays in the Havana hotels that serve eggs, fish, or chicken every day. In the second week of August, after most of the foreign press had left, the Capri filled up with a group of railroad workers who, for fifty years of service to the industry, had earned gold medals, new gray suits, and a week of sightseeing in the capital.



The reverse side of the scarcities and the restrictions that accompany them is the freedom that all Cubans now have from pressing economic worries. All medical services are free, and so is all education—including extension courses for adults who wish to study while working. In a country where unemployment was high and seasonal labor was important to the sugarcane industry, there is now full employment and almost total job security. Those who cannot earn enough—the criterion is twenty-five pesos a month per person in each family—receive free food and housing. Pensions run from fifty-five to a hundred per cent of a worker's final salary. Food bought under the rationing system is within the means of the lowest-paid worker, and rents are calculated at six or ten per cent of a worker's income, depending on the law under which his housing falls.

Once a society of great wealth and great poverty, Cuba has become one of the most egalitarian societies in the world. Wage differentials are extremely small, the minimum wage being from eighty-five to ninety-two pesos a month and the wage of the highest government officials being in the neighborhood of seven hundred pesos. (The one exception to this rule is so-called historical wages, given to those who earned more before the revolution than the current wage scale would allow. These wages go mainly to technicians, skilled workers, and administrators—people whom the government was anxious to keep from emigrating to the United States.) The Cuban government has also taken steps to right the rather drastic inequality be-



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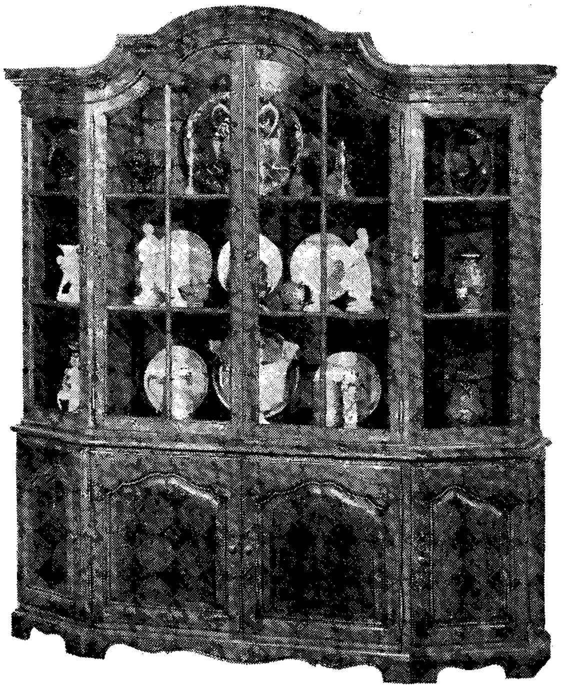

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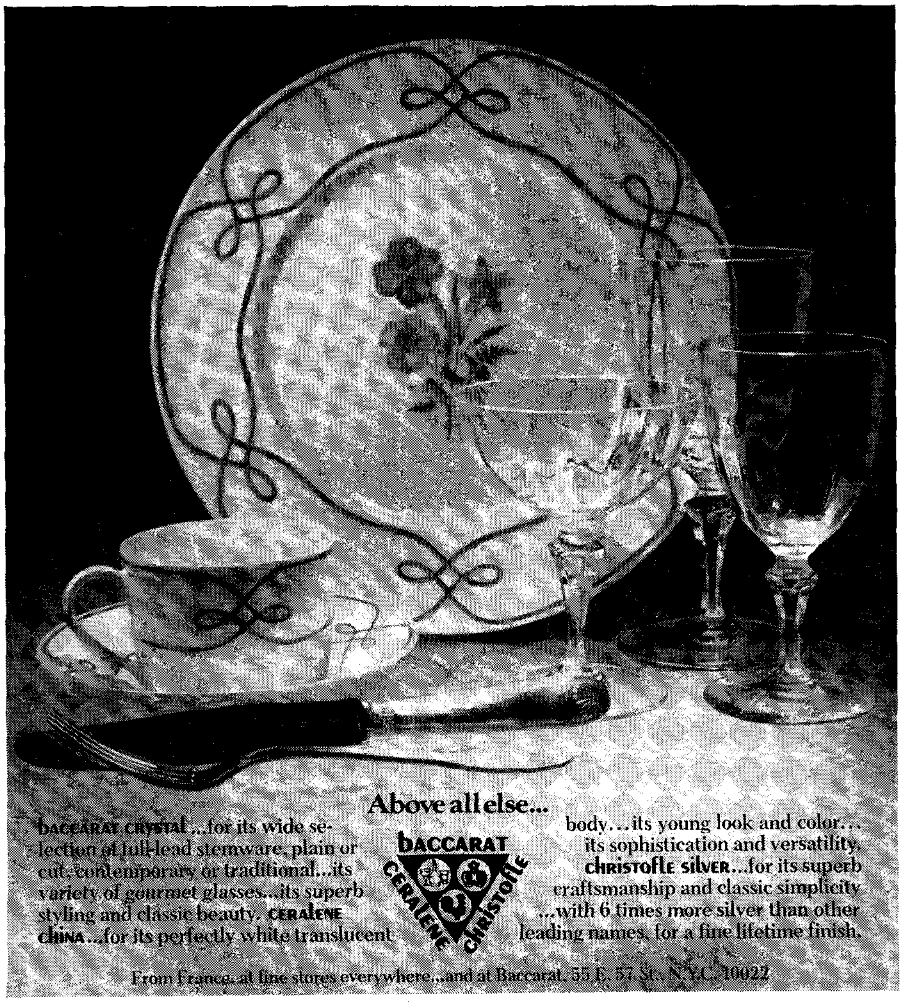

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tween the conditions of life in the city and those in the country. Before the revolution, Havana was a modern city living on a relatively backward countryside. In 1959, Cuba had one doctor for every thousand people; the ratio was exceptionally high for Latin America, but, according to present-day Cuban officials, more than half the doctors lived in Havana. Much the same disproportion could be found in the educational system, in the transportation system, and in the consumption of energy. In 1961, the new government undertook a crash campaign against illiteracy in the countryside, and followed it up with the construction of schools, roads, health facilities, and new housing. The worn and tarnished look of much of Havana reflects the government's system of priorities. The government says that one measure of its success in rural development is that although primary education is not compulsory, more than ninety-eight per cent of the country's primary-school-age children are in school. The number of doctors has increased somewhat since the revolution, though more than a fifth of them, including most of the medical teaching faculty, left for the United States between 1959 and 1963. And the doctors are now spread out evenly through the countryside. As a result, according to Cuban records, public-health services have improved: malaria, polio, and diphtheria have been eliminated, dirt-connected diseases have declined, and almost all women now have their children delivered in hospitals or maternity clinics.

In the early years of the revolution, the government tended to introduce services or construct housing in a somewhat haphazard manner, wherever the need seemed great; more recently, it has been going in for integrated community-development projects centered on new state farms and new industrial plants. In the most backward areas of the country, such as the Sierra Maestre, the Sierra de Escambray, and the mountains of Pinar del Río, new towns are springing full-blown out of the ground, bringing a sudden and radical change in the lives of the local people. In the Picadura Valley, an hour from Havana, on a tour conducted for about a dozen foreign journalists, I saw a housing project—almost a town—under construction for the workers on a new dairy and cattle-breeding farm, run by Fidel Castro's brother Ramón. Four years before, according to the assistant farm manager, there had not even been a road into the valley. A small population of peasants and charcoal gatherers had worked the rocky forest land, living in the traditional thatched and mud-floored houses called *bohíos*. The farmers had no electricity or running water, and no doctor and no school nearby—this only a few dozen miles from the beach resort of Jibacoa. In four years, the government had cleared more than twelve thousand acres of forest and built a model farm. On a hillside overlooking the sweep of meadows and red-roofed cow sheds, workers were building a series of five-story apartment buildings, a market, a small clinic, a day-care center, and a primary school. According to the assistant manager, most of the people who had lived in the valley had decided to give up their land, their houses, and their animals in order to live in this complex and to work for the state-owned farm. They and others who came in to work on the farm received—or would receive, since the project was not yet completed—a free apartment, free furniture (including a TV set), free milk, and, naturally, the benefit of the government's free health and educational services. The assistant manager told us that those who had given up their land also had the right to receive a small rent for it but that many of the farmers had voluntarily waived it. He led us into one of three buildings that were already completed—a pastel-colored prefab with two- and three-bedroom apartments and small balconies—to meet a family that had moved in from the *bohíos*. While the woman of the family talked with animation about the benefits of the move, her two small boys sat motionless in front of the television set, transfixed by a late-nineteen-fifties Bugs Bunny cartoon.

The Cubans are continuing with the construction of new towns, but at the same time they have begun an attempt to cope with the acute shortage of housing in the cities caused by fifteen years of concentration on the countryside. In the usual style of this government, they are approaching the problem on a crash basis; their goal was to build thirty thousand apartment units last year and to work up to a hundred thousand units a year by 1980. In Santiago, the press corps lived in the José Martí district, a huge project of gray concrete prefabs going up near the site of what had once been the worst slum in Cuba. Just outside Havana, there is an even larger development, called Alamar, which is designed to house a hundred and three thousand people by the end of a decade and to be the nucleus of a citywide rede-

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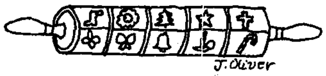
velopment scheme. Because there is not enough professional labor for the work, the Cubans are building these housing projects with nonprofessional workers, some of them detached from their usual jobs for a year or more, and others coming in to help on evenings and weekends. At Alamar, on a hillside above the Bahía de Cojimar, where at one time Hemingway moored his fishing boat, scientists and other employees of the Institute of Nuclear Physics were using their summer vacations to build a block of flats next to similar blocks just completed by workers from a plastics factory and a sugarcane mill. The two most important newspapers in Cuba—as it were, the New York *Times* and the Washington *Post* of Cuba—will join forces next year to build a twelve-story apartment building for their workers. Since each of the buildings will belong to the factory or office that has done the construction, there is a good deal of incentive for the workers to pitch in. The process is something like that of a traditional New England barn-raising, with the experienced workers teaching the novices as they go along. Apparently, this work is slow at first, but the precast or semi-precast building systems in use are simple enough so that crews are eventually able to complete buildings in three months or less. The result is not great architecture but serviceable buildings well adapted to the climate. At Alamar, the semi-precast system and the amount of available space have given planners sufficient flexibility to place the buildings well and to design all the façades differently; the schools, community centers, and other public buildings there have considerable architectural interest. The negative aspects of these projects seem to lie not in the buildings themselves but in the over-all planning. In the José Martí district, the monotony of the gray concrete prefabs, row upon row, approaches the danger level of the Moscow suburbs or certain parts of Queens. So much is perhaps inevitable, given the limited resources in Santiago and the crash basis on which the work is being done. In both projects, however, there are other, less visible rigidities. All the apartments are of the same two- or three-bedroom size. All will be equipped with the same furniture, and at Alamar each building will house only people from a single factory. Most important, the government has made all the planning decisions—from the placement of the sewers to the size of the schools and the kinds of facilities for sports and recreation—in advance, thereby rendering it difficult for the architects on the job and for the people who will eventually live in the buildings to make any adjustments for themselves. Advance planning is perhaps particularly risky in Cuba, since the style of the Castro government has always been to leap from one enthusiasm to another.



What life is actually like in one of these new communities and how Cuban values and life styles have changed in the past fifteen years were questions I could not attempt to answer during my short visit. Foreign Cuba enthusiasts speak glowingly of the true equality of the races and of the sexes, the democracy of the judicial system (it allows each community to choose its own lay judges to deal with small crimes and civil disputes), the enthusiasm of the voluntary labor brigades, and the community spirit of the generation now in school. Foreign opponents of the regime speak of the material scarcities, the lack of democratic liberties, and the repressiveness of such institutions as the labor brigades and the block organizations called Committees for the Defense of the Revolution. The common theme of both sides is that Castro has created something entirely new under the sun. But, after all this hyped-up propaganda for and against the regime, the shock of Cuba for me was the feeling of normality and familiarity beneath the official surface.

For instance, take Valle Grande, a community that was built in 1967, by the voluntary labor brigades, for agricultural workers living just outside Havana. A town of identical pink houses laid out on a square grid, it looks not very different from certain "garden developments" around Miami or Syosset, Long Island, except that it is smaller in scale. The houses are brightly painted, the gardens well tended, and the streets impeccably clean. Arriving on a Sunday afternoon with a colleague and two guides (Valle Grande is apparently on the regular route for visitors), I stopped at a house that advertised itself as the headquarters of one of the town's Committees for the Defense of the Revolution. Like many of the other C.D.R.s, this one was headed by a middle-aged woman. Lively, talkative, house-proud, and rather formidable in her social ease, the chairwoman was dressed for Sunday in slacks and a red knit top. She bustled around her kitchen and talked at a rapid clip about the town and the work of her committee. The main job of the C.D.R., she said, was to keep up the standards of the community by organiz-

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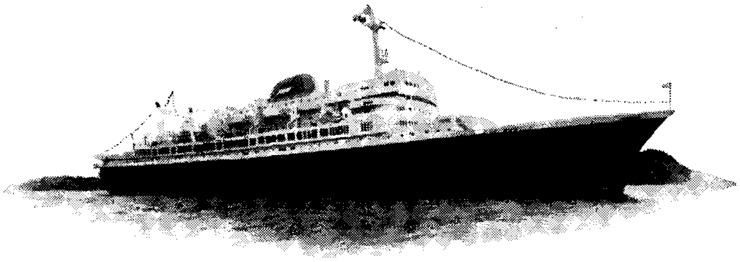

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ing voluntary labor to clean the streets, tend the gardens, and make repairs on the houses. She said that the committee also attended to public health (saw to it that the children got their vaccinations, for instance), dealt with cases of truancy by persuading the parents to send their children to school, and made regulations regarding noise in the neighborhood. The committee elected its officers, and it had an ideological study group chaired by her husband, she said. When I asked what subjects were discussed in the study group, she replied that she could not remember even one of them. Her interests, like those of other C.D.R. chairwomen I had met, seemed to center on questions of cleanliness and propriety. On her door was a poster from the Federation of Cuban Women which read, "*Mi Casa Alegre y Bonita*" ("My Cheerful and Pretty House"). The town, she said, had no problems at all—no crime, no drugs, no juvenile delinquents. It had everything it needed, including a school, a community center, a grocery store, and a hairdresser. Most of the people, she continued, worked as agricultural technicians in the area, but some commuted to Havana by car or bus. There were all sorts in the town, including a cousin of Abel Santamaría, Castro's close companion in the Sierra Maestre. But it was difficult to move into Valle Grande these days, because to do so you had to make a direct swap of housing, and not many people elsewhere had housing or furniture of the Valle Grande standard.

A block or two away, an elderly couple sat on their porch with their pregnant daughter and her strapping two-year-old son. The man told me that he had been a hospital worker until his retirement. His pension was small—only eighty-five pesos a month—because he had retired just before wages were raised, but he had enough to live on. His wife now helped out with the Federation of Cuban Women, and he organized the voluntary labor in his part of the town. Most people, he said, did the work willingly, without having to be persuaded. A few wouldn't, and there wasn't anything you could do about them. But in general people weren't selfish or individualistic, and the town had real unity. When I asked what he meant by unity, he said, "There's a captain living down the street"—captain being one of the highest ranks in Castro's guerrilla-style Army—"and I, even I, can go to him and ask him to do voluntary work."

I had just one political discussion in Valle Grande—with a black truck driver, a big man with powerful shoul-

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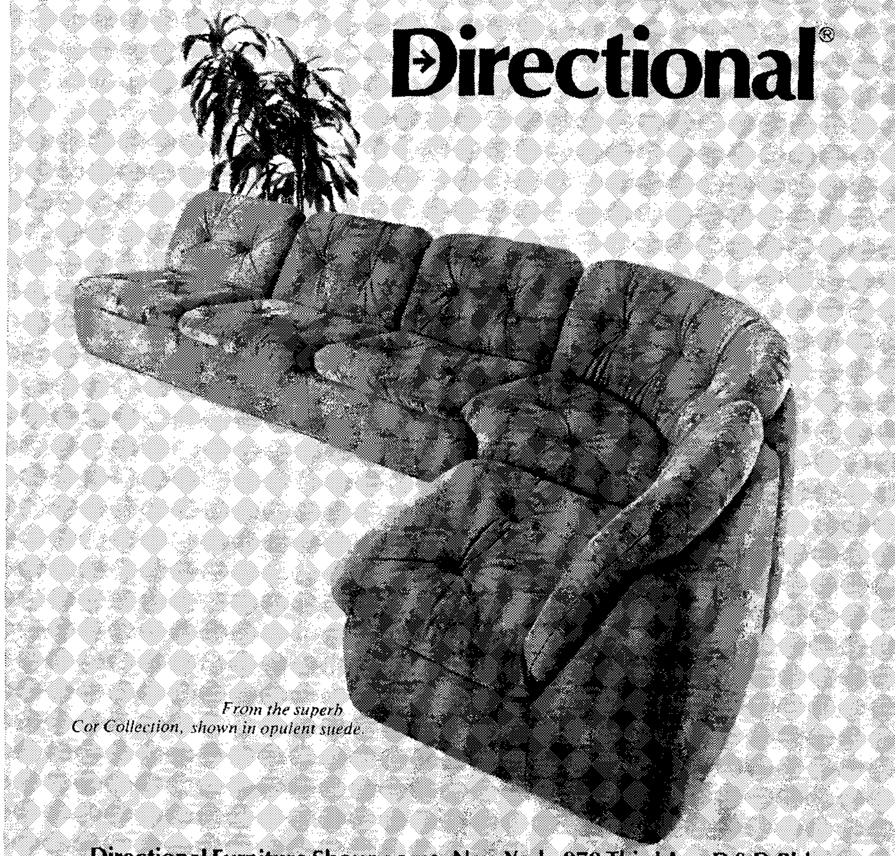
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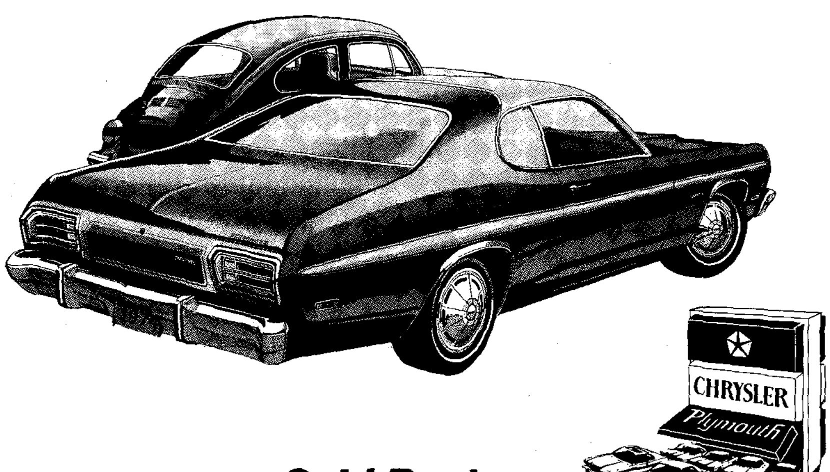

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ders and a bulging stomach, who took the long hauls from one end of Cuba to the other. Sitting bare-chested, hands planted on the table in front of him, he talked about the toughness of the work and the long hours. He said he hadn't had a vacation in as long as he could remember. A new refrigerator and television set dominated the kitchen-living room, testifying to his hard work. His boy, he said, had just got out of the Army, and his daughter was studying to be a nurse. His wife—he indicated a slight woman hovering quietly in the kitchen, behind him—worked in a factory. He wouldn't have her working except that it was a social necessity. Work and study were both moral obligations, because Cuba was an underdeveloped country and needed technicians to help it develop. When I asked if the younger generation in Cuba was different from its parents, he said that he didn't see much difference. The young owed a lot to the revolution, because they had received all the benefits of health and education from it. But he was meeting his responsibilities, too: he was, after all, a member of the Communist Party.

On a baseball diamond near the main road, a game was in progress between two local teams. The players were all young men. There wasn't a woman around—not even one watching. The pitcher had a fairly wicked curveball, and as I left, the manager of the team at bat was having strong words with the umpire.

TO the Western world, at least, Cuba has seemed the most flamboyant of Socialist countries. It has had guerrilla warfare, modern art, voluntary labor, and social experiments such as the youth community on the Isle of Pines. It has defied both the United States and the Soviet Union. And it has moved from one high drama to the next: the Bay of Pigs, the missile crisis, Che Guevara in Bolivia, the attempt to achieve a ten-million-ton sugar harvest in 1970. The protagonist of these dramas has always been Fidel Castro—guerrilla leader, intellectual, idealist, orator, and cosmic optimist. Today, however, Fidel—the Cubans call him only Fidel—seems to have moved not off the stage but a little away from its center; today the newspapers and the government officials seem preoccupied with such mundane things as industrial efficiency, teacher training, economic legislation, and the labor-union congress.

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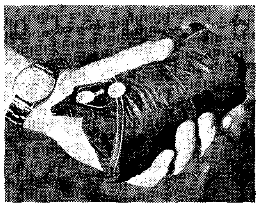

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tor and medical administrator told me. "A few years ago, I couldn't have told you how much it cost to send a student through medical school. Of course, sometimes the economists are wrong, and it's more important to build a hospital than to count the costs. We needed men with open minds to make this revolution—men with the ability to learn from experience and to adapt. You can't learn everything from books, because the circumstances are always different. I used to rush from one thing to the next, guerrilla style, changing jobs and making decisions on the run. But now we must learn to consolidate, and to do things in a more orderly way. For me, what that means is committee meetings and paperwork."

Americans who know Cuba well say that they have heard all this before—1962 was officially the year of planning and organization—and that concern for order has always been only a passing enthusiasm there. They are right, of course. To look at the past fifteen years of Cuban history is to see that there has been a kind of pendulum motion: a leftward swing, characterized by more idealistic social policies, more support for guerrilla movements abroad, more contact with Western radicals, and more intellectual freedom at home; then a rightward swing, toward a more conservative foreign policy, closer contact with the Soviet Union, and more concern for social order than for intellectual freedom. In terms of that pendulum, Cuba remains on the rightward swing that it entered in mid-1968, and for the moment it shows no sign of returning. Quite possibly it will return within the next few years. But it is also possible that the pendulum has stopped, or that Cuban history has altered course so that the metaphor no longer holds. In 1970, all the bills for the luxuries of money and time to experiment came due at once with the failure of the ten-million-ton harvest. Never before had the Castro government faced anything like that crisis. Its repercussions continue to be felt, and they constitute the basis for the changes the government is making today.

The context of the 1970 crisis was the whole strategy of Cuban economic planning since the revolution. In the early nineteen-sixties, the government made efforts to throw off its dependence on sugar by diversifying agriculture and building light industry to serve as the new earner of foreign exchange. The industrial development did not proceed quickly or easily, however. For one thing, the United States' embargo on trade forced Cuba to import not only its machinery but most of its raw materials from thousands of miles away. For another, a significant percentage of its technicians and managers had fled to the United States, so it was hard enough for Cuba to run its old factories. By the mid-sixties, government planners felt that—in the short run, at least—their only recourse was to increase sugar production to the point where they could pay off their debts and earn sufficient credit for a gradual agricultural and industrial development. In 1965, they began a five-year plan that was to bring the sugar harvest up to ten million tons by 1970—approximately doubling the usual volume. Though the first four years of harvests did not show the predicted increases, Castro made the achievement of the 1970 goal into a national drama, enlisting much of the work force in the effort and staking the honor of his government on it. Witnesses say that when he announced the failure of the attempt, the people in the crowd before him dropped their heads in a great wave. Later, Castro explained that the Cuban people had made the huge effort of cutting all the cane in that year's crop but that the cane had not been transported or processed efficiently, with the result that the harvest had yielded only eight and a half million tons. In his speech on July 26, 1970, Castro discussed the failure of the plan in detail, pointing out that the real disaster was not so much the loss of a million and a half tons that year as the dislocation of all the other sectors of the economy for the effort. What he did not say then—it came to light later—was that the dislocation extended beyond that one year. Industrial production, which had begun rising slowly in 1964, had fallen off sharply in 1968, as the sugar harvest sucked away capital investment, manpower, and administrative attention. And it did not immediately recover.

The failure of the five-year plan put the Cuban government in serious economic straits. In 1970, the scarcity of consumer goods was such that at least one foreign observer living in Cuba was surprised that there were no demonstrations in the streets. The production of consumer goods increased over the next two years, but while the price

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of sugar rose to an all-time high, droughts in 1971 and 1972 brought the sugar harvest down to pre-1970 levels. In January of 1973, Castro announced a new trade-and-aid agreement with the Soviet Union, under which the Cuban debt to the Soviet Union was effectively cancelled. That agreement ended the crisis, but it did not seem to bring Cuban leaders the kind of optimism about the economy which they had shown before 1970. In his July 26th speech last year, Castro said that "the objectives of our people in the material field cannot be very ambitious." Cuban officials who had once talked about their country's rivalling Sweden now spoke of an attempt to follow the model of Bulgaria.

In his dramatic speech just after the 1970 harvest, Castro placed the blame for the economic failures squarely on himself and the revolutionary leadership, citing poor planning, organizational inefficiency, and simple ignorance in economic matters. He and other Cuban leaders have since taken pains to expose a host of faults and failings within Cuban society as a whole, and their criticisms have touched on problems far deeper than the immediate economic crisis. In a speech to the Communist Youth League in 1972, Castro pointed out that although more than ninety-six per cent of primary-school-age children were then registered in schools, only twenty-one per cent of them, in the average school year, went straight through from the first grade to the sixth—the figure was nearer twelve per cent in the countryside—and that only a quarter of the twelve-to-eighteen-year-old population attended schools. While many people were taking advantage of higher education to learn languages, certain agricultural and industrial institutes were empty, and the number of people in technical training seemed, Castro said, "like a figure for Luxembourg or Monte Carlo, or I don't know what country, but not this one." According to the President of Cuba, Osvaldo Dorticós, all this was happening when the country had a shortage of technicians and when skilled labor was in "disastrous deficit." In 1972, the sugar-processing plants were working at only fifty-eight per cent of their capacity, and other industries were underutilized. Furthermore, according to Dorticós, the Cuban index of consumption of spare parts was the highest in the world. "There's patriotism to spare in this country," Castro said. "There's enthusiasm to spare for specific forms of heroism. But we still cannot say that

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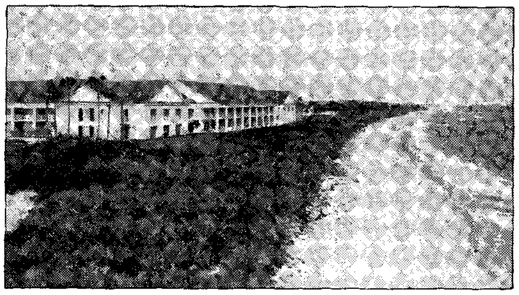

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What Cuban leaders conclude from these observations it is difficult to tell, for in public, at least, they have never proposed specific solutions. Castro has always said that the motivation for work is, or ought to be, a matter of cultural and political consciousness rather than of desire for personal gain. According to his analysis in 1972, the inefficiency and indiscipline of the Cuban work force had to do with the fact that the society was passing through a transitional stage, in which it had neither the "old" man, who had lived under capitalism and "learned about discipline because life, the factory, and hunger imposed it upon him," nor the "new" man, whose discipline came from his awareness of his obligation to society. Since 1970, however, the government has made a number of changes in wage, price, and labor policies designed to deal with its labor problems by means rather more mechanical than cultural. In 1971, the government promulgated a vagrancy law that made it a crime for men between the ages of eighteen and sixty not to work or to study—a crime punishable by work. (Apparently, about a hundred thousand people went back to work during a grace period after the law was announced.) Last year, the government completed a new code of laws on crimes against the economy—one group dealing with corruption, stealing, and negligence in the factory, and another group directed against blackmarketeering and the making of or dealing in shoddy products with intent to defraud. This punitive legislation the government has backed up—and perhaps rendered partly unnecessary—by offering certain basic incentives for work which the Cubans lacked during the years of greatest scarcity. Dorticós noted in the spring of 1972 that the amount of money then in private hands was large enough so that the entire population of Cuba could have lived for a year without working. Since then, the increase of consumer goods has permitted the government to create a so-called "red market" in unrationed goods and to correct the imbalance by charging very high prices initially, then lowering them as the supply of money dried up. The result is that the peso now has some value and wages correspond more closely to material benefits.

In his speech of July 26th last year, Castro broached the ideologically tricky subject of material and moral incentives by saying that both were necessay and explaining that while "our great dream is to advance toward a Communist society where everyone . . . will be able to contribute according to his capacity and receive according to his needs . . . we are in the Socialist stage of the revolution, in which . . . the form of distribution [is] from each according to his capacity, to each according to his work." Coming from any other Socialist leader, such a statement would be merely platitudinous. But for Castro, who has always put the emphasis in reverse—stressing the development of Communist consciousness, and proposing for the future such egalitarian measures as the abolition of rents, the abolition of fares on buses and trains, and the elimination of all differences of income—it struck a new and rather pessimistic note. As yet, however, the government has not made any major alterations in its system of incentives. The changes it has made could probably be classified as the correction of what Carlos Rafael Rodríguez, the leading Cuban economist, has called "distortions . . . in the area of work remuneration [stemming from] the pressure of short-term necessities or slightly exaggerated enthusiasms." The increase in consumer goods and the promise of new housing have delivered Cubans from the equality of total scarcity. And now that factory and office workers do not spend all their time in the cane fields, the administrators can bring wages more into line with skills and with efficiency. At a labor-union congress last November, union leaders proposed, and got, the gradual abolition of "historical wages," an end to voluntary labor (except in cane cutting and housing construction), and, as a result of the latter, overtime pay in all salaried jobs.

With all these adjustments in wage-and-price policies, the heart of the government's plan to induce people to work is not an attempt to increase inequalities but an attempt to attach Cubans more firmly to their workplaces. Even before 1970, the workplaces offered free meals, free vacations, and adult education. Now the government is arranging for those women who work or study to have the right to free day-care centers for their children and precedence in the grocery lines. By governmental fiat, new household appliances—refrigerators and TV sets—go not to just anyone who has the money but to those who have been voted the privilege of buying them by their co-workers. The new housing at Alamar and elsewhere will be similarly distributed, and final ownership will

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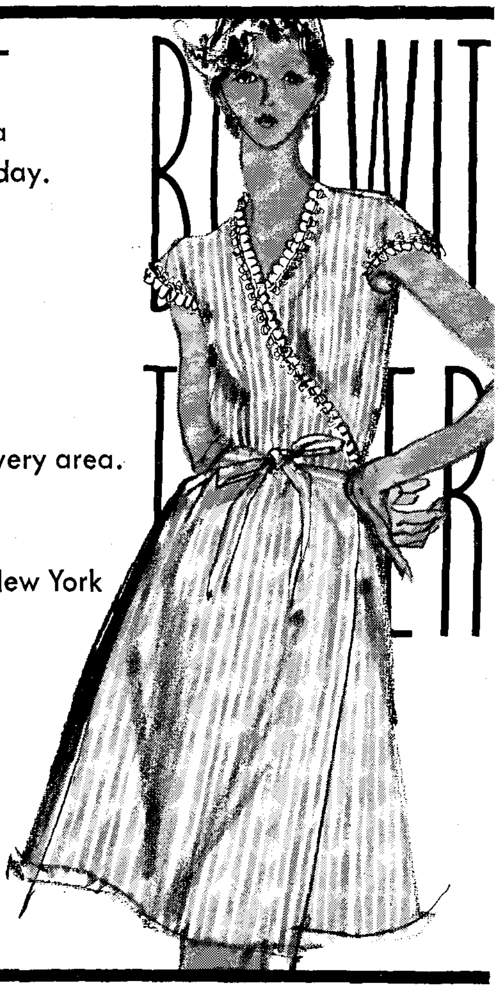

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remain with the workplace, so if a worker changes jobs he must also find new housing. In addition, under a new national program, every Cuban worker now carries a card that identifies him not only by name and address but by the job he holds. Government propaganda has always stressed the virtue of work—that is, the collective benefits, rather than the individual ones, to be gained by it. Now, while continuing this moral education about work, the government is making work an important element in the educational system proper. In the future, officials say, kindergarten and grade-school children will tend vegetable gardens or do light work in factories for certain hours each day. In new boarding schools in the countryside, students will take complete responsibility for the management of farms or citrus plantations. As for university students, all of them will now follow the lead of the medical students and divide their time between academic pursuits and work projects related to their studies. For Cuba, the solution is a neat one: on the one hand, it fits in perfectly with Castro's theory about the cultural nature of work habits, and, on the other hand, it promises to alleviate the labor shortage and to provide some direct return on the investment that the government has made in the educational system. "We have spoiled our children," one Cuban official told me. The remark was telling: on both moral and practical grounds, the Cuban government has taken the stance of the conservative, hardworking father who, having saved up to send his children to school, discovers them lazing around the house.

FOR those foreign visitors who looked forward to hearing a display of Castro's brilliant extemporaneous oratory (with great justice, the Cubans call his speeches *actos*, or acts), the July 26th speech last year was a disappointment. To the Cubans' shock, Castro read his speech; it was the first time he had ever done that in Cuba. Standing on the dais before the speech, he wore an indrawn, almost melancholy look while the seated multitude called "Fi-*del*, Fi-*del*," drawing out the last syllable into a deep-throated, longing cry. At this celebration of the first shot of the revolution, it was conspicuous that Castro alone wore the olive-drab uniform of the guerrillas while the other Cuban leaders wore civilian clothes or the new military dress uniforms. Castro's speech was short—it took only an hour and a half to read—and his delivery, though forceful, was flat until the last few paragraphs. A good half of the speech he devoted to explaining the importance of applying a Marxist analysis to the Moncada attack. Then, after touching briefly on current domestic and foreign policies, he paid tribute to the Cuban Communist Party, declaring that it had taken over the decisive role played by individuals at the start of the revolution. His style was impersonal, and his rhetoric was doctrinaire in a conventional way that stood in sharp contrast to all his previous speeches. But his very inexpressiveness was, perhaps, another means of expression. "Men die," he said, "but the Party is immortal."

What may be the most important change to be made in the wake of the 1970 crisis is a development of the institutional structure of government. At the age of forty-six, Castro has been in power longer than most current heads of government in the world. While Cuba has acquired the mass organizations and most of the state apparatus normal to Socialist countries, the government, under his leadership, has in certain respects remained unchanged since the days of the Sierra Maestre. After fifteen years, it has no constitution of its own (the basis of its laws is still the liberal constitution of 1940), it has never held a Party congress, and its mass organizations do not serve as decision-making bodies. The real power has always lain with Castro and a small group of his friends, most of them his old companions in the guerrilla army. Castro himself has played all the roles, including those of administrator, diplomat, critic, agricultural expert, ombudsman, journalist, pastor, and teacher. Though he is not the object of a personality cult (it is hard to find a picture of him on the billboards or posters), he seems, with his enormous energy, to take up most of the oxygen. Americans who know Castro say that he has always favored the growth of institutions but that his personal style—his spontaneity, his desire for personal contact, and his impatience—has always conflicted with his intellectual position. To them, the institutional question is not at all one-sided, for, as they see it, his guerrilla-style government has prevented the growth of an impermeable bureaucracy or a "new class" even while it has prevented the development of democratic institutions. Castro has made mistakes—he has admitted to many—and in his speech after the 1970 harvest he as much as suggested that the economic crisis would not have occurred if the workers had taken part in the decision-making. Now Cuban

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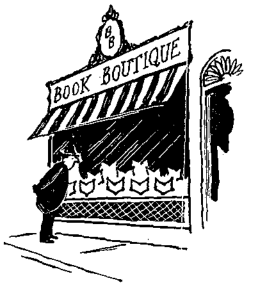
officials are speaking of a Party congress to be held within the next year or so, and, after that, the promulgation of a constitution. A congress and a constitution have been promised before (a congress was supposed to take place in 1970), and it is always possible that a new crisis or a new enthusiasm will put them off again. But a number of preliminary steps have actually been taken. A great deal of the judicial code has already been written and brought up for discussion in the offices and factories, and other parts of the constitution are now being prepared. Last year, the labor unions held the congress that officials said had to come before the Party congress; the proposals that the union leaders made indicate that the government has given them a new share of power in wage and other labor policies.



Just what role the Soviet Union is playing with regard to the internal reorganization in Cuba it is difficult to tell. But a role surely exists, for, internationally speaking, the most important consequence of the 1970 crisis was a substantial increase in Cuba's dependence on the Soviet Union. In 1970, by one American estimate, the Soviet Union gave Cuba some five hundred million dollars' worth of economic aid and was sustaining about three billion dollars in debt. In 1972, President Dorticós said that collaboration with the Soviet Union was "more or less the unique determinant" of future economic growth in Cuba. In the trade-and-aid agreement signed in January of last year, the Soviets went far beyond their previous commitments, and effectively bailed Cuba out of its balance-of-payments predicament. They deferred the whole Cuban debt until 1986, cancelled all interest on the debt until then, and gave Cuba twenty-five years after that to make payment. They also agreed to extend to Cuba new commercial credits with payment deferred under the same terms, and to grant a new three-hundred-million-ruble credit in development aid for the years 1973 through 1975. Finally, the Russians agreed to pay for Cuban sugar and nickel at prices higher than those of the world market at that time and nearly double what they had been paying. Beyond the scope of that agreement, the Russians, of course, continue to provide Cuba with all its military hardware, including surface-to-air missiles and MIG 21s. Since Cuba is now a full member of COMECON, the Russians also give the Cubans technical assistance and coördinate their economic planning with Cuba's; in addition, there is evidence of Soviet aid and influence in Cuban scientific research and in the humanities.

The new importance of Soviet aid is clearly reflected in Cuba's official pronouncements and in its foreign policy. Cuban officials say that the relationship between the two countries has never been closer. Last summer, the Havana newspapers overflowed with expressions of gratitude and fraternal affection. At the conference of nonaligned nations in Algiers last September, Castro vigorously defended the Soviet Union and, in a near reversal of the stand he had taken in 1967, claimed that there was only one imperialism in the world—that of the United States. Now, as ever, Cuban leaders make a great deal of their nation's ties with the smaller Socialist countries (Albania excepted) and with the liberation movements of Asia and Africa. The crowd that came to hear Castro speak before the Moncada Garrison last July accorded only polite applause to the Soviet delegate, seated on Castro's immediate left, and reserved its standing ovations for the Vietnamese and Cambodian delegations, for Angela Davis, and for the wife of Salvador Allende. In the next few days, the Cuban newspapers gave prominence to news of the Cambodian liberation front—an organization that the Soviet Union did not then recognize. But, as was not the case in the past, these ties do not appear to conflict with Soviet interests, and in some cases may actually serve them, by providing a channel of communication to the left. The new congruence of Cuban and Soviet policy is particularly noticeable in Latin America. Over the past two years, Cuba has been opening diplomatic relations with such countries as Peru, Argentina, Guyana, and a number of Caribbean island republics; it has also renewed its ties with many (but not all) of the Soviet-line Communist Parties in Latin America. Certain foreign critics of Cuba have construed these initiatives as a complete reversal of Cuban policy since 1967—as an end to Castro's radical idealism, an end to Cuban support for armed-struggle movements, and even a betrayal of Che Guevara. Cuban officials reject this interpretation with some passion, arguing that it is not Cuban policy but Latin America that has changed. They point out that Cuba has always had diplomatic relations

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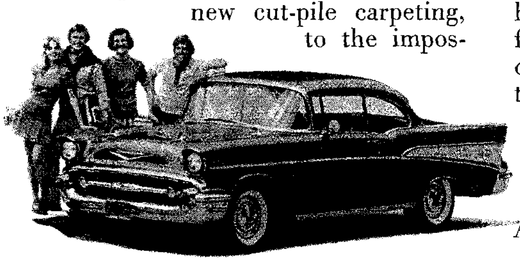

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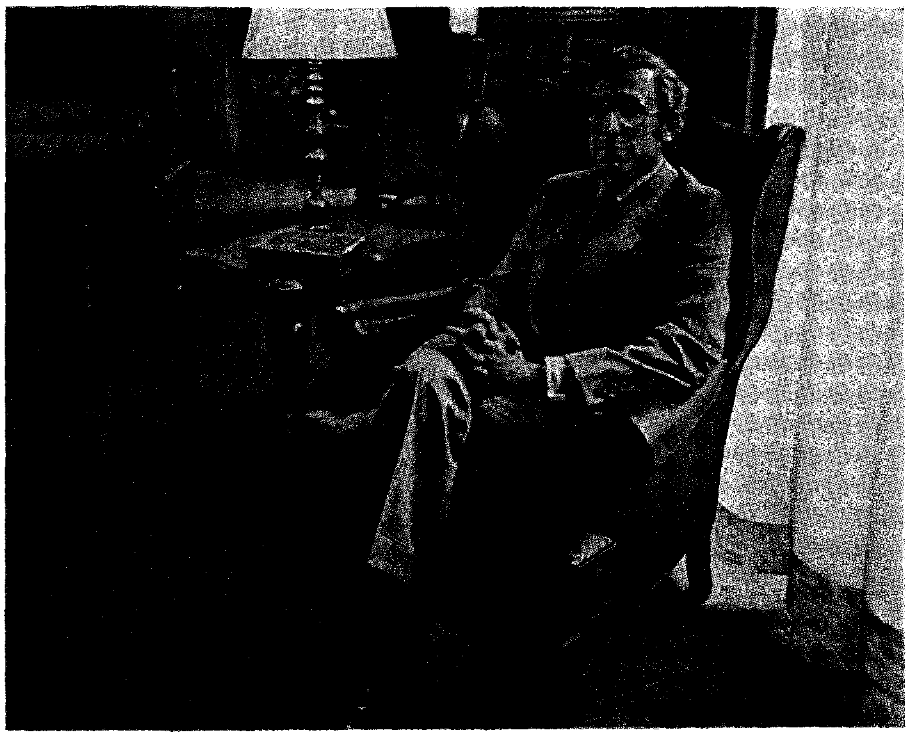
BY 'ADAM SMITH'



When the Teacher's people called up about this ad, I had two serious Qualms. The first Qualm was that I might get thrown out of my Club, and the second was that the whole enterprise didn't make any traditional, linear sense because I hardly drink whisky at all—any whisky.

I belong to this Club with high ceilings and leather chairs and Intellectual Achievers—somebody must have put *The Wealth of Nations* by my name when I was put up—and some years ago they threw an Intellectual Achiever right out for being a Man of Distinction. Undignified, I think they said. The old nineteenth century idea that gentlemen endorse causes, not whiskies; we have had members who endorsed lettuce, South Viet Nam, and repealing whichever amendment gave women the vote.

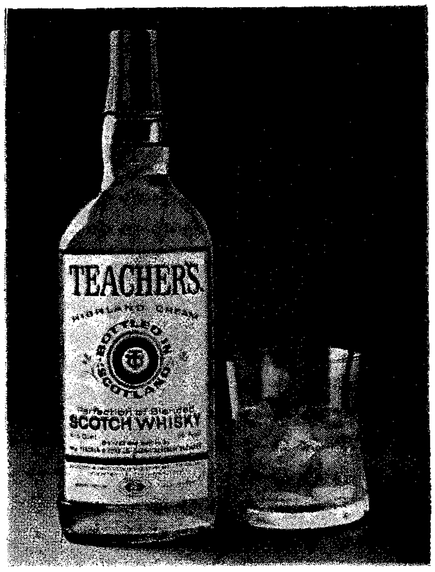
"You can say anything you want," the Teacher's people said. "Talk about your book." My book is *Supermoney*. That is the book up on the best seller lists that is not about a seagull. The green stuff in your wallet is not the real money of the United States. The real money is Supermoney, which is e.g., the wealth that rains on you when you take a hot ad agency public. There are other things of moment in the book also, such as the day the United States almost ran out of money, and whether that could happen again, and what to do if the people around you are busy hustling the Supermoney when you are still thumbing the green stuff in your wallet. There is nothing in the book, however, about Scotch whisky. To get a capital gain out of Scotch whisky, you have to buy it in Scotland in large quantities and hold it for a long time. In barrels.

Of course, there are people who say you can get a capital gain out of Scotch whisky, if you invest ice cubes and maybe soda or water in it. It should be pointed out that this increases the volume, not the price.

Be that as it may, at my house we were accustomed to serving elegant French wines with dinner. I was a member of this wine society headquartered in Burgundy, which sampled and sniffed wines and pronounced them a little short of breed, and things like that. Then the elegant French wines went to $40 a bottle and we started telling people to bring their whisky glasses to the table.

I have no predictions for the price of Scotch, but almost nothing goes down in price with all that Supermoney around. Now we keep the Teacher's in the wine cellar. We keep the bottles lying on their sides, just out of habit, and we tell people it is grown in Scotland on this particular hillside which catches the late afternoon sun, on the left side of the road going north. We have to mark the vintages on the labels ourselves, in ink, but everybody seems just as happy.

I am still pondering the sociological and oenological implications of all this. I think there are some. I do know that when a company asks somebody who hardly drinks the stuff to do a Scotch ad, they have to be watched carefully. When they go public, that will be a significant market indicator.



86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd. © Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers

with Mexico, and that a decade ago it was the other Latin-American countries that, in obedience to United States dictates, broke off relations with Cuba. Now, the officials say, certain of the Latin-American governments have come to understand the danger of United States imperialism and have taken steps against it. Their recognition of Cuba is a sign of that change. The Organization of American States is now almost a dead letter, Cubans say, and that is a victory for Cuban policy. As for the guerrilla movements, the Cuban government has not renounced its advocacy of armed struggle, but it recognizes that at the moment there are few guerrilla movements in Latin America with a clear ideological position or with any chance of success. Armed struggle, the Cubans say, is only a tactic; there are many roads to Socialism, and each country must find its own. The Cuban argument is most persuasive. Still, the fact remains that Cuban policy has changed in tone and moved in the direction of accepting the status quo. Even after the coup in Chile, Cuba made only diplomatic protests to the United States, and never did Cuban officials reproach the Soviet Union for its failure to give economic support to the Allende government.

THE long absence of direct conflict with Cuba and the new atmosphere of détente with the Soviet Union have led certain United States congressmen to call for a resumption of open diplomatic relations between the United States and Cuba. But as yet the Cuban position on this question has publicly changed no more than that of our State Department. In 1972, Castro said that there would be no improvement in relations until the United States decided to lift its embargo, to withdraw from the Guantánamo naval base, to cease all hostile acts against Cuba, and to stop playing the gendarme in Latin America. The détente—such as it is—between the great powers has not yet seemed to put any pressure on the Cuban government to change this stand. On the contrary, the new Soviet grant-in-aid has put Cuba in a better position than ever before to resist the United States. Other economic pressures have abated, too. In the years since the revolution, the Cubans have replaced much of their American equipment with machinery from other countries, principally those in the Socialist bloc. Cuba has always had trading partners in Western Europe, and now that it is no longer diplomatically isolated in Latin America, the proba-

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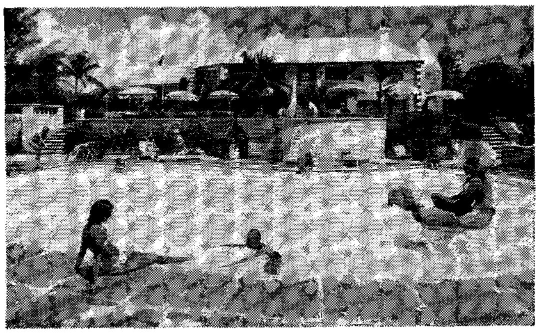

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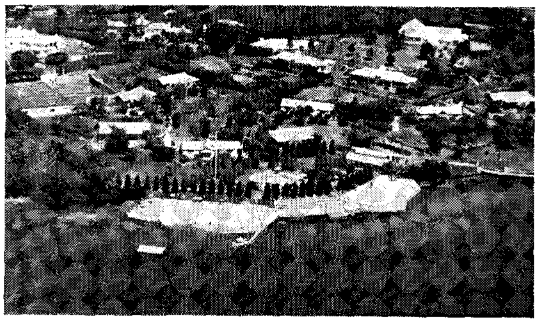

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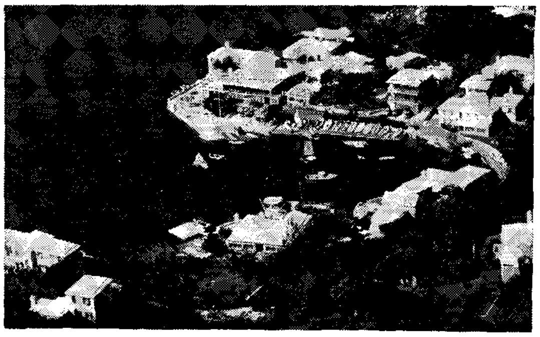

bility is that it will find new sources of hard currency closer to home. Last summer, the Cuban government seemed to have ruled out any chances of coming to terms with the Nixon Administration. (Cuban newspapers reported the Watergate news from A.P. and U.P.I. wires, spelling the President's name with a swastika in place of the "x.") Still, the logic of the Cuban position would seem to imply a further reduction in tensions. When Leonid Brezhnev, Secretary-General of Russia's Communist Party, visited Cuba last month, he stressed the virtues of economic coöperation and said that the Soviet Union did not regard Cuba as a forward military base directed against the United States. And when his foreign minister, Andrei Gromyko, who had accompanied him to Cuba, flew directly from Havana to Washington, there were rumors that Cuba was on the agenda for his meetings with President Nixon.

Paradoxically, perhaps, a resumption of diplomatic relations between the United States and Cuba might not mean an increase in contacts between the citizens of the two countries. For the Castro government, there is always the problem of the Cuban exiles in the United States. And Cuban officials have already begun to voice a concern about nonofficial contacts which is similar to that expressed by Soviet officials after the détente. The young editor of *Juventud Rebelde*, the second most important Cuban newspaper, told me that now, in the light of the détente, the highest priority for his paper was to help strengthen ideological and political awareness among Cubans. When I asked why, he spoke of the lure of American consumer goods. "At a moment when our society can't offer the material advantages of capitalist society, it is necessary to show people the realities of capitalism and the deceit being practiced upon them by its instruments of propaganda. The young people of Cuba have all the advantages, but in the course of time they may come to see these as simply normal. They may want other things—a new type of T-shirt, or something like that." He paused, and then said, "We live in a divided world." In 1972, Raúl Castro, Minister of the Armed Forces, gave a speech entitled "Ideological Diversionism: The Subtle Arm the Enemies Wield Against Revolution." He warned Cubans against all forms of communication with capitalist countries, from the Voice of America to letters from relatives living abroad. He warned against embassies that flat-

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ter Cubans with invitations to film showings or visits to scientific institutes, against pop music and American youth culture, and against intellectuals and journalists who appear to be progressives coming to Cuba for conferences or studies but actually engage in social, political, and cultural espionage. When I brought up the subject of the speech to an American progressive who has, off and on, spent a good deal of time in Cuba, the immediate response was "Oh, you're not going to write about *that!*" And then: "You know, we felt terrible when we heard about that speech. We thought it was directed against us. But, you know, Cubans exaggerate a bit. It's not that they don't mean what they say but just that they use extreme statements to gain attention. In practice . . ."

In practice, there are still Western European embassies in Cuba, representatives of corporations, and visitors from capitalist countries. And Cuban radio stations still play pop tunes from abroad. (Pop music went off the air for a period just after Raúl Castro's speech. Some middle-level functionary apparently took the speech too literally and had to be corrected by a superior.) But there is not the kind of contact with the West that there was at times in the past decade, particularly in 1967 and early 1968. During that period, when Cuba was most at odds with the Soviet Union and very much at odds with the United States, Cubans made great efforts to cultivate Western left-wing intellectuals, putting on film festivals, art exhibitions, and cultural conferences, and entertaining prominent figures, from Sartre to Sontag. The two groups' initial enthusiasm for each other was succeeded by a mutual disillusionment quite as intense. From the Cuban perspective, the first breach came with the appearance of books by K. S. Karol and René Dumont, two French Socialist writers who, having visited Cuba several times and talked at length with Castro and other leaders, criticized the Cuban government for making certain basic errors of strategy. After that came the Padilla affair. In 1971, the best-known—and probably the best—young Cuban poet, Heberto Padilla, was held for several weeks by the Cuban government; upon his release, he gave a "confession" to the National Union of Cuban Writers and Artists which to American and Western European ears sounded suspiciously like the confessions of the Moscow and Slanský trials. Jean-Paul Sartre, Susan Sontag, Al-

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berto Moravia, and many others signed a petition against the abuse of intellectual freedom. Padilla had not in fact been tortured, as the foreigners feared. (He is at the moment alive, well, and living in Havana, in some comfort and some isolation.) But the abuse certainly existed, and for many Western intellectuals involved with Cuba it became a symbol of other things they saw going wrong in that country—in particular, the reconciliation with the Soviet Union. Cuban officials and intellectuals, for their part, reacted angrily, calling the signers of the petition "pseudo-revolutionaries," "bourgeois agents of imperialism," and so forth. Among many of the intellectuals and official-intellectuals I met, the very mention of Padilla set off an alarm system and one or more of a series of reactions: "How dare they criticize us when they know about Attica . . . when they live off royalties and accept prizes from imperialist governments . . . when they came as friends and lived in the best hotels, drinking our wine . . . when what counts is not the privilege of a single intellectual but the starvation and illiteracy of the masses in Bolivia, Brazil . . ."

Whatever the full story of the Padilla affair and whatever the other issues that may have been involved, the break between the Cuban government and Western intellectuals has been almost complete. And foreigners from capitalist countries do not have an easy time in Cuba now. It is not a question of heavy surveillance; nor is it one of ideological impenetrability—the seamless armor of doctrine that Soviet officials wear. Rather, it is a problem of extreme sensitivity to criticism—a sensitivity that makes the job of a journalist in Cuba something like that of a gardener of sea anemones. Cubans can complain to each other about the slowness of a bus, but when a foreigner complains about it, feelings are hurt and there are arias of self-pity on the theme of underdevelopment. A foreigner's complaint about the vagaries of a telephone operator produces a defense of the revolution. "There is a kind of Manichaeanism about the Cubans," an African who has spent several years in Cuba told me. "Your approval must be total or else they think you're against them." Some—not by any means all—of the best-educated people I met tended to be more defensive than anyone else. In the midst of a lively and rather informal interview, the young editor of *Juventud Rebelde* came out with a sentence that

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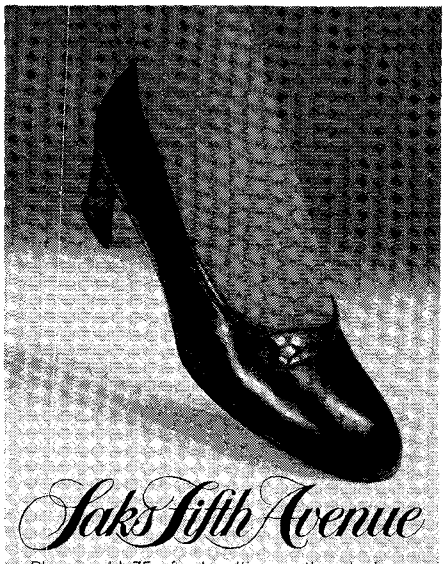

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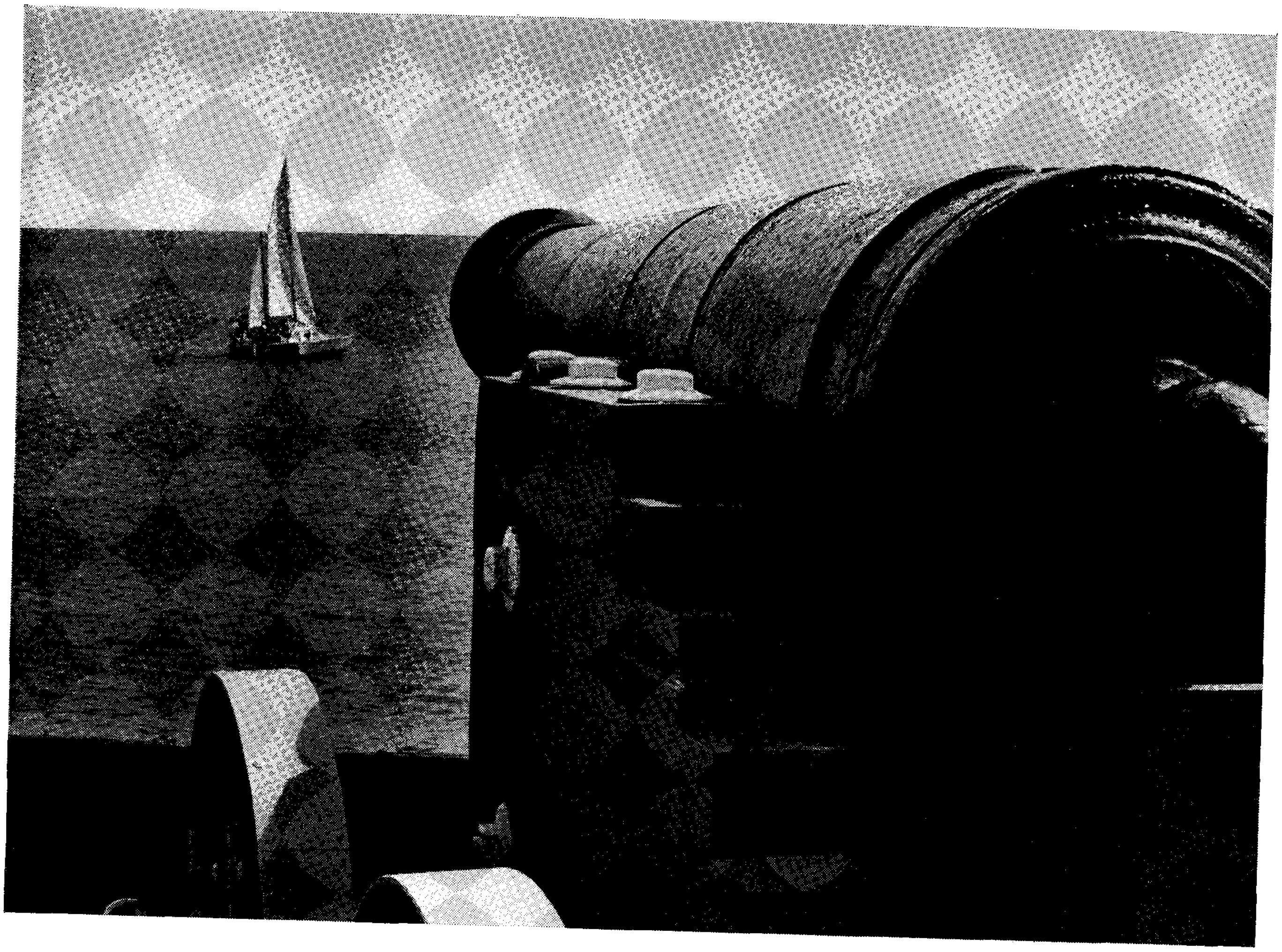

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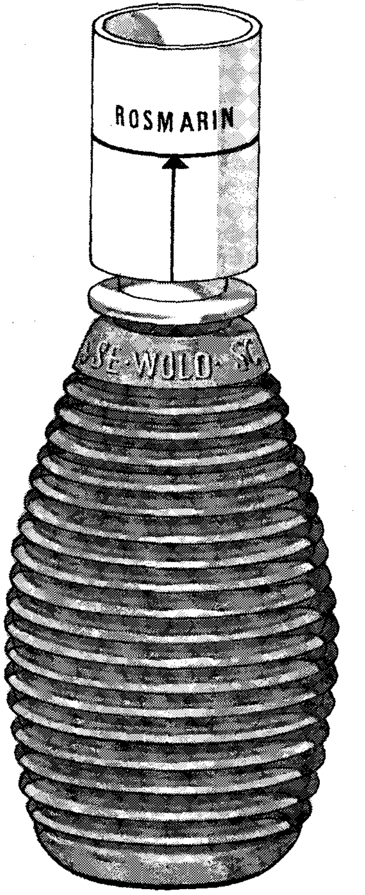

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began, "Well, of course, for bourgeois reactionary capitalist imperialist society . . ." While he clearly understood and subscribed to the ideas implicit in those adjectives, he was also quite clearly using the words for transactional purposes: I'm O.K., you're not O.K., and therefore any criticism you might possibly make would automatically be invalid. Such reactions are painful, particularly since they come like summer lightning out of an atmosphere of warmth, ease, and good humor. As a result, many of the North American radicals who now visit Cuba or live there have performed a kind of surgery on their critical faculties and reduced their conversation to a form of baby talk, in which everything is wonderful, including the elevator that doesn't work and the rows of Soviet tanks on military parade that are "in the hands of the people."

Just after the Padilla affair, one Cuban intellectual—the head of the most important Cuban cultural magazine—wrote an essay called "Calibán," in which he asserted that a culture-bound arrogance of white society lay behind the massacre of American Indians and the oppression of the dark races in Latin America. The theme of cultural imperialism was then a familiar one in Cuba. During the time of Che Guevara and the cultural conferences in Havana, a number of Cuban writers had impressed other Western intellectuals with their eloquent and forceful essays on the subject. The only jarring note has been that the cry of Calibán, the dark, oppressed monster, came from Cubans who were white, highly educated, highly sophisticated, and just as much at home in Paris or New York as in Havana. The references in the essays were to Fanon, Shakespeare, and Borges, to Marshall McLuhan and Stokely Carmichael. When I mentioned one of these essays to its author last summer, he said, "Oh, well, that's old now. It's quite out of date. We're not savages, you know. We're members of a Socialist society." And he went on to say that the aim of Cuba over the next few years should be to follow the model of Bulgaria—a country that he had never visited.

—FRANCES FITZGERALD

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THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

FIRST, a report on the "King Lear" of the Actors Company, which opened without sets or costumes—they arrived from England an hour and a half before curtain time—at the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn. The actors went on in rehearsal clothes, with some bits of costume, and it made no difference at all. Under the strong, unobtrusive direction of David William, the actors illuminate every moment, every line. The design of the play is never lost, yet there is a spaciousness about the production—room for the actors to explore and portray their characters without being smothered (as were the unfortunate actors of the Royal Shakespeare Company in "Richard II") by some "concept" or other, or forced into a fly-by-night "relevance." Every scene plays; even blind Gloucester's suicide attempt at Dover, which might be considered almost impossible to stage, becomes a dramatic marvel, with Ronald Radd as the despairing Earl and the inspired Ian McKellen as his wary, protective, magnetic Edgar. The way to do "Lear," it appears, is to *do* it, and this is the "Lear" of a lifetime. The speeches, so familiar and so exalted that they have become set pieces by now, are delivered with such emotion and humor and originality that they sound fresh. The whole play sounds fresh, in fact, and (as is so often the case with a good Shakespearean production) there are many lines that *are* new, theatrically speaking.

Robert Eddison is completely believable as the King, in all his complexity—tyrannical, vain, wrongheaded, all but struck dumb by bewilderment and frustration at the way Goneril and Regan treat him, and finally defeated and bleak and mad. No flicker of mood or feeling, no chance for humor goes unnoticed by Mr. Eddison. His burst of anger at the Fool, and then his shame and tenderness and his quiet "O! Let me not be mad" as he holds out his hand, are haunting; there is nothing pathetic here, for even at his maddest and most feeble he is tragic and always regal. Mr. Eddison dominates the play but never overwhelms it; his performance is not a star performance—Shakespeare is the star—but just a very, very good one. Edward Petherbridge's heartbroken, quicksilver Fool—abruptly turning his face into a mournful clown's mask and dancing like an unstrung puppet for his master—is the Fool forever; the part is permanently his. John Woodvine's Kent is a pillar of strength to the King, and his performance is subtle and cuts deep. Only an actress who is as expert a comedian as Sharon Duce could play Cordelia with such sensitivity and irony and pride. Her quiet in the court scene, while her sisters protest their affection for their father, her holding back her tears as he storms at her, and then her gentleness and tact with him when they are reunited are remarkably effective. The Goneril of Caroline Blakiston is as lean as a serpent and just as dangerous, and Sheila Reid's Regan is poisoned honey. Aside from their wickedness, all that the two sisters seem to have in common is their passion for Edmund; their jealous hatred for each other is almost palpable. Matthew Long is a properly conniving, treacherous, attractive, and eloquent Edmund; his "Now gods stand up for bastards!" rings on and on. I also admired Robin Ellis as good, loyal, cuckolded Albany, and Tenniel Evans as nasty, impudent Oswald. "King Lear," as I needn't remind you, is dense with subplots and divagations and echoes, and this production is filled with marvellous invention, but invention that never sidetracks or impedes the play or muffles its poetry.

TERRENCE MCNALLY, who wrote "Sweet Eros" and "Next" and "Whiskey," among other bright comedies, continues to be a source of joy. His "Bad Habits," at the Astor Place, is actually a pair of expanded skits, each of them named for the sanatorium in which it is set. The first is "Ravenswood," where the presiding doctor is one Dr. Pepper, a permissive fellow in a wheelchair, who believes that the secret of his success is letting everyone do what he pleases. Everyone includes a man who has been put away by his wife for slicing off two of her toes with a power mower; the wife herself; a young theatrical couple (sharply and wickedly caricatured); a pair of elderly homosexuals who have been living together and scrapping for years; and a sinister German factotum who mixes drinks and pours champagne and offers to give a rubdown to everybody around. The play is virtually plotless. It is a mosaic of edged funny lines that, however far out, always belong to the characters who speak them and to nobody else. The playwright does go overboard from time to time—he is a little too clever, in the British, pejorative sense—but that, I suppose, is the price of his fertile, pell-mell imagination.

"Ravenswood" is vintage McNally; "Dunelawn" is not quite (or perhaps not at second viewing—I saw the play, or an earlier version of it, last year at an Off Off Broadway theatre), but a lot of it is very funny all the same. At Dunelawn, there are three patients in straitjackets sitting in wheelchairs—a drunk, a transvestite, and a sadist—and two nurses, one hard and efficient and the other soft, drippy, and obsequious. The doctor in charge is named Toynbee, and he is an inspired creation. "The man is a saint," say the nurses, and he wanders around with an unfocussed, all-purpose compassionate look, and occasionally speaks a line or two of garbled, Swedish-sounding doubletalk. His expression of blank horror when someone whispers and pantomimes a number of especially tricky perversions is also worth seeing. The moment any of the patients shows a sign of life, he is given a knockout injection of Dr. Toynbee's serum and sent off to dreamland. The funniest spot in the show is a monologue delivered with loathing by Paul Benedict, in the role of a fourth patient, who once loved and, quite reasonably, left one of the nurses. There are other spots, though, that seem forced or somewhat off-key or just catty.

No question about the performance, which, under Robert Drivas's direction, seems exactly right. The actors, all of whom appear in both plays, couldn't be better, and Mr. Benedict, who also plays Dr. Pepper in "Ravenswood," is exceptional. The others, in alphabetical order, are F. Murray Abraham, Emory Bass, Cynthia Harris, Michael Lombard, J. Frank Lucas, Doris Roberts, and Henry Sutton.

"BREAD," at the American Place, is about finding a dead cigar and a dead rat in loaves of bread and a dead cat in a baking oven—all this to illustrate a political fable so banal and obvious that I cannot imagine why the dramatist bothered with it. Subscribers only.

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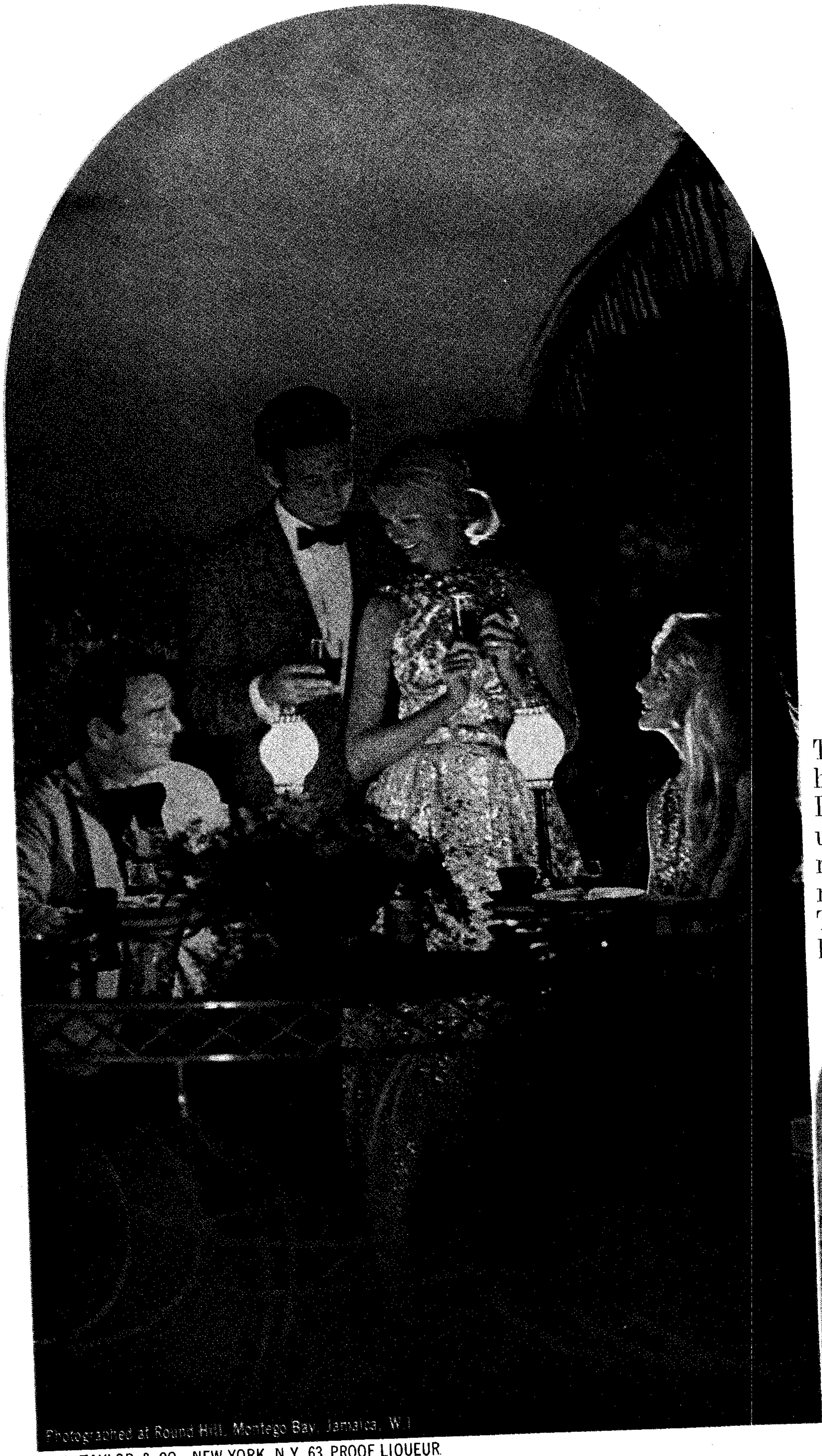
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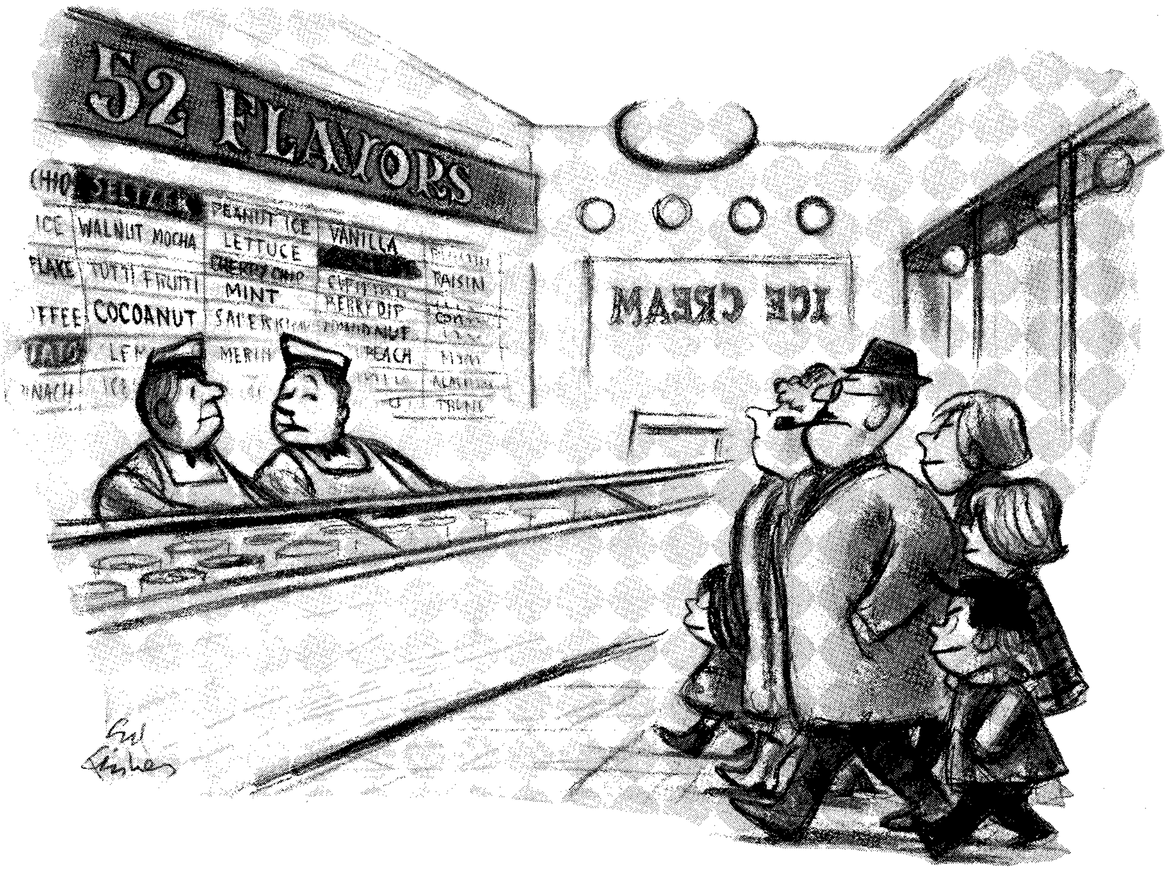
JAZZ

New York Notes

DECEMBER 1ST: A remarkable if not widely celebrated musical movement took place in Detroit and its environs during the forties. Set off by the spectacular doings in New York of Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie and supported by a congenial social fabric, it produced an outpouring of jazz musicians that rivalled in strength and consistency the earlier musical massings in Kansas City and Chicago. Among the graduates of the Detroit academy are Milt Jackson, the Jones brothers (Hank, Thad, and Elvin), Billy Mitchell, Julius Watkins, Donald Byrd, Lucky Thompson, Paul Chambers, Doug Watkins, Yusef Lateef, Barry Harris, Tommy Flanagan, Kenny Burrell, Roland Hanna, Art Mardigan, Curtis Fuller, Pepper Adams, and Frank Rosolino. One of the most gifted of these musicians is the elusive Tommy Flanagan, who has spent much of his career as a sideman or as an accompanist of singers. Flanagan, a forty-three-year-old pianist, grew up in the mighty shade of Art Tatum (he was dappled, too, by Teddy Wilson, Billy Kyle, and Bud Powell), and, like such close compeers as Hank Jones, Dave McKenna, Jimmy Rowles, and Ellis Larkins, he values touch, delicacy, and subtlety. His solos generally consist of signpost chords, often played offbeat, which punctuate adventurous single-note lines that come at you like whitecaps and slide away as quickly into brief silences, followed by more directional chords. They have a purling sound, and yet there is always a tough, rhythmic undertow. They may last only a few bars, but they leave the air ringing. Flanagan was in fine form tonight at Bradley's, where, accompanied by the eloquent bassist Wilbur Little, he is making one of his rare solo appearances. He is a short, shy, partly bald, bespectacled man who seems to delve into the keyboard when he plays, and the trophies he came up with included a medium-tempo version of Billy Strayhorn's winding, gentle "Chelsea Bridge," in which he let loose a wicked double-time Tatum run; intent, quiet readings of Rodgers-and-Hart's "Glad to Be Unhappy" and "I Didn't Know What Time It Was;" a plunging "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea;" and a medium blues with a lilting ballad quality. "Willow Weep for Me" was a different matter; it tended to play Flanagan. But this happens to almost every jazz musician who attempts the tune, for it is one of a small number of first-rate American popular songs—"Stormy Weather," "Blues in the Night," "In My Solitude," and "Sophisticated Lady" are a few of the others—that by virtue of their definitive melodic outlines, their leakproof structures, and their ample lyricism seem to resist improvisation; melodic embellishment is as far as the wise improviser should go. Wilbur Little is another of the new legion of big-toned, audacious bassists who, in their authoritative, hornlike way, sound as if they were blowing their instruments.

DECEMBER 12TH: There is a revamped Zoot Sims afloat—elegantly tailored, punctual, and clear of mien—and he has joined the guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli for an unlimited engagement (minus occasional side gigs) at Soerabaja. Such duos are proliferating. Whether they have been brought forth by economic pressures, attrition, or musical convenience, they have recently been made up of two guitars, guitar and bass, piano and bass, trumpet and piano, and trombone and piano. These duos are an admirable idea, for their spareness prevents padding and loafing and calls forth an intense cross-pollination impossible in larger groups. Pizzarelli is a discreet, highly melodic player who has a cushioned tone, and he sets off Sims perfectly. Indeed, there were endless meadows of melody tonight. Sims, who began in the forties as an acolyte of Lester Young, has lately brought more of Ben Webster's ornamentations into his style, and so one can hear side by side Young's lean meditations and Webster's looming rhapsodies. These antithetical approaches are governed by Sims' own inventions—his yearning sound, his broad, underpinning melodic planks, his thrifty runs-within-runs, and his way of pushing his notes a little out of shape, as if he were trying to make them encase you. There were singing renditions of "The Man I Love," "Sweet Lorraine," "Memories of You," a blues, and "Indiana," the last done by Sims on soprano saxophone, which he plays not like a soprano saxophonist but like a



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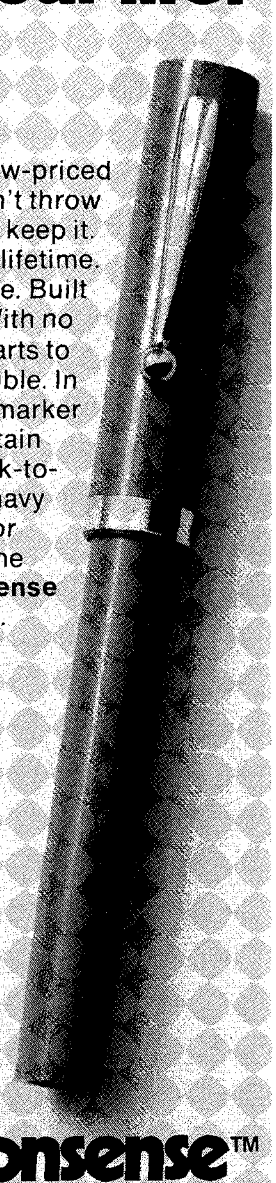

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tenor saxophonist playing the soprano. He has taken to offering the sort of short, empyrean set that Coleman Hawkins favored in his palmy days on Fifty-second Street. He also leaves enough time between sets for everyone not only to savor and digest the walking, compact lyricism he broadcasts in every number but to bake bread or take a nap.

DECEMBER 20TH: Eddie Condon (1905-73) was an idea in human form. The idea was simple and revolutionary: that jazz music is a complete way of life, encompassing both the prankish and the majestic, the Georg Brunises and the Louis Armstrongs. The human form was equally unadorned: a short, smooth, tightly packed man who, with his flat hair combed precisely just off center, his small, symmetrical face, and his flawless bow ties, had an unremittingly pumiced appearance. (In his later years, alcohol and its attendant miseries made him baggy and ghostly.) But Condon was more than just his own idea. He steadfastly celebrated it with his tongue, which, moving at a speed faster than most people can think, was sharp, witty, and original. He seemed driven by propellers of persiflage.

On the French jazz critic Hugues Panassié, who came to America in 1938 to supervise some recordings by American musicians:

> I don't see why we need a Frenchman to come over here and tell us how to play American music. I wouldn't think of going to France and telling him how to jump on a grape.

On Stan Kenton:

> Every Kenton record sounds to me as though Stan signed on three hundred men for the date and they were all on time. Music of his school ought to be played close to elephants and listened to by clowns.

To a modish lady at a party:

> Madam, is that a hat or a threat you're wearing?

His introductory remarks to the sparse audience at his first Town Hall concert, in 1942:

> Lady and gentleman.

The results were impressive, and throughout most of the forties Condon seemed to be all over jazz. He organized record dates, some of which have taken on a classic stamp. With the help of his energetic admirer Ernie Anderson, he instituted his long series of Saturday-afternoon Town Hall concerts, which were broadcast as well. He officiated at public jam sessions. He put together an autobiography, "We Called

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It Music," with Thomas Sugrue. He opened his own jazz club in the Village. He ran pioneering jazz television programs. And for a time he and Richard Gehman did a record-review column for the *Journal-American* that was pure Condon froth. All the while, he battered away at the color bar by enlivening his own floating school of musicians (Max Kaminsky, Brad Gowans, Joe Bushkin, Joe Sullivan, George Wettling, Dave Tough, Pee Wee Russell, Georg Brunis, Bud Freeman, Wild Bill Davison) with such great black figures as Fats Waller, Red Allen, James P. Johnson, Sid Catlett, Rex Stewart, Sidney Bechet, Benny Morton, Vic Dickenson, Edmond Hall, Hot Lips Page, and Louis Armstrong. But there was a worm in the rose, and by the early fifties the music Condon had touted so long—a basically white and self-limiting version of the black music its practitioners had heard when they were kids in Chicago in the twenties—was just about worked out. The inventions of Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie had become outgoing and unbridled, while Condon's music had begun to feed on itself.

Condon's tenure as the mouthpiece of jazz was a mammoth houseparty. There were no yesterdays, todays, or tomorrows. There was only tonight. From nine in the evening until five or six in the morning, one drank, played, listened, gabbed, laughed, and kicked the gong around. Very few of the children who grew up at this marathon knew their fathers. A good deal of the mad esprit that shaped those years has now been caught in "Eddie Condon's Scrapbook of Jazz" (St. Martin's), and in two albums of reissues—"Eddie Condon & Bud Freeman" (Atlantic SD2-309) and "Eddie Condon's World of Jazz" (Columbia KG 31564). The book, assembled by Condon and Hank O'Neal not long before Condon's death, contains hundreds of photographs, interspersed with letters, record labels, concert programs, drawings (the marvellous one done by Will Cotton in 1945 for the Profile of Condon written for this magazine by Rogers Whitaker), newspaper and magazine clippings, posters, ads, sheet music, and swatches of text by Condon, his saintly wife, Phyllis, George Avakian, and others. The photographs are often invaluable. Among the best are Condon, a shining sixteen, with Hollis Peavey and his Jazz Bandits; Pee Wee Russell and Bobby Hackett at Nick's, both of them looking dewy and newborn; a Sunday-afternoon jam session at the old Jimmy Ryan's, in which Condon, Zutty Singleton, Joe Sullivan,

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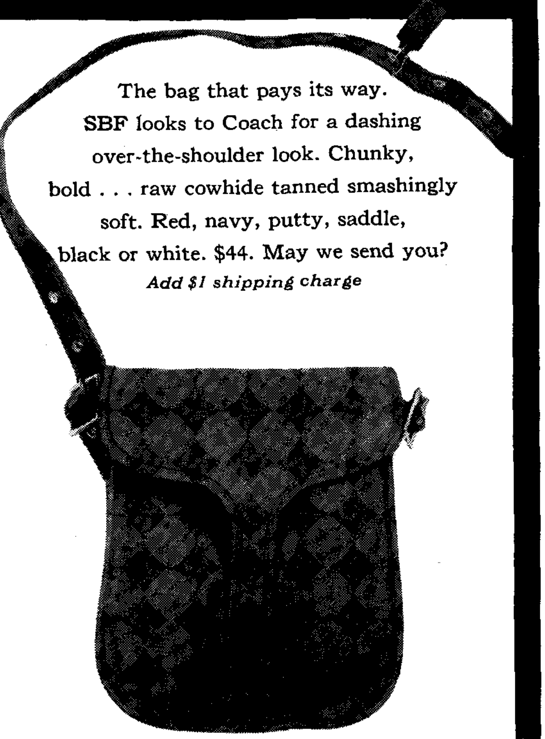

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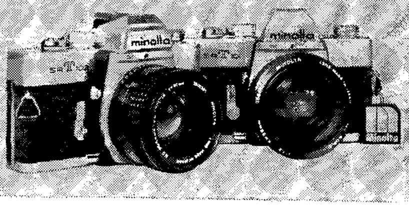

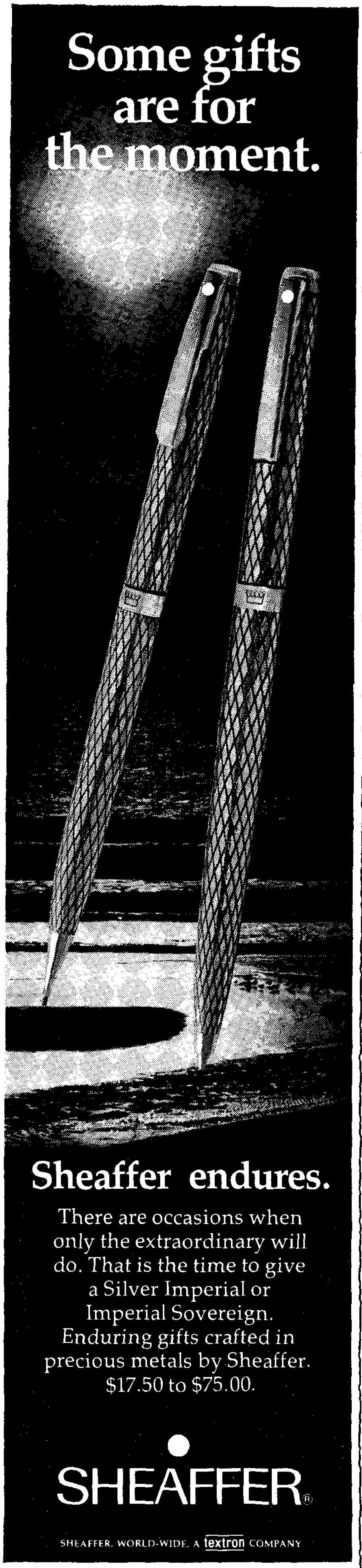

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Sidney Bechet, Hot Lips Page, Sandy Williams, Max Kaminsky, Russell, and several unidentifiable musicians are roaring through the invariable Ryan's finale, "Bugle Call Rag;" Sidney Bechet, leaning against a piano, and Sid Catlett, enthroned at a snare drum, jamming backstage; Artie Shaw, Duke Ellington, and an unbelievably tiny Chick Webb playing at a party; that fine, short-lived 1944 band of Davison, Rod Cless, Williams, James P., and Kaiser Marshall; and Condon the impresario, hobnobbing with Yul Brynner, Johnny Mercer, Bing Crosby, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Joseph Szigeti, and Rita Hayworth. One wonders, though, why many of the pictures of Condon in his last years were included; they reveal that the party was indeed over.

The Columbia album, designed as a companion to the book, contains twenty-seven numbers recorded between 1927 and 1954. They are meant to illuminate the musical world that Condon moved through, and many do. Among these are Louis Armstrong's regal 1931 "Just a Gigolo," with its subtle opening muted solo; two of the wild-eyed Rhythmaker sides done in 1932 by Red Allen, Russell, and Singleton ("Shine on Your Shoes" and "Yellow Dog Blues"); a good 1936 Bunny Berigan ("That Foolish Feeling"); a number from Condon's first recording date ("Sugar"), done in 1927, with Jimmy McPartland, Frank Teschemacher, Bud Freeman, Joe Sullivan, and Gene Krupa, that is notable for the closing ensemble, which, with its accidental mélange of keys, may be the first atonal passage in jazz; a previously unissued take of Freeman's excited 1933 "The Eel;" and one of the extended numbers ("Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives to Me") recorded in 1954 for George Avakian by two driving Condon bands working in tandem. Some of the nonsense on the rest of the record is pretty funny—in particular, vocals by Condon ("Indiana"), Johnny Mercer, Bing Crosby, and one Danny Stewart, who sings "Marie" in Hawaiian. Condon, a good rhythm guitarist, is on just nine sides, but he isn't audible most of the time anyway.

The Atlantic album consists of twenty-four sides made for Commodore in 1938 and 1939. The first twelve are by three Condon bands, and delights abound. There are Pee Wee Russell's long, languorous, breaking-ground solo in "Love Is Just Around the Corner" (his rhythmic and melodic departures here are still singular); Hackett's already immaculate, hymnlike work in a slow "Jada;" Russell, Hackett, Jack Teagarden, and Jess Stacy in "Embraceable You," "Diane," and the pell-mell "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland;" the great, kicking drumming of Dave Tough in the opening choruses of "Tappin' the Commodore Till" (one of the few times Tough comes through clearly on records); and Russell's shaded, falling-away solo in "Sunday." The remainder of the album is given over almost wholly to a Bud Freeman trio that involves Stacy and George Wettling. Stacy is a marvel, notably in "You Took Advantage of Me," "Three's No Crowd," "Blue Room," and "I Don't Believe It." He manages to slide under Wettling's heavy, footling drumming, and his ingenious accompanying makes Freeman's jouncing solos sound inspired.

DECEMBER 22ND: Blossom Dearie has finally found a home. It is in the Gallery, a small, elegant room (beams, glass globes, marble-topped tables) a few steps up from the vestibule of the Sign of the Dove. The room is not perfect. Heavy drapes are used in place of doors, and so there is an almost steady trickle of merriment from the surrounding rooms. But it is probably the best place she has worked in New York. She sits behind an upright with her back to a mirrored wall, and tonight she sang, among other things, the Bernstein-Comden-Green "Lucky to Be Me," Simon-and-Garfunkel's delightful "Fifty-ninth Street Bridge" (better known as "Feelin' Groovy"), and Cy Coleman's "It Amazes Me" and "When in Rome." She appeared radiant and peaceful, and every nuance and inflection shone as well.

DECEMBER 24TH: Rose Murphy, the genial, shy Betty Boop singer and pianist, has followed Nellie Lutcher into Barney Josephson's Cookery, as she followed her into his Café Society Downtown more than twenty-five years ago, and the contrast is just as startling. Nellie Lutcher's whooping, brass-bed voice and down-home Earl Hines piano are primeval; her declamatory style and intense rhythmic drive go back to the beginnings of her music, and, like all unimpeachable links to the past, she is mesmerizing. Rose Murphy is a funny, often joyous offshoot of Nellie Lutcher. Her piano, though also derived from Earl Hines and Fats Waller, is soft and downy and rounded, and her mini-soprano is embroidered with ceaseless "chi-chi"s, trills, and miscellaneous sound effects (ticking sounds in "Time on My Hands"). Unlike Nellie Lutcher, she is old-fashioned, and listening to her bumping "Summertime,"

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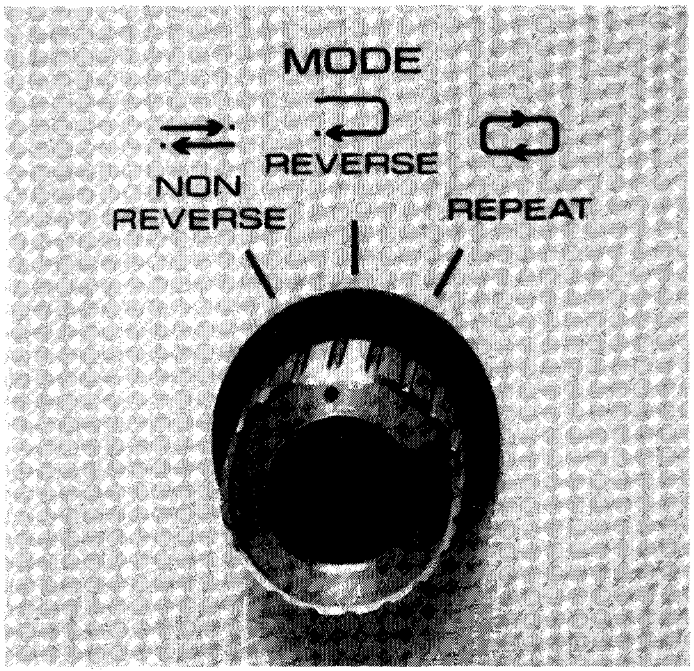

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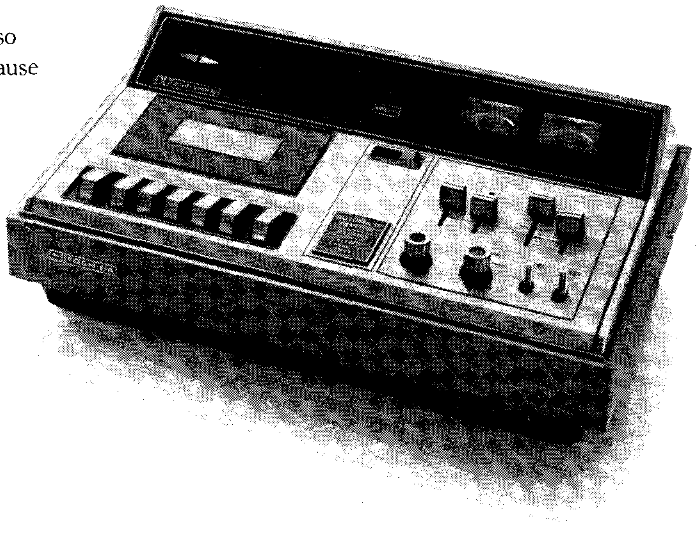

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her squeaking "Three Little Words," her trilling "Cecilia," and her fluttering "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" recalled a clever maiden aunt tootling the songs of her childhood.

JANUARY 4TH: Hard on the heels of Martin Williams' generally excellent "The Smithsonian Collection of Classic Jazz" has come Columbia's huge survey of the music. It consists of no fewer than thirty-one albums (the Smithsonian's has six), which contain almost four hundred and fifty numbers (the Smithsonian's has eighty-six), ranging from kindergarten efforts in the early twenties by Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington and Sidney Bechet to the work in the sixties of Armstrong and Miles Davis and George Benson. This omnibus goes under the strange title of "Aimez-Vous le Jazz," or "Do You Like Jazz," for it was apparently prepared in France by Henri Renaud. It is a highly uneven, non-comprehensive collection, and the packaging is minimal. The album covers are heavy glossed paper and the sporadic liner notes are inconclusive. And the sound is come-as-you-are (several of the rarer numbers have been transferred directly from scratched, cracked 78s). The discographical aspects are a maze. Some of the material had gone out of print. Some that had been reissued had again vanished. Some had never been reissued. And some had never been brought out at all. (This refers only to American releases, and does not take into account the frenzied pirating now going on here.) Among the more familiar efforts are Art Tatum's superlative 1949 California concert (Volume 2); sixteen Charlie Christian-Benny Goodman numbers, one of which ("The Sheik of Araby") has never been reissued (Volume 3); the guitarist George Benson's first Columbia record (Volume 19); seven of King Oliver's 1923 sides (Volume 21); two Miles Davis albums from the fifties and sixties (Volumes 1 and 17); and two volumes of live Benny Goodman trio and quartet numbers (Volumes 7 and 15). Far less familiar are four selections done by Sidney Bechet in 1938 with the baritone saxophonist Ernie Caceres, who provides a rooting, basso-profundo alter-voice to Bechet's soaring (Volume 4); Duke Ellington's "Liberian Suite" and "A Tone Parallel to Harlem" (Volume 6); eleven of Teddy Wilson's earliest piano solos, done between 1935 and 1937 and never reissued before (Volume 8); sixteen 1939-41 Cab Calloway big-band numbers, also never reissued, that are resplendent for some early I-*think*-I-

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know-where-I'm-going Dizzy Gillespie solos, Chu Berry's runneth-over tenor saxophone, and Cozy Cole's flawless, boxy drumming (Volume 10); the historic numbers Armstrong and Bechet made in 1924 and 1925 (Volume 14), a collaboration that, unfortunately, was tried only once more, in 1940; a spirited Fats Waller stew from 1922, 1929, and 1931-32 and including four more of the above-mentioned Red Allen-Pee Wee Russell Rhythmaker sides, several bumptious numbers by a Ted Lewis band that included Muggsy Spanier, Benny Goodman, and Bud Freeman, and three rolling selections with Jack Teagarden (Volume 18); sixteen Duke Ellington big- and small-band sides from 1947 and 1951, among them "Three Cent Stomp" (winner of the Pun of the Year Award in '47) and a rocking blues, "Hy'a Sue" (Volume 20); fourteen 1929 and 1930 numbers by the Luis Russell band, which had Red Allen and J. C. Higginbotham and possibly the first genuinely swinging rhythm section in jazz (Volume 22); three brilliant early Gil Evans arrangements, done in the late forties for Claude Thornhill's unique big band (Volume 27); thirty-two Ellington tunes from the middle to the late twenties, among them both takes of the affecting, mysterious "Black and Tan Fantasy," in which the avant-garde Jabbo Smith replaced Bubber Miley (Volume 29); and no fewer than four LPs (Volumes 23, 25, 26, and 28) of Louis Armstrong in the twenties, accompanying such singers as Maggie Jones, Nolan Welsh, Clara Smith, Sippie Wallace, Hociel Thomas, Bertha Chippie Hill, Blanche Calloway, Victoria Spivey, and Lillie Delk Christian, the last of whom not even Armstrong, who is herculean throughout, can heft.

Some of the most precious material in the Columbia collection has been assembled in three LPs. The first offers four tantalizing glimpses of Django Reinhardt, jamming in Paris in 1945 with such Americans as Joe Shulman, Ray McKinley, and Mel Powell (Volume 12). The second, given over to Coleman Hawkins, includes all the Chocolate Dandies sides made in 1930 with Jimmy Harrison, Benny Carter, and Bobby Stark, the ten graceful numbers Hawkins and Red Allen recorded in 1933, and the two fine, winging ones Hawkins did in 1941 with Count Basie's big band (Volume 31). The third LP is fascinating. On it are alternate takes of three Basie small-band classics—the 1936 "Shoe Shine Boy" and the 1939 "Dickie's Dream" and "Lester Leaps In." They are

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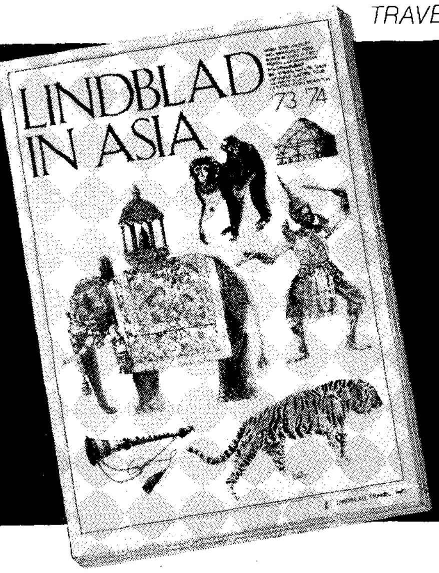

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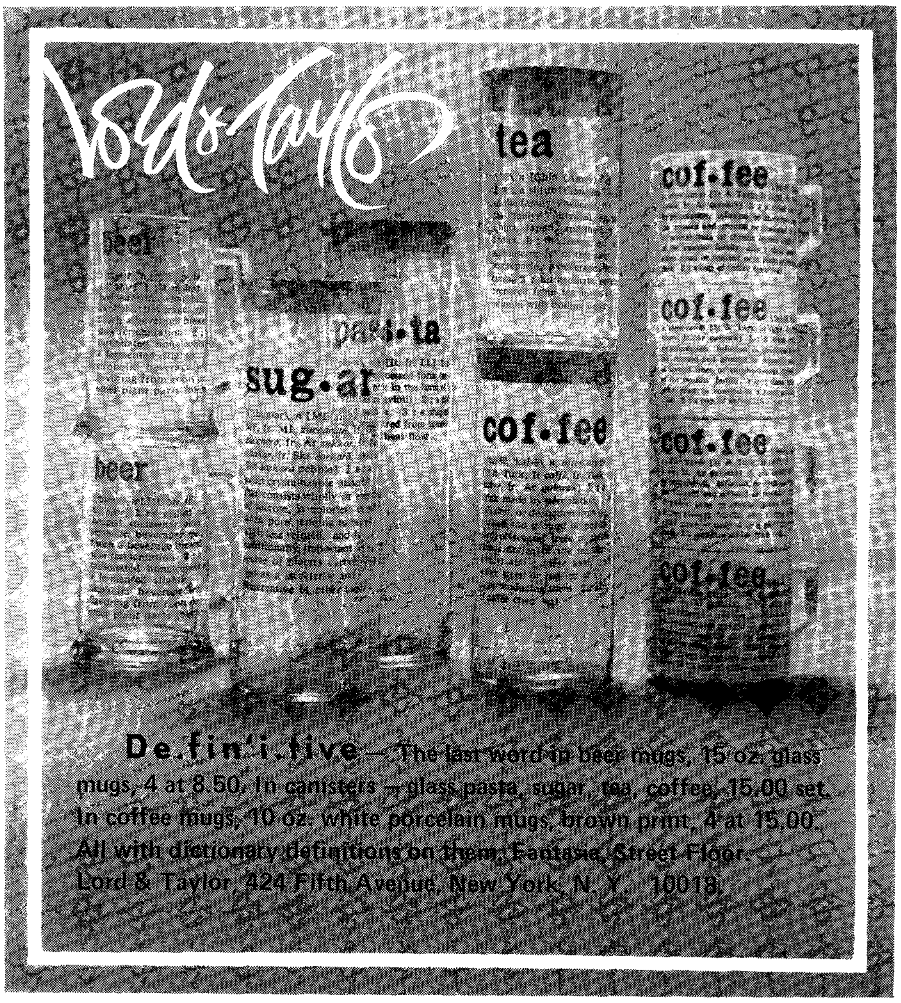

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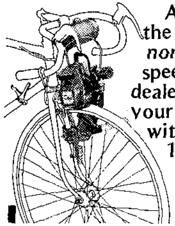

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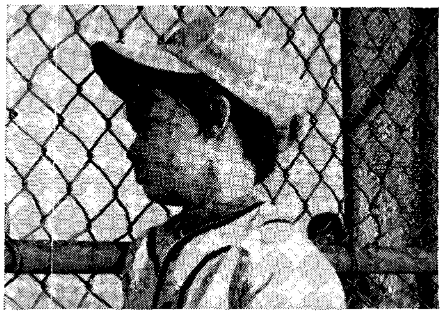
easily as rewarding as the takes first released. Also on this LP are six of the oddest records ever made. Lee Castle is on trumpet, Lester Young on tenor saxophone and clarinet, Glenn Hardman on organ, Freddie Greene on guitar, and Jo Jones on drums. Hardman is a two-ton cocktail-lounge organist, but his colleagues envelop him like a school of fish, allowing us to concentrate on their glistening beauties. Young is extraordinary on both his instruments, and his two choruses on tenor in the slow blues match anything he recorded (Volume 24).

The Smithsonian's history is twenty dollars, while the Columbia set lists at around two hundred and twenty dollars, but in this case the records may be bought individually.

JANUARY 6TH: Brooks Kerr, the twenty-two-year-old protégé of Duke Ellington and student of Willie the Lion Smith, has gradually been assembling a band at Churchill's, and it is all but complete. It has strange bedfellows. Paul Quinichette (ex-Basie) is on tenor saxophone, Matthew Gee (ex-Basie and ex-Ellington) on trombone, Francis Williams (ex-Ellington) on flugelhorn, and Sam Woodyard (idem) on drums. It is the sort of loose, simple, swinging group that once was the nucleus of after-hours jam sessions. Quinichette (pronounced "Quinishay") has long held a day job, and it is a pleasure to hear him again. Because of his speaking similarity to Lester Young, he was nicknamed Vice-Prez when he appeared, in the fifties. But Quinichette grew up in the territory bands of the Southwest, and the keening, earthen quality that infuses the playing of so many Southwestern musicians presses steadily to the fore. The skin is Young but the stuffing is Herschel Evans and Buddy Tate. That was noticeable this afternoon at Churchill's (the band plays Sunday afternoons as well as several nights a week) when Quinichette delivered Evans' anthem, "Blue and Sentimental." His tone was sombre, and there were handwrought bent notes, low-register booms, and abrupt high exclamations. It was the sort of naked lyrical performance that Young could never have lowered his cool for. It was equally fine to hear Woodyard, who has been out West for a long time. He is a deceptive drummer. When he was with Ellington, his gangling looseness gave the impression that he might fall off his drum stool or commit some musical atrocity. But his insouciance hides a subtle drive and precision. His foot-pedal work is sparing and clean, as are



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his fills on the snare drum, and his cymbal work pushes. He listens, and he has immaculate time. Williams was also a surprise. He is not known for his solo work, but he has a pure tone and a gentle, quiet, Shorty Baker attack, which was especially impressive in "Solitude." Gee is a good if somewhat congested trombonist who recalls Bennie Green, and he had an excellent turn in "Sophisticated Lady," played in honor of Harry Carney, who dropped by to check on everyone's deportment. Brooks Kerr is an engaging stride pianist, and he kept everything together—the son leading his spiritual fathers.

FEBRUARY 2ND: Mary Lou Williams has been filling in at the Café Carlyle for Bobby Short, and seeing her in such genteel surroundings is like being served steak at a garden party. She has been playing with great strength and invention in the past couple of years, and she was again tonight. She was also, I suspect, tipping her hat at her surroundings, for she chose straight-away tunes she does not ordinarily play—"The Man I Love," "My Funny Valentine," "Temptation," "Love for Sale," and "The Surrey With the Fringe on Top." After obeisance to the melody, each of them took on a driving, blues quality, and it was business as usual. Her admirers should not be frightened away by the moneyed air of the Café, which has a five-dollar cover but is no more expensive than the Half Note. And the generous drinks are cheaper.

FEBRUARY 8TH: No one appears to know whether Mabel Mercer, who remains the queen of American popular singing, will be brought back to the St. Regis Room, where for the past couple of years she had once more become an essential and marvellous New York institution. The St. Regis is needlessly diminishing its long-elegant image. It is also diminishing our lives.

Blossom Dearie, it turns out, no longer has a home, either. Her stand at the Gallery has ended, and she is again at liberty. Therefore, a thought: She and Mabel Mercer, spelling each other in the St. Regis Room (it fits them both admirably), would be an irresistible, restorative draw.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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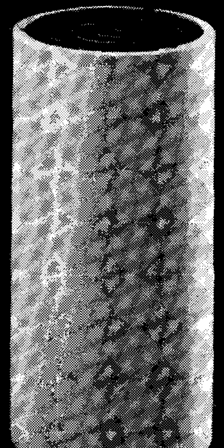

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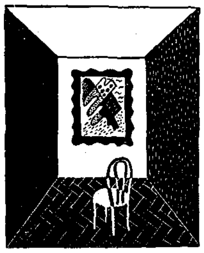
THE ART WORLD

Duchamp: Public and Private

WITH his current retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art of more than two hundred pieces, a three-hundred-and-fifty-page illustrated catalogue, and the concurrent distribution of his notes, diagrams, and observations ("Salt Seller: The Writings of Marcel Duchamp," published by the Oxford University Press), knowledge of Duchamp has reached a plateau on which it is likely to remain for some time. Indeed, there is an inclination to believe that all relevant material has been rounded up. "I have tried to add something to what has been said about Duchamp," writes Matta, one of his most basically indebted disciples, "but I think that everything has already been said." Another invitation for everyone henceforth to hold his peace is issued by Rauschenberg, a mimic of Duchamp's bearding of the Mona Lisa: "Marcel Duchamp is all but impossible to write about"—though this does not prevent Rauschenberg from adding that to think of Duchamp makes him feel "sweet" inside. Lucy Lippard's contribution to the catalogue—a clever collation of bits of literature gathered from farfetched sources to accompany such celebrated Duchampiana as the bottle rack, the snow shovel, and the birdcage containing lumps of marble sugar—carries the threat of ridicule to those still tempted to discover new deep meanings in these "creations." Given such evidences of satiety, the Duchamp dossier should now be closed. Or, as Michel Sanouillet, co-editor of "Salt Seller," puts it, "A myth has been built around that [Duchamp's] existence and that work, and the authenticity of the factors which serve to support the myth is less important than the collective state of mind which gave birth to it." Five years after his death, Duchamp is no longer represented by the sum of his own acts and ideas; instead, he has been dissolved into public fantasizing. If one is to follow Sanouillet, Duchamp is now a sociological problem, on the same level of inquiry as, say, how Nixon came to be reëlected—the problem of analyzing the process by which a public image is imposed on an individual life, like a lion mask on a ballet dancer, and makes the individual inaccessible and, ultimately, even irrelevant. How long has it been since "the real Duchamp" was in a position to decide what he wished to contribute to that which Breton called "the great modern legend" of Duchamp?



To a greater extent than that of any of his contemporaries, Duchamp's career—after the scandal-success of "Nude Descending a Staircase" at the New York Armory Show in 1913, when he was twenty-five—took place on the stage of public opinion; his insistence in later statements and interviews that the public, not the artist, decides what is art was a literal description of his own coming into being as a renowned art-historical personage fabricated by the eccentric mechanisms of myth-making. It was because he was so securely pinned under the eye of his audience after his arrival in New York in 1915 as a celebrated representative of the farthest outpost of vanguardism that he found it desirable to play a part in the vaudeville of the modern-art cultural takeover and then to go "underground" thirty years later in order to create an absolutely secret work, "Given: 1. The Waterfall, 2. The Illuminating Gas," during the last two decades of his life. The division between public and private, experienced by all artists in a free society, was for him sharpened to the utmost degree—there was the art-world comedian and the Symbolist, note-making visual-verbal poet of the closed room. Thus it became possible to consider that even while he was alive he existed completely in the mirror of what was said about him. Picasso is undoubtedly at least equal to Duchamp as an art-world presence, but when one thinks of Picasso there is a strong inflection toward the objectively interrelated mass of his creations, whereas in regard to Duchamp the works are reflected in the changing silhouette of their creator. Every Duchamp piece is a piece of Duchamp, and derives its meaning from the spectator's total impression of the artist.

It is natural, therefore, that the Duchamp retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art, organized in collaboration with the Philadelphia Museum of Art, where the exhibition was presented last fall, should have less the character of an art show than of a display of mementos celebrating a hero and his deeds. A good portion of the exhibition can be described as straight publicity or myth-building. A long corridor leading to the exhibits is placarded with Duchamp memorabilia of the past sixty years. The catalogue and the exhibition itself go back eighty years, to include a photograph of him at the age of one; photographs of him with his artist-brothers and with friends and colleagues of different periods (Breton, Man Ray, Brancusi, Picabia, Alfred Barr, Peggy Guggenheim, Richard Hamilton, John Cage); several photographs of his studio, of him in numerous disguises and with a star cut out of the hair on the back of his head, of him on the stage, of him playing chess with a naked girl, taking the air at a chess table in Washington Square Park, of his installations of historic Surrealist exhibitions, drawings, paintings, and sculptures of him or referring to him, by artists from Miró and Pevsner to Nakian, Florine Stettheimer, and Tinguely. Among self-testimonials in the exhibition are photographs by Man Ray of Duchamp as a devil, with horns and a beard of shaving soap, imprinted on his profit-sharing Monte Carlo bonds, of his false check to his dentist, of Duchamp as Rrose Sélavy on a bottle of toilet water.

To fill out the myth-making of the exhibition, an extraordinary catalogue has been assembled by Anne d'Harnoncourt, of the Philadelphia Museum, and Kynaston McShine, of the Modern. It covers every event, almost every moment, of Duchamp's life after he was fifteen. In addition to the usual introductory essay, there is an analysis of his intellectual background, of his relation to the machine, of his use of language, of his influence on contemporaries and on artistic descendants—plus symbolic interpretations of "The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even" and of "Given," and an inquest into the fabulous meanings of Duchamp's alter ego, Rrose Sélavy, whom he impersonated in drag. Above all, the catalogue contains "A Collective Portrait of Marcel Duchamp"—comments and appreciations by some sixty painters, poets, composers, dancers, photographers, art dealers. Never has a product been supported by more impressive testimonials.

The Museum of Modern Art apotheosis reflects the appropriation of the Duchamp myth by the official art world. In fact, however, Duchamp is today by no means an object of unanimous veneration. Since their first public appearance, his creations have possessed an inherent capacity to stir up conflict. Sixty years ago, he entered the art world by splitting it, and he still stands in the cleft, wearing a grim smile, as he does in the last photograph in the catalogue—Duchamp peering

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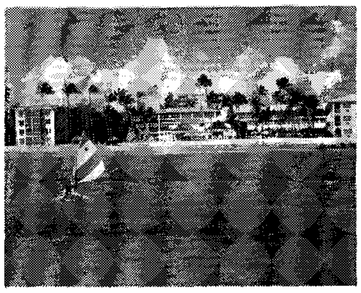

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out like the Sphinx through the parting of a curtain. It would be unusual, of course, for a museum to complete the documentation of a retrospective by reproducing writings of the artist's enemies. In the case of Duchamp, however, the antagonism he arouses is an essential element of his role, and even, if one wishes, of his greatness and profundity. He may be fulfilled as a myth; he is genuinely important as an issue. To situate him in the conflict in which he has been engaged is the only way to draw him back from the otherworld of public relations into the actual history and outlook of art today, and from empty worship of a publicity-swollen Name into appreciation as a force still active in determining the future of culture. The 1913 Armory Show uproar over "Nude Descending a Staircase" was a joining of battle over the emergence of a twentieth-century consciousness in the United States. The scandal of exhibiting clusters of bladelike planes as a human body in motion was matched by the scandal of the bellicose ignorance and smugness of "representatives of the public" with inherited notions of what a work of art should be. Today, Duchamp, as the most potent leftover of radical thinking and practice in art between the two wars, continues to personify the problems of art in modern technological society, and to serve as a reminder that not one of these problems has been solved. For this reason, he remains the primary target of those critics and artists whose interest lies in restoring art to a "normal" continuity with the masterpieces of the past. Fundamentally, the issue is a cultural-political one.

THE case against Duchamp may be sketched as follows:

(1) He is held responsible for leading art off the track of evolutionary advance, which implies that art belongs on a track. Instead of extending the formal potentialities of the Cézanne-Cubist tradition, he deviated into eccentricity; the "Nude" initiated no new developments in painting, and such interest as it has relates to the artist's misguided effort to introduce motion into an essentially static medium, and to its exciting effect upon an uncultivated public. Hence it is contended that Duchamp, far from representing the avant-garde, has been an obstacle to genuine experiment and a reactionary force in the painting of the past half century. He has boasted that he has no use for "good" painting, he has fought against taste, good and bad, and in a message to Alfred Stieglitz he expressed the desire to see people "despise painting." Thus, despite the apologetics of his supporters, he is fundamentally anti-art and a practitioner of aesthetic nihilism. His aggrandizement in the nineteen-sixties is an offshoot of New Leftism.

(2) He has built up the importance of the artist's signature at the expense of his product. For him, as he has several times remarked, the artist ranks higher than the work of art—a concept that opened the door to art-world "stars" whose talent consists in attracting attention to themselves, and who have brought about the degradation of the art object (Warhol), and even its total elimination (Conceptual art). In the Duchamp era, one can exhibit one's own body as a "work of art" or make a record of one's temperature or blood pressure as "information" equivalent to a painting.

(3) In adopting the ready-made, Duchamp has introduced the deadly rival of artistic creation—an object fabricated by machine and available everywhere, an object chosen, as he put it, on the basis of pure "visual indifference," in order to "reduce the idea of aesthetic consideration to the choice of the mind, not to the ability or cleverness of the hand." In the world of the ready-made, anything can become a work of art through being signed by an artist. All particular genres and disciplines become superfluous. The title "artist," no longer conferred in recognition of skill in conception and execution, is achieved by means of publicity.

(4) Duchamp has placed innovative art under permanent suspicion of being a hoax. If in 1913 the "Nude" raised doubts about its seriousness, the ready-mades validated those doubts in regard to the doings and values of the avant-garde. Were the bicycle wheel mounted on a stool, the snow shovel, the dog comb inscribed with "a nonsensical phrase" to be taken seriously as works of art?—especially after the artist had supplied a description of "the characteristics of a true ready-made: no beauty, no ugliness, nothing particularly aesthetic about it." And, if it is not art, what is a ready-made? A provocation? A sacred relic of an art-world personage? Duchamp's masterwork, "The Bride" (or "The Large Glass," as it is also called), with its disparate images, reiterated as fetishes throughout Duchamp's career (the water mill and glider, the chocolate grinder, the clothes dummies, a machine suspended from a cloud that has three square apertures), is not likely to supply confidence in the artist's intentions, which were placed in doubt by "Nude" and the ready-mades. Even Sanouillet, whose worship is unflagging, feels obliged to face the possi-

bility that Duchamp was playing on public credulity: "If it were demonstrated to us that 'The Bride' was only a gigantic put-on, the myth of an enigmatic and infallible Duchamp would only be more alive, and a real and fertile interpretation would be found for that now forever senseless work." The admirers of Duchamp, Sanouillet is saying, are a cult of fanatics, closed to evidence and prepared to build a tower of casuistry upon anything associated with their master—which is exactly what they have been accused of by nonbelievers.

(5) Assuming that it is not a hoax, "The Bride" can be seen as an extended gag not far removed in tone from the visual and verbal wisecracks, often bawdy (for example, the 1968 etchings), that permeate Duchamp's retrospective. Metaphysical symbolism aside, machines and sex are Duchamp's themes from "Nude" onward. Like most artists, he has preferred old machines and imaginary ones to complex, up-to-date technology: one of the few genuinely attractive paintings in the exhibition is the small oil on cardboard entitled "Coffee Mill." "The Bride" translates erotic love into a hookup of fanciful mechanical and chemical operations. It is a variant on slapstick comedy, in which human beings act as if their feelings and movements were controlled by wheels, pulleys, and gases. "The Bride basically is a motor," explains a note in "The Green Box," the collection of writings on "The Bride" which Duchamp issued as a separate work. She is operated through "timid-power," a sort of "automobiline, love gasoline." Another element in "The Bride" is described this way: "A lead weight in the form of a bottle of Benedictine acting normally on a system of cords attached to the chariot, would force it to come from A to B. . . . After having *pulled* the chariot by its fall, the bottle of Benedictine lets itself be raised by the hook C; it falls asleep as it goes up; the dead point wakes it up suddenly and with its head down. It pirouettes, and falls vertically according to the laws of gravity." Rube Goldberg's "The Only Humane Way to Catch a Mouse" is a machine-composition contemporary of "The Bride," and the vertical cloud in it has much the shape of the horizontal one in the upper half of Duchamp's creation. There is also a resemblance in the explanatory text—in this case, appended below the drawing: "Magic lantern (A) throws picture of piece of swiss cheese on screen (B)—mouse, mistaking picture for real thing, jumps at screen and falls in rowboat (C)—he

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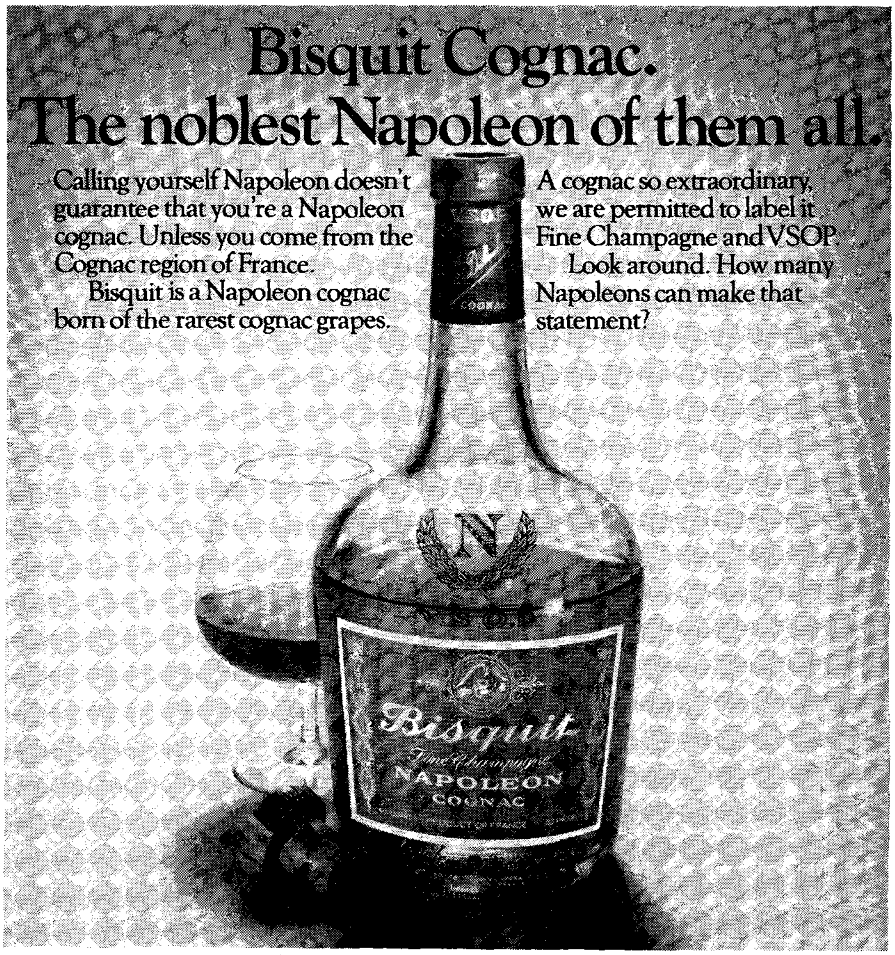

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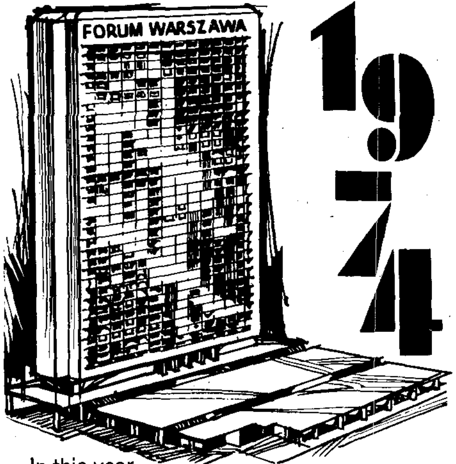

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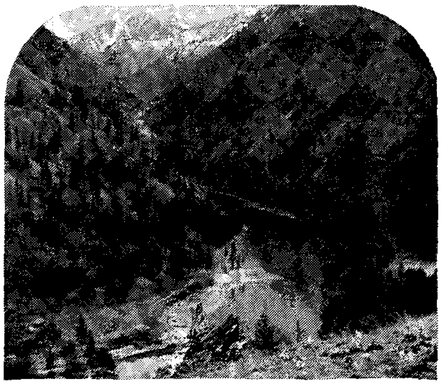
rows around in tub until he gets seasick and wants to end his suffering—he jumps overboard and lands in can of yeast (D)—mouse has high fever which causes yeast to rise and lift him to steel plate (E)—his head presses against steel until he gets softening of the brain and goes crazy—he thinks he is a stream of water. . . ." ("Rube Goldberg: His Life and Work," by Peter C. Marzio; Harper & Row.)

THE devil with horns and beard of lather is held accountable for the chaos and frivolousness in which art *has finally lost its definition*, become "random and accidental," "neutral" (without interest to the artist or spectator), and Conceptual (bodiless). The criticisms I have enumerated are not of equal weight; some are more difficult to answer than others, and the conflict over Duchamp probably cannot be resolved. It is likely, however, that his attitudes were less a cause of the present situation than a response to a deep perception of it. His rejection of taste, for example, is related not only to his observation that taste leads to *mechanical repetition in choosing* but to the meaninglessness—in the absence of a social élite—of choice based on taste. The idea of a one-person authority on taste is no less absurd than Mona Lisa with a mustache. To a "vanguard" that restricts itself to form in painting and is content to accept the existing cultural situation, Duchamp's denial of values based on the characteristics of any particular genre (color, to name one) is an important affirmation that a vanguard must deal with basic cultural forces; for example, the replacement of the craftsman by the machine. Duchamp's denigration of art, his equalizing it with urinals and dog combs, was a matter of principle; he was determined that art should not be overestimated and that the "art habit" should not produce the reactions of blank solemnity that had once been associated with religion. Composing enigmas is as valid a medium as painting, and probably as venerable. Duchamp the comedian was an aspect of his philosophy of aesthetic deflation. He must have realized—and the Philadelphia-MOMA retrospective has confirmed this—that his most hopeless undertaking was to try to induce the art world not to take art too seriously. His pseudonyms (Sélavy, Mutt), like those of Kierkegaard, were intended not to conceal identity but to advertise that for certain works one had to invent authors of a certain kind. With his lean, resigned features and inward-turned look, Duchamp was a kind of French



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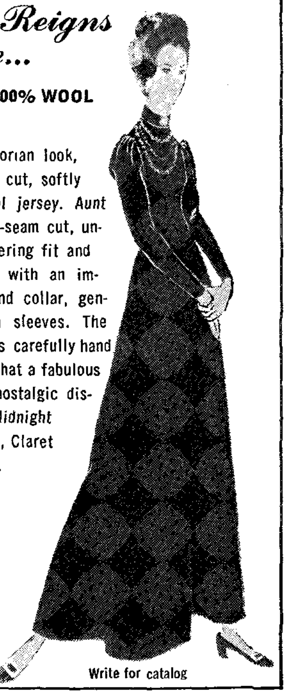

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Buster Keaton; that is, a self-conscious Buster with an ironic theory of history. Like Keaton, he was often passive and moved around by others and by circumstances. Being something of a schoolboy is intrinsic to Dada, with its hostility to middle-class and professional (grownup) postures of dignity. Would it, for example, have been possible for him to refuse to be photographed playing chess with a naked girl? After all, the theme of his most famous work was stripping, and Picasso, too, in his last great series of etchings, had become a Dirty Old Master. Fun and Eros were to the reticent Duchamp qualities as necessary to art as clarity was to Mondrian. Henri-Pierre Roché, an old friend, said that Duchamp's "finest work is his use of time." Yes, but that fine use includes wasting it. A Dadaist cannot be too concerned about how he manages his life. He cannot hoard it, and must let it amble at random; the only consistent program he is allowed is keeping free of chains.

Duchamp accepted almost any means to pay his way (he even functioned briefly as an art critic) except that of becoming a professional artist. Enslavement by art, he was convinced, is no different from enslavement by other tyrannies of work. On this path his disciples refused to follow him, thus separating themselves from him on the central issue of art as the unlimited practice of freedom ("I believe," he said to James Sweeney, "that art is the only form of activity in which man as man shows himself to be a true individual"). With his friends and enemies combined in pursuit of professional goals, Duchamp emerges neither as hero nor as wrecker but as the ruminant and solitary note-taker engaged in the constant circling—to bring his past into focus with his imagination—that produced "The Bride," "Valise," and "Given." He did not change the situation of art, but he did explore with the most realistic acuity what art could be, and could not be, in the twentieth century—thus what it was possible for the artist to create without falsifying himself. —HAROLD ROSENBERG

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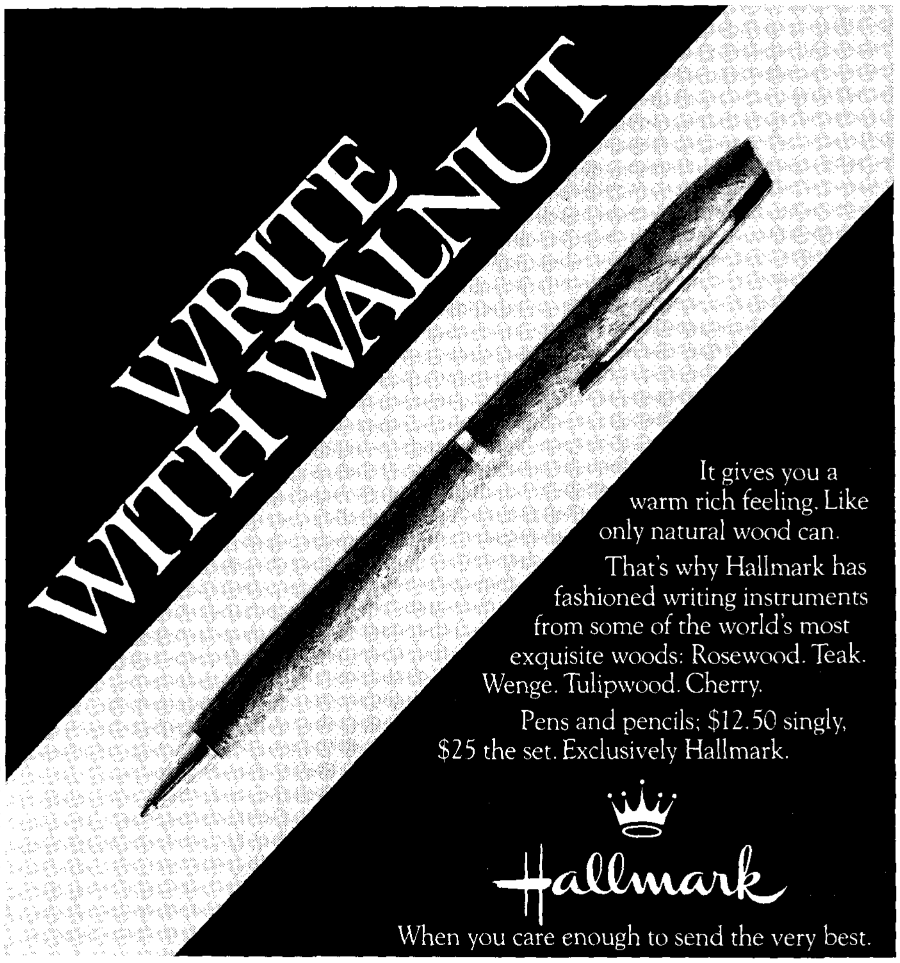

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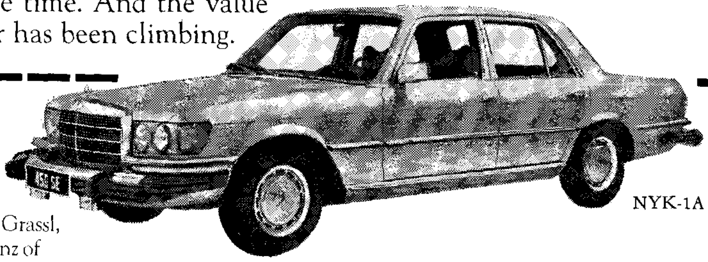

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THE new Biba department store, in London, has deservedly been described as the most exciting store in the world, and it is also a place of multifarious ironies. One of them is that an establishment counted among the forerunners and scant survivors of the wave of trendy young boutiques of the sixties, and one of the most consistently influential, should choose to make its move to adult quarters now, just when older department stores have nearly worn themselves out dividing up their acreage into imitation boutiques. Barbara Hulanicki and her husband, Stephen Fitz-Simon, the creators of Biba, opened their first little shop nearly ten years ago, and with it set in motion revolutionary changes in the way shops and girls—then, in time, men, children, and houses—looked, both in Britain and the whole world. Among these changes were semi-darkness and near-deafening music in shops; a new appreciation of such "muddy" colors as mauve, black, brown, puce, rose, purple, blue-gray, gray, and rust; and the spread of these "Biba colors" to unexpected surfaces—through cosmetics to eyelids, lips, and fingernails, and through paints and paper to the walls of bathrooms and bed-sitting rooms. The staidest provincial living rooms in England are hung with mushroom-shaped, Biba-Edwardian lampshades in naughty satins and velvets that drip with shivering fringe like lanterns in a gypsy fortune-teller's booth. Virtually singlehandedly, Biba kept the idea of hats alive for the young and put everybody into boots. The Biba Look and derivations of it gave much to the Pre-Raphaelite air that marked British fashion so strongly in the late sixties. And the style of the old Biba shops—with a wealth of peacock feathers, potted palms in brass spittoons, and neo-ecclesiastical wood panelling—played a great part in the wide popularization both of Victorian clutter and of Art Nouveau curves. With its latest move, and without entirely shedding its allegiance to the combination of music hall and mosque that made its name, Biba has progressed enough in time to encompass the nineteen-twenties and thirties, and is now proceeding to open unprecedented numbers of eyes to the joys of all things Art Deco.

The new Biba also performs the valuable service of raising fundamental questions about what a department store should be. Is it not, as a public place, a unique synthesis of promenade, living theatre, movie palace, gallery, and classroom of taste as well as marketplace? Why is it, when all this vitality is possible, that so many of the department stores everywhere are so wretchedly dull? Most establishments give more thought to things in stock than to people passing through, and feel that the role of management is catering to the most timid common denominator of taste. With a predictable banality not unmixed with envy, department-store minds more conventional than those at Biba have sneered at its elaborately fanciful décor and the spaciousness of its marble halls, claiming that only the customary counters laden with goods can bring profits, and that generous aisles are wasted space. The Fitz-Simons positively relish this tedious criticism, and have long been pleased to swim against the mercantile tide. They believe that people quite as much as the things they might buy attract other people to stores, and that a lively, congenial crowd—a group well disposed, incidentally, to spending money—will be drawn to an amusing and even controversial setting. The belief in the significance of people is such in the new Biba that the space next to the ground-floor windows—a part of the building that would generally be dedicated to displays of goods intended to serve as "magnets" to passersby—is given over to the comfort of customers who have already committed themselves to Biba's portals, and who are encouraged to wait for friends or read their newspaper on a sofa from a nineteen-twenties Pullman car in the shade of a potted palm. In a more mature exchange between management and customer than is usual, both parties at Biba contribute more to the experience of shopping, and they expect more of each other. The shop lays its own lively, eccentric, fantastical, and sometimes even disturbing taste on the line, and makes unmistakable demands on the customer's judgment and emotions. The décor—particularly on the main floor and in the Rainbow Room restaurant—takes a lot of living up to. The vivid images of Busby Berkeley's sequinned choruses fanning out kaleidoscopically from behind Biba's mirrored islands of display, or of Fred Astaire and Miss Rogers whirling down the aisles, conjured up by normally pedestrian journalists at the opening of the new Biba attest to its stimulus. To some early visitors to the store, though, it seemed a disagreeable, vaguely threatening stimulus. "Everything looks like an imitation of something," one shopper complained. "It's like a theatrical set with nobody to watch the performance." Controversy is not often associated with department stores, but Fitz-Simon enjoys it. In an invigorating reversal of the anxious ecumenicalism of most department stores, he has said, "Unless we have a large number of peo-

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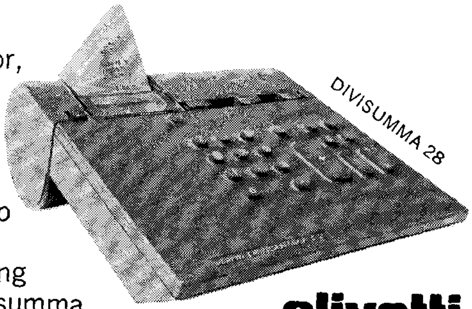

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ple hating us, we can't get people to love us."

THE new Biba is to be found in seven-story department-store premises in Kensington High Street designed for Derry & Toms, the previous occupant, in 1932. The building originated, then, in an epoch when the idea of modernity held a romantic appeal for decorative artists, and when the stylized system of artistic themes expressive of faith in the future showed up in shop design as well as in every other branch of the arts. And in shops, as elsewhere, those themes were carried out with all the benefits of now defunct craftsmanship and luxurious materials. *Building* of May, 1933, said of the original store:

> If we required proof that woman has at last entered her heritage, we should have it in the new store of Derry & Toms at Kensington. It is a monument to her emancipation and a tribute to her influence.

To the Fitz-Simons and to Steve Thomas and Tim Whitmore, the two designers who collaborated with them on the work of conversion—none of them out of their thirties, and all young enough to have artistic sensibilities more tuned to the past than to the future—any traces of the optimism of the building's origin and whatever grace remained to it after years of indifference were touching and exhilarating. In recent years, Derry & Toms, its customers, and the world had deteriorated sadly from the happy state so comfortably discerned by the gentleman from *Building*. By the time it closed its doors, Derry & Toms was reduced to sorely faded glory. Dowdy merchandise, largely ignored by saleswomen and customers alike, lay jumbled around. A stale smell of fish-and-chips clung to the restaurants on the upper floors, where elderly waitresses trudged past with tea-time buns for silent couples in damp mackintoshes. But some part, at least, of the delight in the new, supremely fashionable Biba must derive from contrast with the old, superlatively seedy Derry's. For to the designers of Biba, as to the whole generation who grew up after the war in Britain, faded glory is fertile loam. When they moved into their new home, the Biba team lovingly restored the most distinguished Art Deco of the building. And then they went a stage further and gave it exuberant, exaggerated new life.

The Rainbow Room restaurant, on the fifth floor of the Derry & Toms building (to allot precedence to the focus of Biba sociability), has long been acknowledged by experts to be a gem of period architecture in a class with such masterpieces as the Chrysler Building and Radio City Music Hall. Biba's crew first stripped off layers of ugly paint, whose muddiness was more Army surplus than Biba-like, and repainted in a gently retrospective peach the room's meticulous curves and finely engineered proportions. An oval ceiling rests on oval columns smooth as eggs, and rises in progressively narrower tiers above the heads of the diners, so that they seem to be sitting inside a porcelain jelly mold. Or, rather, to employ an image almost certainly intended by the architect, who was of an era with a passion for streamlining in all forms, from airplanes to borzois, the diners seem to be looking up, with a buckled, hall-of-mirrors perspective, at the pale, stepped decks of an ocean liner. As if the artist had not thoroughly established himself to be a modern-minded man with this reference to Cunarders, he threw in the rainbow. Concealed strips of neon lighting—then in its infancy, and viewed as an artistic medium of dignified potential—in the colors of the spectrum light up each tier of the roof in bands of pale, viscous fire. To all of this found grandeur the Biba people joined their own, more whimsical pomp. They took thousands of yards of pale-peach cut velvet—one of the many exquisite revivals of Art Deco textile patterns commissioned for the new store—and recovered the room's original dining chairs, new banquettes, and plumply curving sofas, where, among more jungle palms and chromium ashtrays on pedestals, a chap can while away the moments when his sugar keeps him waiting. The newcomers installed sparkling lengths of bar-counter, in peach mirror glass pieced together like the prismatic spheres that twirl above dance floors, and trained a bartender in the mysteries of the "Savoy Cocktail Book." Then came the girl in fish-net tights, with her tray of cigarettes; a white grand piano of enormous length, and Sunday-afternoon tea dances; and an army of ebonized lamps shaped like naked nymphs on tiptoe, with globes of light at the end of yearning, outstretched arms. The bank of lifts, another of the distinctive original features of the building, was given the same enthusiastic restoration as the Rainbow Room. The new owners replaced chipped and missing bits in the bronze trelliswork on the glass doors and in the fine woodwork of the interiors, then polished up the bronze panels above them—splendid pieces in the style of Edgar Brandt's fine ironwork, with a quintessentially Deco relief of stylized fountains, soaring birds as stiff as rockets, and spiky, leaping gazelles. And then the lift attendants were dressed up in funny-colored satin shirts, with bow ties so hugely wide that one expects them to start whizzing into propeller motion, like prank-shop neckwear. Some of the lift boys even cry out "Gayohing ahop" with the authentically swooping, Etonian-cockney diphthongs of the prewar Jeevesian school.

One reviewer characterized the process of transformation that went into the new Biba as "turning an Art Deco masterwork into a masterpiece of Art Deco pastiche," but Biba's most irrepressible Art Deco pastiches are in fact not imposed on the restored "masterwork" of the Rainbow Room but created from scratch on the ground floor, where little of the original grandeur remained and all the majesty is Biba's own. It was Biba who installed the sumptuous marble floor in the color of pastel mink, and smooth enough to skate on. At generous intervals in this satiny sea, in the subdued, sepia light to which Biba would have remained faithful even without the present curtailment of power, there loom those islands of display, many of them Art Deco in inspiration. Above a counter selling hat veils, hatpins, embroidered gauntlets, brocade umbrellas, and other singularly Bibaesque trinkets, a ceiling-high, fan-shaped structure of tinted mirror glass lends its imperious facets to the many yards of sparkling images of itself that Biba offers at each turn. A second giant chunky crescent shape in glass, this time in awning tones of white and emerald, holds sway over a flower stall with gaudy banks of real and artificial flowers. A Cubist-patterned carpet runs right up over the counter in the shoe department, much of whose stock still looks made for pert little moppets out of Norman Rockwell covers playing dressing-up games in Mommy's closet. The same Cubist rug clothes the bookstall—a raised nook with maple carpentry and a very *raffiné* selection of works about obscure movies and Japanese screens, and Peter Cheyney in hardback. This corner, a studied reproduction of a private library in the Aldous Huxley years, is described by the Biba team, whose sense of this kind of distinction is keen, as a *deliberate* pastiche. On the ground floor, as on all the others, man-high black loudspeakers, built like nineteen-thirties radios—sometimes even shaped like Aztec temples, with zigzagged lightning flashes across their grilles—feed into the air an even burble of music in a furiously eclectic choice from every decade in living memory. (Perhaps with special emphasis on the palmy days of early rock and roll, when Elvis could drive them wild just by swivel-

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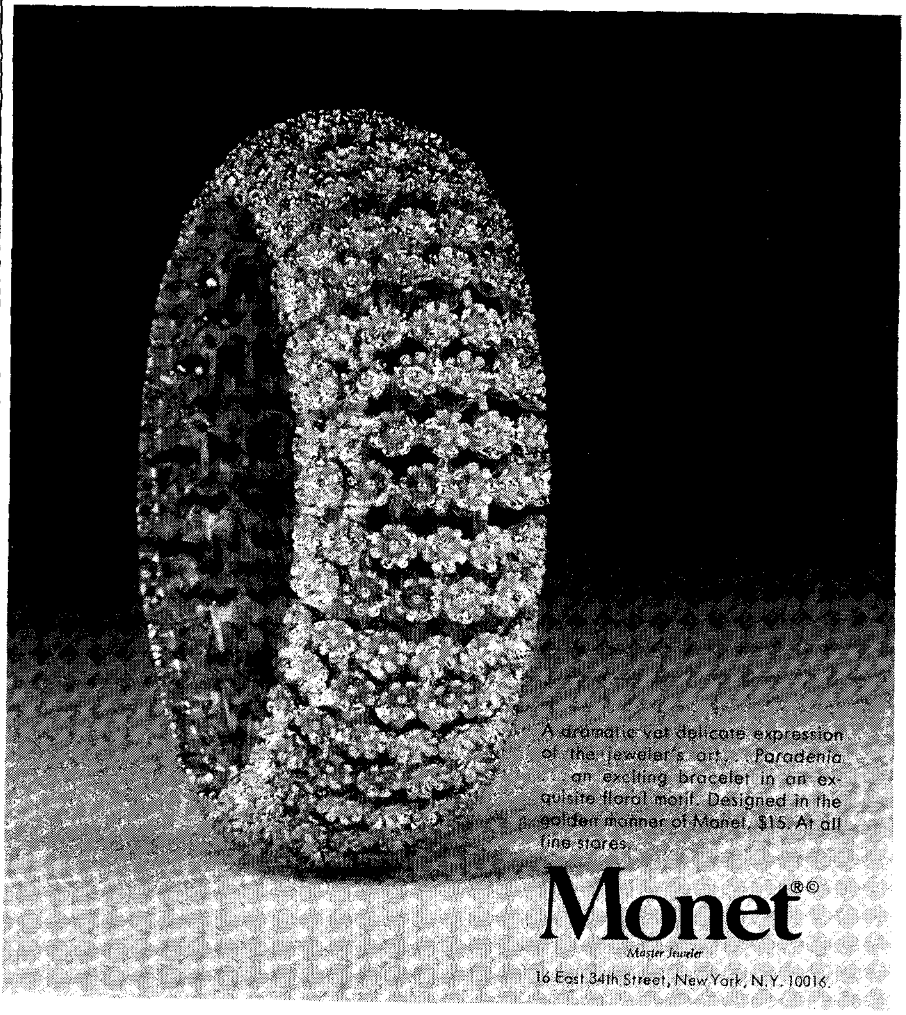
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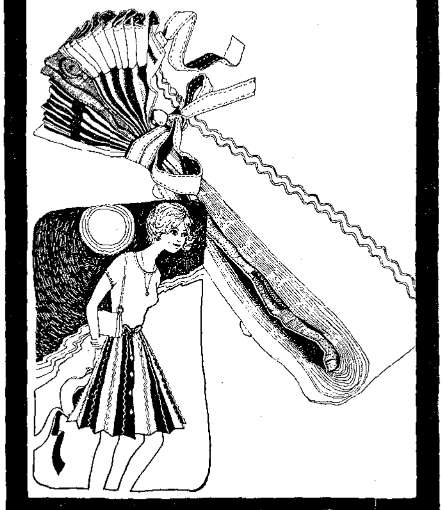

The Country Store of Concord

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ling his knees in baggy trousers as he sang of diamond rings, kisses, and junior-prom infidelities.)

The second floor houses women's clothes, and, as perhaps befits the center of Biba's world, it is fairly straightforward in its décor; or, at least, with its penumbral reaches, dotted by bentwood hatstands hung with hats and clothes, it is familiar to fans of earlier, smaller Biba shops. Biba clothes are designed by Miss Hulanicki—now with some assistance—and they have had an enormous influence on fashion in the past decade. Like much about Biba, they are to be loved or hated, but they are unique. Over the years, they have been fairly consistent in shape—high of armhole, birdlike of chest, often wide of shoulder pad, and often with long skirts that give play to such typically soft materials as crêpe and jersey—and in their inimitable mood, which combines a tongue-in-cheek romanticism, whacky "glamour," and the innocence of a Mabel Lucie Attwell illustration. All this in Biba colors, with shifting hints of the thirties, forties, or fifties, and at prices well within the range of girls in their teens and twenties, who form the hard core of Biba's support. The same distinctive Biba cut, hue, and tone show up in clothes for men, boys, pregnant women, infants, and Lolitas of ten to fourteen, on other floors that abound in witticisms of display. The men's floor is enlivened by such Jazz Age impedimenta as monocles, hair pomade, ankle-length coats of fake raccoon, and top hats, by a bowling alley, and by a boisterously tasteless corner, dubbed The Mistress Room, where an array of erotic female underwear is draped around a leopard-covered bed. A playground atmosphere prevails on the children's floor, where there is a Wild West saloon, a moated castle, a merry-go-round, a snack bar with toadstools to sit on, all scaled down to make children feel at home, and a maternity department with outsize furniture, to make pregnant women feel small. The basement food hall is also a playground of a kind, but a more successful creation because it is designed by adults for adults, and so without the overtones of coyness and patronage that mar the children's floor. Belowstairs, a tall black unit with shelves of crispbreads and grapefruit juice rises in slender reproof beside its shorter, dumpy neighbor, whose shelves groan with pasta and other fattening foods. (Charles Rennie Mackintosh beside Antoni Gaudí, one observer remarked.) The food displayed is made doubly appetizing by the briskness of the setting's wit. The

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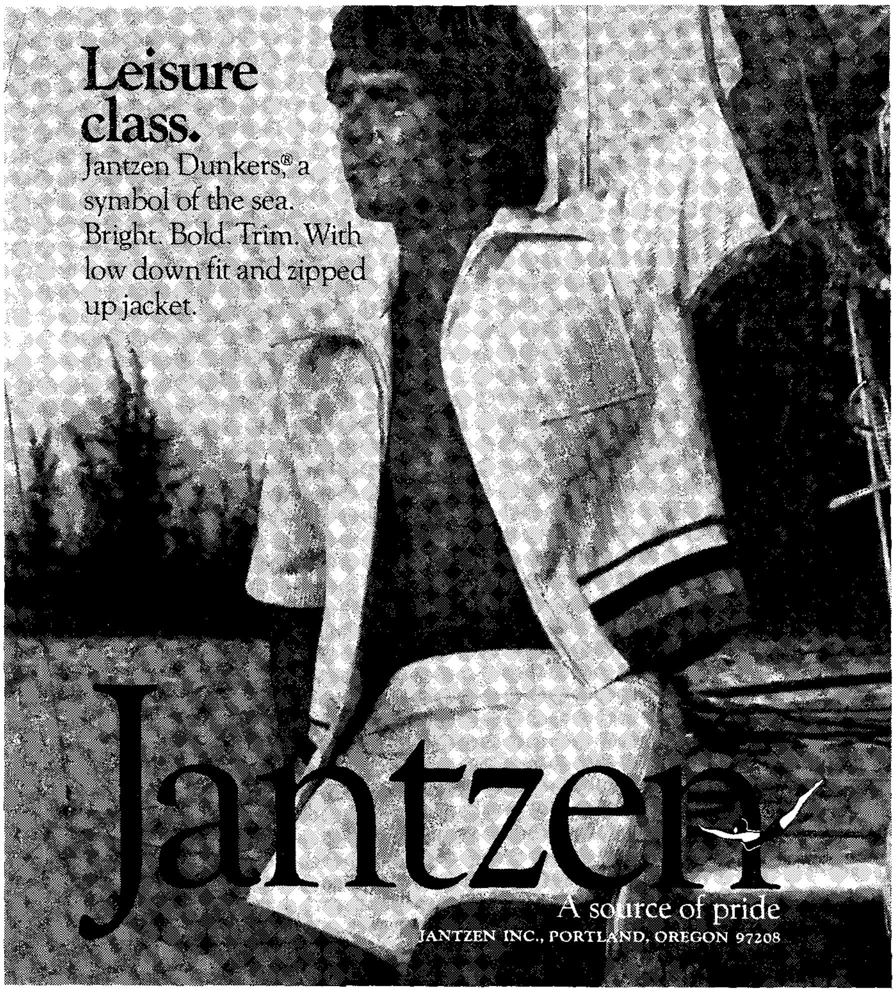
fish counter is in a fishing boat, the wine in a stony cellar like something from an opera set, tinned foods are on shelves inside ten-foot tins, including a familiar red soup tin labelled "Warhol's Condensed." The dog food is on shelves inside a monstrous, crouching replica of the Fitz-Simons' Great Dane.

All of Biba is an exploration of the idea of a department store as entertainment, but it falls to the household floor in particular to investigate the meaning of taste. Not for nothing has this floor been likened to Mae West's broom closet: there is an almost overwhelming gusto in the way it presents what might seem to the uninitiated to be the most abysmal taste. But nothing here should be taken at face value. The onion layers of Biba sensibility are at their densest in this assemblage of household things that have caught the highly evolved, highly idiosyncratic fancy of Miss Hulanicki, whose own taste is especially visible on this floor. Objects have significance beyond mere appearance or convention. Satin sheets, tinfoil wallpaper, ostrich feathers, and all the other tinsel comforts that the Biba follower may dwell on at home as she drinks her cocoa by the gas fire of a shared and drafty flat have special value as the accessories of make-believe. Into Biba's choice of won-at-the-funfair china in gawky floral patterns or glassware straight from the years of postwar rationing there goes a quasi-maternal satisfaction at the rescue of such hitherto unloved, unwanted stuff from certain neglect. An ebullient and passionate enthusiasm for burlesque marks to some extent the choice of each object, and rules completely in the "kitsch rooms," which take their place alongside only slightly more orthodox room sets. In these shrines to camp, some of the more uproariously ghastly household gods of the world beyond the pale of Biba taste—pictures of poodles in 3-D or of the Queen in coronation dress, or clothesbrushes shaped like guitars and ice-cube makers shaped like naked women—are set up to be picked off, more to amuse the crowd and keep them on their toes than for profit. The kitsch rooms also serve to remind those who need reminding after making their way through the rest of Biba that every taste in the world is relative. But then, Biba is an accomplished and flexible juggler of shifting contradictions. At its most impassioned it is somehow most puckish, at its most retrospective most modern, and at its most sophisticated most naïve. And it is the only department store in the world daring enough to offer us life, spoof, and romance, too.

—KENNEDY FRASER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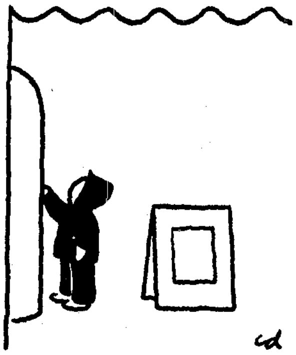
THE CURRENT CINEMA

O Consuella!

“ZARDOZ,” a sci-fi fantasy set in the year 2293, wasn’t an expensive folly, though it looks like one. Written, produced, and directed by John Boorman, and brought in for one million four hundred thousand dollars, it is clearly a labor of love, dedication, technical-effects craftsmanship, and humorless lunacy. Boorman not only doesn’t think like a writer but while directing his own script seems to have forgotten most of what he knows about making movies. It’s possible that, gifted as he is, Boorman doesn’t have much common sense; the characters speak in an abstract manner, delivering pithy observations about the human condition—and they never talk to each other. Boorman skims ideas off the top of various systems of thought and builds a glittering cultural trash pile. “Zardoz” is probably the most gloriously fatuous movie since “The Oscar,” though the passages between the laughs droop. It’s a stately yet cranky vision of a future society dominated by immortal, hyperintelligent women—soulless, heartless, sexless. The men are immortal, too, but, being impotent, they are passive and effete. Together, these Eternals, who protect the science and knowledge of the past, live communally in the Vortex, while in the outlands there are survivors of the old world, slaves called Brutals, who produce grain to supply the Vortex. (For reasons I won’t try to fathom, the bread is green.) A privileged group among the Brutals, the Exterminators, worship a giant flying head called Zardoz; Zardoz furnishes these Exterminators with guns to slaughter the excess population of Brutals. The Exterminators are sexually potent; when one of them, an exceptionally well-endowed physical specimen named Zed (Sean Connery), penetrates the Vortex, those bored intellectual ladies go gaga. Zed, a slave who comes to liberate his masters, is clearly meant to be nature’s answer to the Vortex, and the Vortex starts to fly apart when the erudite ladies get the itch for this virile savage. May, a geneticist (Sara Kestelman), detects his possibilities before the others do. I had begun giggling early on, but it was when May, with her exquisite British articulation, addressed the most austerely intellectual of the ladies (Charlotte Rampling) as “Consuella” that I collapsed in my chair. When the snooty Consuella fights her passion for Zed—the last man in the world, get it?—my mind slithered back to a laughing fit I’d had as a child when I saw Helen Gahagan as H. Rider Haggard’s She. Life in Boorman’s Vortex is discothèque H. Rider Haggard.



The place looks like a Victorian health spa, with the bright green of Ireland (where the film was shot) in the background. The women wear the diaphanous gowns of goddesses, the decadent men look like leftovers from an Egypto-Roman epic, and the cinematographer, Geoffrey Unsworth (“2001,” “Cabaret”), has photographed them in a shimmering, luxuriant style that suggests the paintings buried away in museum basements which are hauled out for Romantic revivals—the style is imitative-pretty-garbage. A prophetess in the middle of a pool might be out of Maxfield Parrish or might be somebody’s stoned daughter at a Palm Springs garden party—it’s all a flowing blur, both a view of élitist decadence and the richest-looking movie Boorman could get for the money.

Beefy naked, Sean Connery traipses around in a loincloth that looks like a snood; his long, dangling hair is neatly tied, though at times he seems to be wearing a snood on his head, too. What is the actor who rejected the pasha’s riches that went with the role of James Bond doing here playing the only potent man at the discothèque? He seems to be asking himself the same question; he acts like a man who agreed to do something before he grasped what it was. He hangs in there stolidly, loyally, his face saying, “I’m wrong, but I’ll do it.” There are times when his expression—a mixture of irony and incredulousness (“Am I turning into Charlton Heston?”)—brings the house down. In the picture’s wittiest scene, the hoity-toity ladies perform electronic tests on this lower order of being to find out what stimulates him sexually; their swank blue movies don’t have the slightest effect, but when they stop the picture show he looks at Consuella and the chart readings soar. If electronic readings had been taken on audiences over the last few years, Charlotte Rampling would probably be a star by now. She’s tantalizingly sexy, but she never seems to be used *right*. She always shows flashes, but she never delivers, and it’s still the same here; she seems like Jeanne Moreau before “The Lovers.” Maybe she has never got the right role, or maybe there isn’t any right way to use her: the gimlet eyes and sensual hauteur may be all the personality she’s got.

Science-fiction movies always sound faintly silly; people never know how to talk in made-up worlds, and they usually sound abjectly prosaic. Boorman has a vital, humor-filled star and a cool-witch actress, but he gives them unspeakable dialogue and he deadens their impact by post-syncing. Boorman must have a tin ear for what live sound does for a performance. No doubt he gains greater mobility and visual freedom by not worrying about the sound until afterward, but he destroys any possible conviction the actors could supply. Their speech is strained and distant, so you can’t tell whether something is deliberately funny or whether it’s an unintentional *gaffe*. The actors lose their vividness. It’s like watching a dubbed Italian spectacle on TV: it’s all tinged with boredom.

And pomposity. Everybody is entitled to a certain amount of craziness, but John Boorman may have exceeded the quota. There has never been anything like the sanctimonious slaughter scene in this movie—a scene based on the obscenely foolish notion that the Eternals are being butchered as a favor to them. Is Boorman actually saying that this static, élitist communal society is where we’re heading? And is he really saying that the world needs a male savior, a new Adam to reëstablish the masculine principle in a world gone effete? After the destruction of the Vortex, Zed-Adam and his Consuella-Eve begin to replenish the earth; she gives birth to a son and, having accomplished all that’s necessary, they ripen, age, and die. Presumably, the next Eve will have to come out of the son’s rib all over again—unless he locates a descendant of May or her girl friends (also impregnated by Zed), who rode off on horseback when the other Eternals met their bloody deaths. Boorman wants the world to go back and start on the same course for the second time. He seems to think we’ve got away from being dominated by fighting, fertile males. What a crotchety—and revealing—cautionary tale. He’s worried about the intellectuals’ taking over; he thinks we're endangered by feminization and sterile intellectuality and impotence. Boorman's world view is like a country bumpkin's vision of New York City. He has some other hick attitudes, too. In "Zardoz," Boorman sees knowledge as a collection of facts that can be poured into a person, thus "educating" him—as if education were the same as preparing for a quiz show. (When the women decide to educate Zed by osmosis and his head gets filled with all the knowledge that has been accumulated, a friend sitting with me moaned, "I can't believe I learned the whole thing.") With Boorman's conception of knowledge, it's no wonder that many of the Eternals become apathetic; there is no intellectual or artistic or scientific creativity, and no growth. He thinks that intellectuals are custodians of dead information and that they're a menace because they're sterile in every sense. Perhaps it's best not to dwell on his amalgam of femininity and decadence.

The film is a mass of inoperative whimsies and conceits; they're inoperative even on the dumbest sci-fi level, because Boorman isn't enough of a writer to make them work together. Many movie directors feel that they are not fully expressing themselves—not functioning as artists—unless they also conceive their projects and write the scripts. For those directors who were writers to start with, or who are able to write, this can sometimes result in unusually personal and expressive films. In Boorman's case, the result lacks the human dimensions that would make us care about the big visual sequences. A gifted creator of a sci-fi world might enable us to perceive things as the inhabitants of that world would. Boorman belongs to the category of sci-fi writers who impose their own hangups on their vision of the future, and if "Zardoz" does little else for us it helps to explain the deficiencies in some of his other films: the ostentatiousness and the absence of vital connections—why the thriller "Point Blank," for example, was like a mayhem "happening." (We could gorge on faddish tricky effects, but we could never find out what the picture was about.) I remember best a scene of Angie Dickinson wearing herself out trying to hit Lee Marvin, just as from "Zardoz" I remember a shot of Zardoz flying in for a landing. Without a strong writer to supply emotion and a coherent level of meaning, Boorman's movies disintegrate into shots and sequences.

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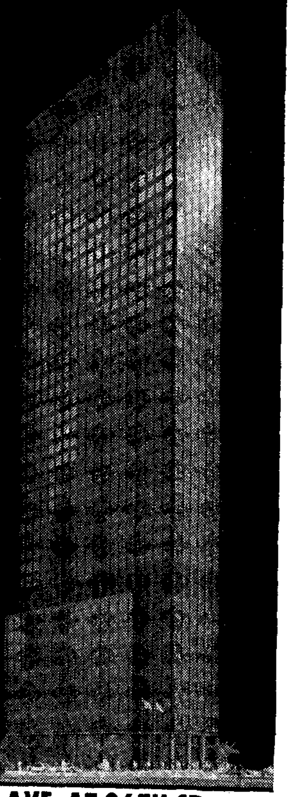

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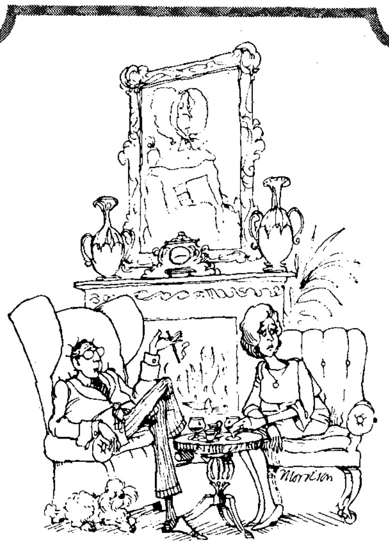

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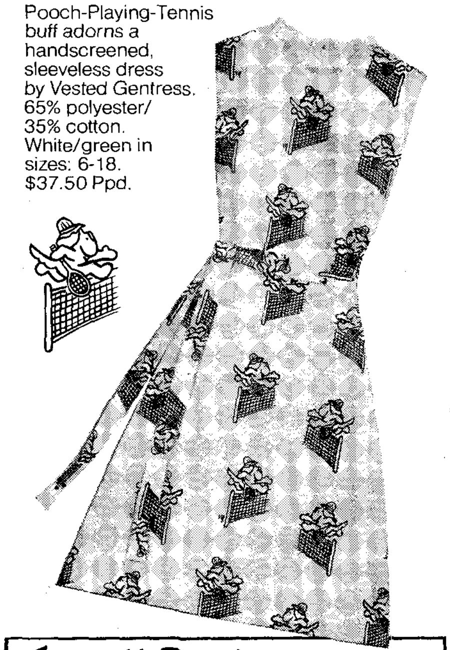

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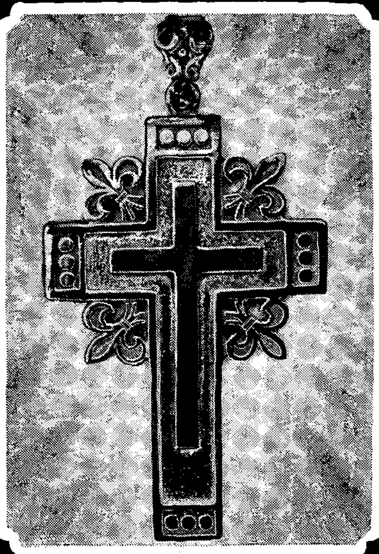
night, but directors who get in a position to conceive their own projects sometimes feel that getting in that position makes them writers. Boorman has made money for the movie industry; he's earned the right to his follies. (As for the designers and performers and technicians who killed themselves to make a five-million-dollar movie for one million four hundred thousand dollars, probably they had such a good time working on this big, gooey picture that they didn't care what it was all about anyway.) But it's far from a terrible fate for a director as gifted as Boorman to stick to directing and to express himself as a director. His strength is in showing men in conflict; it's not in ideas. On the evidence, he is a greater artist as a director than he will ever be as a writer-director.

THEN there's Mel Brooks, who isn't a director. When "Zardoz" was being made, Brooks should have been employed to hang around on a cloud, with permission to replace any actor at any point. That, maybe, is the best way he could be employed on any movie. Brooks not only isn't a director—he isn't really a writer, either. He's the cutup in the audience whose manic laughter and unrestrained comments stop the show. Essentially, he *is* the audience; he's the most cynical and the most appreciative of audiences—nobody laughs harder, nobody gets more derisive. He was perfectly cast in the short "The Critic." His humor is a show-business comment on show business. Mel Brooks is in a special position: his criticism has become a branch of show business—he's a critic from the inside. He isn't expected to be orderly or disciplined; he's the irrepressible critic as clown. His comments aren't censored by the usual caution and sentimentality, but his crazy-man irrepressibility makes him lovable; he can be vicious and get away with it because he's Mel Brooks, who isn't expected to be in control. His unique charm is the surreal freedom of his kibitzer's imagination.

The other side of the coin is that he isn't self-critical. And, as his new picture, "Blazing Saddles," once again demonstrates, he doesn't have the controlling vision that a director needs. It's easy to imagine him on the set, doubled up laughing at the performers and not paying any attention to what he's supposed to be there for. Mel Brooks doesn't think like a director; he's not a planner. He doesn't even do any formal, disciplined routines; he's a genius at spontaneous repartee—which



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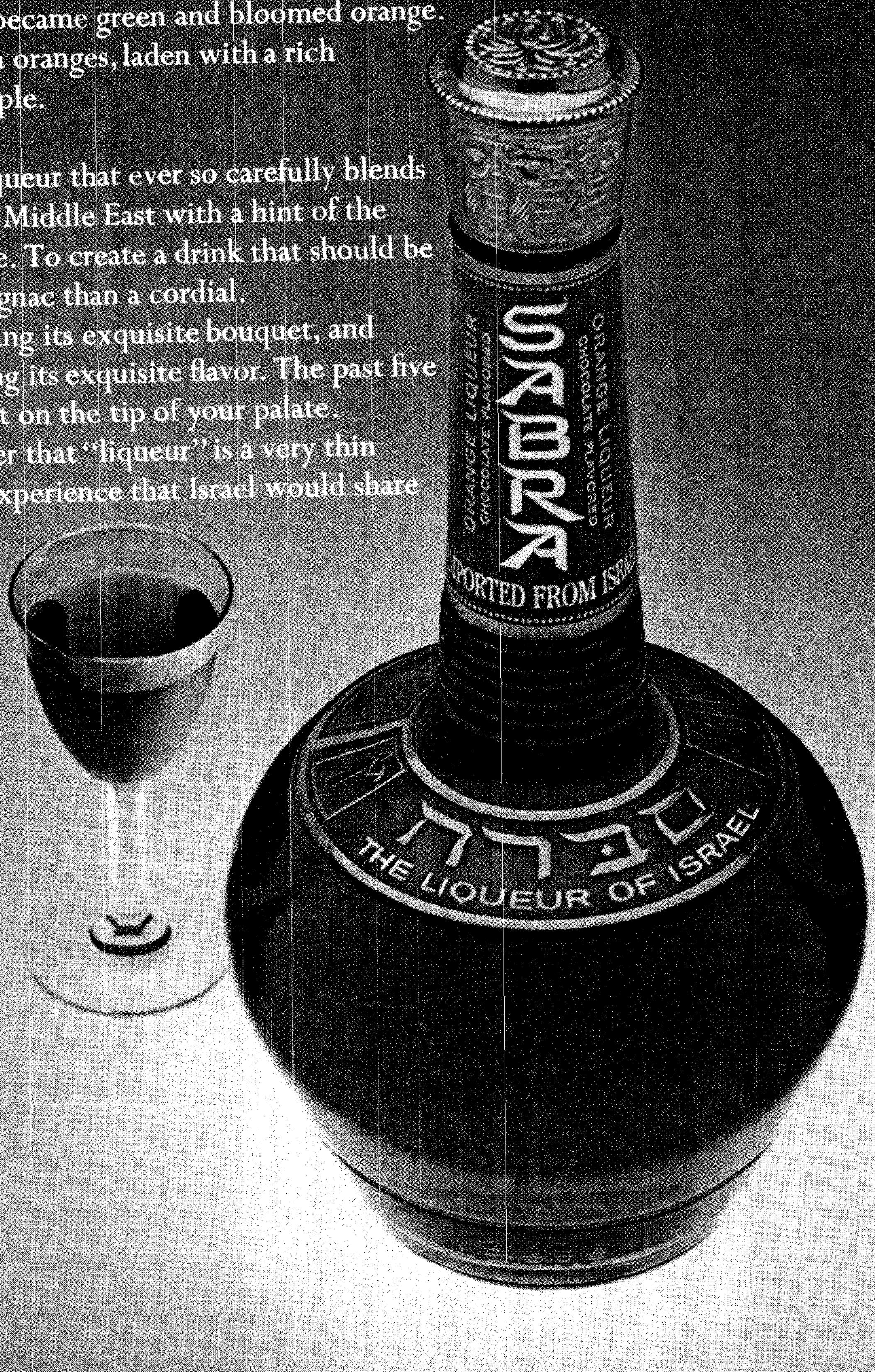
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IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY PARK AVENUE IMPORTS, 375 PARK AVENUE, N.Y.C. 60 PROOF the movies have never yet been able to handle, though television can, and that's where Brooks is peerless. Out of nowhere, he says things that people talk about for decades. Because of the feeling we've built up about how special he is, we go to "Blazing Saddles" eager to be delighted, gleeful in anticipation of a Mel Brooks film, already having put the disappointment of the last one out of mind. And the first five minutes are what one dreams of. Over the titles, Frankie Laine sings a song with juicy, mock-cliché lyrics that Brooks wrote—a song punctuated with whiplashes—and then a group of black railroad workers in the Old West, goaded to sing by gun-carrying guards who demand a spiritual, break out with "I get no kick from champagne." After that, it's all downhill, though Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn redeem as much as they can. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties—a core idea without much energy in it to start with, a variant of the plot of such movies as "The Paleface," with Bob Hope. The role is written for a comic, and Cleavon Little is a handsome, ingratiating actor but not a comic. He can't take off and be sneaky-subversive-funny, the way Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby can. Cleavon Little is clean-cut and open-faced, and not at all the raffish con artist he's meant to be; we like him but we don't laugh at him. He seems too nice for what's going on around him in this movie—and that's partly a compliment.

Brooks's humor is intentionally graceless; he seems to fear subtlety as if it were the enemy of all he holds dear—as if it were gentility itself. Brooks *has* to love the comedy of chaos. He wants to offend, and he also wants to be loved for being offensive. We can share his affection for low-comedy crudeness and the comedy of chaos, but not when he pounds us over the head with strident dumb jokes, and not when we begin to feel uncomfortable for the performers—mugging and smirking and working too hard. Brooks's sense of what's funny has sunk to sour, stale faggot jokes, and insults, and to dirtying up mildewed jokes, as if that would make them fresh. I never imagined I'd think back longingly on Brooks's first film, "The Producers"—but it never sank to this. His second film, "The Twelve Chairs," was bland and pokey, but Brooks himself was funny in it. He isn't funny here; there is nothing retrievable in either his moronic Governor Lepetomane or his Yiddish-speaking Indian chief. He's become consciously cuddly and lovable; he acts as if he were the movie's mascot. As the Governor, he does the old ogling-the-luscious-secretary bit. It used to work for Groucho, but it didn't work for Zero Mostel in "The Producers," and when Brooks does it himself it reaches a point of embarrassment that is almost painful. It's shamefully tired, like his Jewish jokes, which aren't even jokes anymore but just an assertion of Jewishness—as if that were always good for a laugh.

Those performers here whose roles depend on teamwork are stranded. Gene Wilder saves himself by performing in his own dreamer's rhythm, giving his fast-draw artist a relaxed, reflective manner—and is his talent deceiving me, or is Wilder getting more attractive with the years? Madeline Kahn, doing a barroom-songstress Dietrich parody, has some inventive twists of the tongue that work despite the sloppy context, but her role isn't worthy of her—and I didn't enjoy hearing her insulted. Mel Brooks is always looking for laughs—and he's beginning to laugh much more easily than we do. The movie is a rehash of "Hellzapoppin" and other slapstick burlesques, and it may appeal to those who enjoyed the rehashed humor of "What's Up, Doc?," but it doesn't have the wit that made Mel Brooks a hero. He's become like a gag writer with a joke-book memory who cracks up at every terrible joke he recalls. Most of the gags in "Blazing Saddles" never were very funny, and probably Brooks knows that and thinks that what's funny about those rotten old jokes is how unfunny they are. But as a director he doesn't have enough style to make the unfunny funny. In "Blazing Saddles" he makes the unfunny desperate. —PAULINE KAEL

•

Richter Position Is Clarified

WEST MILFORD—The Argus regrets an error printed in its Sunday issue, Jan. 27 headlined "School Board Candidates Meet Public."

Responding to the question "Would you favor a year-round school?" Peter Richter said he did not believe it was financially feasible. He did say: "I don't want to 'feel the pulse of the community at large' before deciding."

John Glueck said in response to that same question, "I would have to study a report and feel the pulse of the community at large before deciding."

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Flux and Turmoil

MY immediate predecessor in this column, Andrew Porter, complained now and then about the behavior of opera and concert audiences: their late arrivals and early departures, and their tendency to talk and fidget—and damn the consequences for more serious neighbors. Hitherto, I had been luckier than he was; but on Thursday, February 7th, during a New York Philharmonic concert at Avery Fisher Hall, my luck broke. The occasion was the performance, under Pierre Boulez and in the composer's presence, of Elliott Carter's Concerto for Orchestra; and the location—just in case the offenders were regular subscribers, and prospective ticket buyers may wish to take the hint—was in Row X on the left aisle. During Carter's not very lengthy piece, several persons seated in that vicinity displayed more than the simple restlessness of the bored child. Some of them plainly wished us to know that they were bored. They felt superior to the credulous and gaping mob. They had seen through Elliott Carter—never mind if the program claimed that Stravinsky had declared one of his works a masterpiece (in fact, Stravinsky used the term for at least two of Carter's compositions, the Double Concerto and the Piano Concerto). Here, they had decided, was an emperor devoid of clothes; and those of us who thought otherwise—or at least wished to investigate the matter for ourselves, undisturbed—could go hang.

This was the hard-core group. Others, less ostentatiously pleased with themselves but hardly less troublesome, appeared to share the sort of exasperation that Professor Higgins, in the musical, showed at the conduct of Eliza Doolittle. Why can't a woman be more like a man? Why can't Elliott Carter be more like Brahms, or Strauss, or other idols of the Philharmonic patrons? Between them, the bored or hostile parties made it hard to concentrate, and I was glad that I could return on Friday afternoon and listen to Carter's Concerto again in relative peace and quiet.

It was well worth the effort, and well worth the further study of the complex score (Associated Music Publishers) and of the recording by the same orchestra under Leonard Bernstein (Columbia M-30112) that I was, fortunately, able to devote to it. Like most of Carter's recent music, the Concerto for Orchestra is immensely striking, but also very complex, demanding, and difficult. As a longstanding admirer of his music, I have myself been through phases of delight and exhilaration at the spectacle of his evident mastery, and of the kind of shamefaced irritation one can feel in the presence of a good friend of superior gifts who never wants to relax and take things easy—and pass up, once in a while, even an important museum for the sake of a stroll in the sunshine or an afternoon's talk under the trees. Must the music of this composer be always so intense and so rigorously planned? Because he is virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale? Even Brahms wrote the "Liebeslieder" waltzes; even Hugo Wolf the "Italian Serenade." Such a reaction, it may be said, approaches that of the puzzled Philharmonic patrons; so let me add (by way of postscript to my grumbles) that I should never dream of questioning their right to express public dissent and dissatisfaction—to the point of booing, if need be—provided only that they do so after, and not during, the performance.

The Concerto for Orchestra, which was written in 1969 in response to a commission from the New York Philharmonic Society and first performed just four years ago, hovers between the status of program and absolute music. Its general character, the composer tells us, was suggested by the St. John Perse poem called "Vents." "Winds" are here the poet's symbol for those forces in this country that (to quote from Carter's introductory note) "are always transforming, remolding, or obliterating the past and introducing the fresh and the new;" and the composer goes so far as to print quite lengthy extracts from the poem, both in French and in English, at the head of his score. Having thereby emphasized the extra-musical associations of his piece, Carter quickly retreated, however, insisting that "Perse's poem only served as a point of departure," and that "as I worked on this Concerto, the music naturally began to take precedence over the poem . . . and so I took no further thought of the poem after a certain point and

In this style 10/6

"In the larger sense, aren't we all mad?"

followed the musical conceptions the work seemed to impose on me." (Here let me say, in parenthesis, that such an attitude to chosen extraneous material is fairly common, and desirable; even so inveterate an illustrator as Richard Strauss can be seen to have dissolved the planned scenario of a piece like "Till Eulenspiegel" into a formal musical composition.) Carter's Concerto, as it thus took shape, "deals primarily with the poetry of change, transformation, reorientation of feelings and thoughts, and gradual shifts of emphases as do most of my works."

There lies the heart of the matter. If the poet's "winds" are a metaphor for the forces of change, they also answer perfectly to this composer's central and constant preoccupation with flux and rhythmic counterpoint. The ceaseless turmoil of the piece, which is performed without break, could be called the auditory equivalent of Leonardo's marvellous studies of water in motion. The composer's passion for organization (as intense as that of the artist) fills his score, although it would take a remarkably alert and discerning listener to appreciate all the connections and relationships. The surface is brilliant and seductive; while best known for his three string quartets, Carter again shows here his command of a kaleidoscopic orchestral palette comparable to that of the naturalized-English Catalan composer Roberto Gerhard.

There are four movements, the boundaries of which are not easy to perceive. Just as the Second Quartet treats the four players as distinct characters and allots them concurrent but unsynchronized time scales, so the Concerto for Orchestra permits, during each of the movements, the sounds of the three others to be intermittently heard, each with its own chords and intervals and group of instruments, as a kind of contrapuntal background. The danger, of course, is that the listener will lose all track of each of these movements as an entity, and simply perceive the whole as undifferentiated restlessness. And that danger is increased by the composer's use of a huge percussion section, which seems to me excessive and ultimately self-defeating. But then I have long felt that percussion has become our big contemporary bore, just as endless Lisztian keyboard clatter became the big late-nineteenth-century bore. Whenever Carter allows his real musical invention (as, perversely perhaps, I should call it) to shine through

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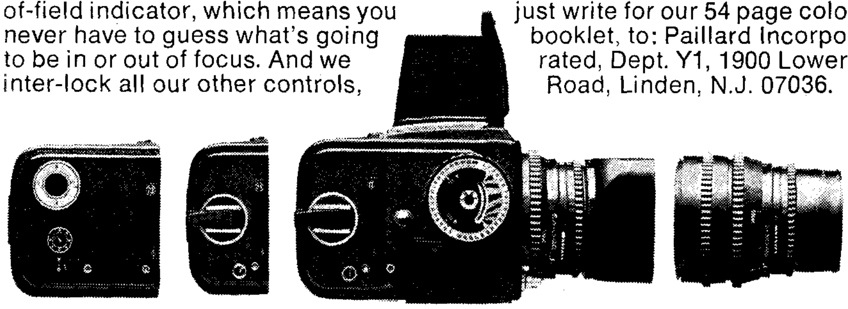

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the perpetual bangs and rattles and plops, a creative imagination of rare force and individuality can be clearly perceived.

THE Metropolitan Opera has been having more than its share of troubles this season; but, just when stern critics are once more prophesying doom, along comes a magnificent evening to restore our faith. Such an occasion was the first Nilsson/Vickers "Tristan," about which I wrote last week; and such another (only this time it was an afternoon) was the first of the season's "Otello" performances. This triumph sprang, as can sometimes happen, out of dire emergency. Three hours before the performance, Teresa Stratas, the scheduled Desdemona, found herself unable to sing. Fortunately, the New Zealand soprano Kiri Te Kanawa, who was to have made her Metropolitan début in the same role a month later, was already on hand, and stepped bravely into the gap. Her success was something more, I believe, than the customary acclaim for modest talent coupled with pluck; it was the spontaneous recognition of an outstandingly beautiful and graceful lyric soprano with a pure, well-trained voice that she uses like an artist. Although Miss Te Kanawa is declared to be of Maori descent, she seemed born to play the lovely and too trustful Venetian lady; in all that she did, there was indeed a ladylike distinction—for instance, in the sweet simplicity of her "viceregal" attitude to the island population—that recalled what we read of the demeanor in such roles of Emma Eames. And this refined dramatic style consorted admirably with the Zeffirelli sets and direction, and with Peter Hall's handsome costumes, neither of which attempted to avoid a nineteenth-century impression in this nineteenth-century opera. (The posing of the garden chorus of Act II, for instance, was as pretty as a Victorian illustration to Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare"—and none the worse for that.) But, as I have remarked before, good looks don't take us far in opera without the fine tone and shapely phrasing that are their aural counterpart; and Miss Te Kanawa, having shown a natural twinge or two of nerves in the course of Act I, settled down thereafter to give us phrase after phrase of effortlessly spun and firmly supported tone, culminating in a last act that would have drawn tears from a stone.

I have spoken first of the Desdemona because she was new and unexpected, and because her success had the special note of excitement that always marks such occasions. But Vickers' Otello, too, was in the noble vein that he had tapped in that famous "Tristan." Provided that he is in good voice—and he certainly was, singing with heroic power and brilliance right through to the final curtain—no other part suits him so well as this. "When Vickers plays an introverted character goaded to violence . . .," writes David Cairns in his fascinating volume of collected criticism, "Responses" (Knopf), "the whole house sits as though on the edge of a volcano." It was so on that afternoon; and, besides the mere excitement, there was also at the end a sense of the tragic ruin of the Shakespearean hero—even of the tragic catharsis that the Greeks used to talk about. The tenor's greatest moments were not always the most famous solo passages but single phrases of piercing intensity wrung from him in the course of an agonized scene with Iago or with Desdemona. Of the thrilling farewell to arms ("Ora e per sempre addio") he gave an unconventional reading that suggested a poet's vision of a receding world of chivalry rather than the warrior's proclamation that all such things were now past for *him:* an interesting idea, although even for such an interpretation the music was somewhat undervoiced. But the concluding "Niun mi tema" was in every way tremendous, and set the seal on the grandest assumption of the role that I have seen or heard since the time of Martinelli.

In such company, Thomas Stewart, singing his first Iago at the Met, held his own by sheer intelligence and skill, even if his voice lacks the incisive clarity and ring in the upper regions that the music demands. William Lewis, who has been doing a lot of good work this season, presented an outstanding and also an upstanding Cassio, his rare advantages of person making him seem a natural target for Otello's jealousy, and his clear, decisive tenor contributing much to the general excellence of the ensemble, over which James Levine presided with admirable skill and care. Both in the orchestral playing itself and in the rapport between pit and stage, there were a few defects that showed the need for further rehearsal; but after so uplifting an experience I am not disposed to cavil.

THIS was not, as it happened, the only uplifting operatic event of a rich week. Some days before, the Cleveland Orchestra, under Lorin Maazel, began a series of five appearances at Carnegie Hall with a semi-staged concert performance of "Elektra." The orchestra, as we know, is one of the world's finest; and the occasion also showed the conductor at his best. Everything had been carefully planned; the figures of the singers stood out against a darkness that was complete but for the shaded lights on the players' stands and the shadowy presence of Mr. Maazel, perched on an elevated seat, and using gestures as spare and effective as those of Strauss himself on the rostrum. He and his forces gave a superb account of the great score, with beautifully chiselled detail and overwhelming climaxes; that is, they overwhelmed the listener, and would have overwhelmed most singers. But the cast, too, had been carefully chosen. Astrid Varnay made a brilliantly successful and warmly acclaimed return, as Clytemnestra, to a city that remembers her well—among other things, in the title role of this very work. There were thoroughly effective portrayals of the gentle Chrysothemis from Roberta Knie, an Oklahoma soprano who reaches us by way of Graz, and of Orestes from José van Dam, a Belgian baritone; and there were no weaknesses among the smaller roles.

But all this would have availed little without a worthy protagonist. Who was Ursula Schröder-Feinen? Preliminary inquiries elicited scanty information. A German, of course, and now a leading member of the Deutsche Oper, in Berlin; also an occasional visitor to the Met. In what roles? Oh, Chrysothemis to Nilsson's Electra, a Salome, one of last season's "Siegfried" Brünnhildes. And with what success? People couldn't quite remember. It sounded none too promising. But this handsome, blond young lady had only to open her mouth and utter six firm, majestic notes to convince me that there is nothing in the world of German opera that is beyond her present vocal powers. She may not be the most temperamental or dynamic, or the most varied in tone color, of Straussian sopranos; she is not a Welitch, or a Nilsson, or indeed a Varnay. But she has a seamless soprano of gorgeous shining quality and unlimited power that rode over and through the mighty Cleveland Orchestra as though it were a cottage piano. And, even if not in every respect a thrilling interpreter, and surprisingly ineffective (for example) in the oasis of tenderness that follows Electra's recognition of the brother believed to be dead, she has refined taste and sound schooling, and produced many phrases—especially in the taunting of Clytemnestra and later of Aegisthus (Kenneth Riegel)—that found precisely the right grand line or mocking curve. With that healthy and heroic voice, she must surely be well on

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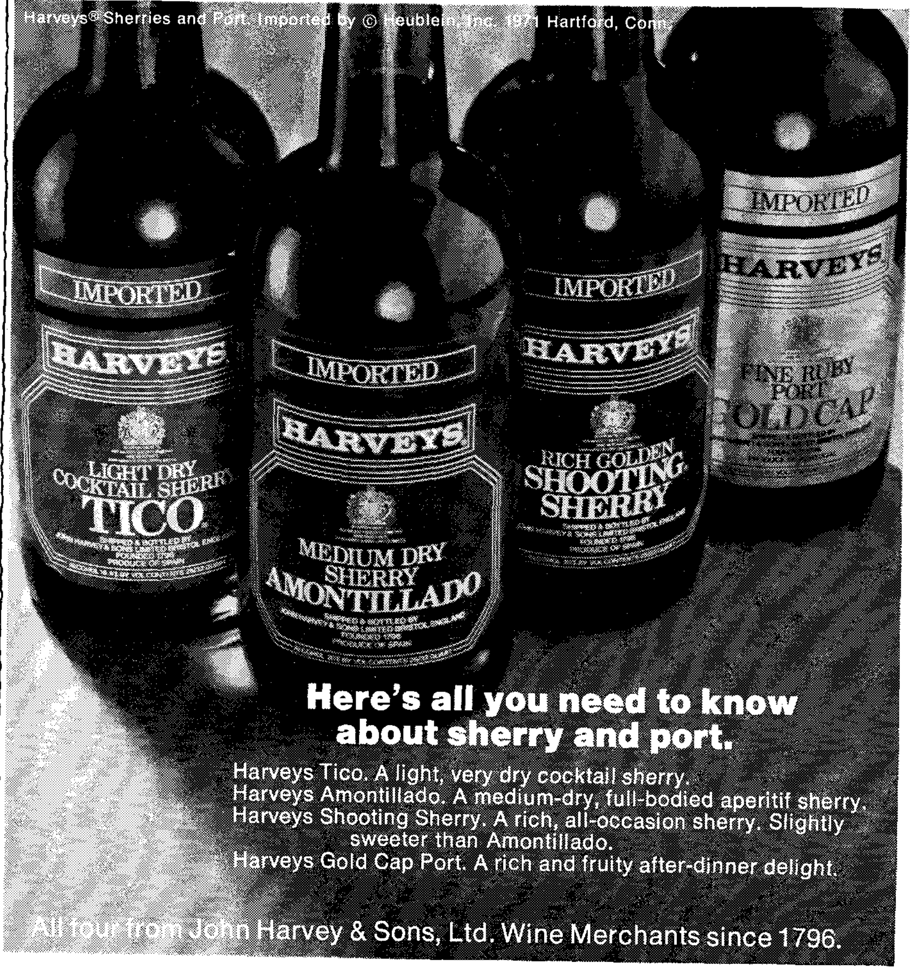

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Dylan and Fans: Looking Back, Going On

A COUPLE of weeks before Bob Dylan's arrival in New York, I got a letter from my friend, colleague, and fellow Dylan freak Greil Marcus, of *Creem.* He was upset about some lyrics from Dylan's new album, "Planet Waves," that had been previewed in *Newsweek*—they sounded so complacent—and full of the same ambivalences that had been afflicting me with a queasy stomach ever since the tour was announced. Unreconciled to the happy-family-man posture Dylan had adopted since his motorcycle accident, we hoped and doubted. Did he still have the power to move us—to *matter*—as he once had? If so, did he have any intention of using it? And if not, why was he bothering to tour at all—he certainly didn't need the money. The reports from the first cities on his itinerary were inconclusive, and what little I'd heard about "Planet Waves" was not encouraging—it seemed we were in for more domesticity and low-keyed, moderate angst. But then, Dylan's critics had been obtuse before. Not for nothing was he opening and closing concerts with "Most Likely You'll Go Your Way (And I'll Go Mine)": "Time will tell just who has fell, and who's been left behind."

My theory was that Dylan was consciously working against the grain of his genius in order to communicate honestly about his own strategy for survival. In a way (a classically Dylanesque irony), he was only being consistent: "Blonde on Blonde," it was worth remembering, was almost entirely about coping. It was the context that had changed. The sixties imperative was to strip away psychic defenses and social hypocrisies: through drugs we were to become Adam and Eve; through a politics of personal encounter and confrontation we were to create, *ex nihilo*, the post-revolutionary human being. All over the place, people were dismantling their personalities, giving no more thought to the prospect of having to put the fragments back together than the kid who takes a watch apart to see how it works. And at some point in each person's trip there had to come a moment of decision: plunge ahead, with a high probability of ending up dead or insane—or pull back. Dylan

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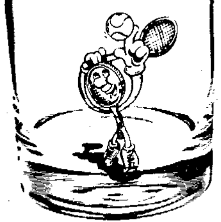

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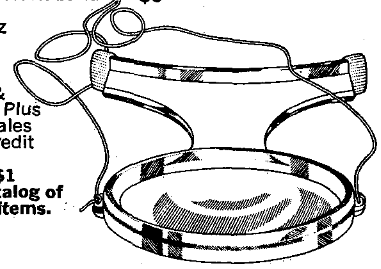

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was like the rest of us, only more so. He went farther out than most, and his retrenchment was correspondingly dramatic. Since "John Wesley Harding"—which I now think of as the first seventies album, released at a time when it hadn't even crossed my mind that the sixties were going to end—he had been increasingly preoccupied with putting himself back together and making some sort of peace with the world as it existed. I couldn't fault him for that; in my own way, I was trying to do the same thing. Nor could I justify demanding that Bob Dylan get my kicks for me—or take my risks for me. The only sixties figure that had meant anywhere near as much to me as Dylan was Janis Joplin, and I didn't need a weatherman to know which way *that* wind blew.

The other part of the irony was that Dylan's new direction posed its own risk. Rock in the sixties had a redemptive quality; it put us in touch with our potential. The Beatles brought out our joy, the Stones our sensuality. Dylan's great contribution was to enlarge our capacity for freedom, help us break out of mental and emotional, musical and lyrical boxes. To decide that there was no freedom like chaos, and chaos was no freedom at all, was to relinquish his special gift and become just another—well, not quite *just* another—intelligent and talented songwriter, struggling with the problem of how to make maturity interesting. The risk was not that Dylan would destroy his myth, which was exactly what he intended to do, but that in the process he would lose his old audience without gaining a new one. It occurred to me that Dylan's return to the stage might very well have been calculated to forestall that possibility. If so, it was a characteristically brilliant move. The emergence of the sixties' chief culture hero—possibly for the last time—was bound to attract enormous crowds and maximum publicity. Dylan's performances were giving him a chance to reëstablish his ties with old fans and reach thousands of new ones. Perhaps most important in the long run, excitement over the tour had stimulated a huge advance sale for "Planet Waves," which appeared certain to become Dylan's first No. 1 L.P.

Ultimately, it was this evidence of Dylan's continuing preëminence as a media artist which convinced me that his concerts at Madison Square Garden would be momentous. I was right. The two evening performances were masterpieces of controlled intensity. The first show, in particular, was a catharsis

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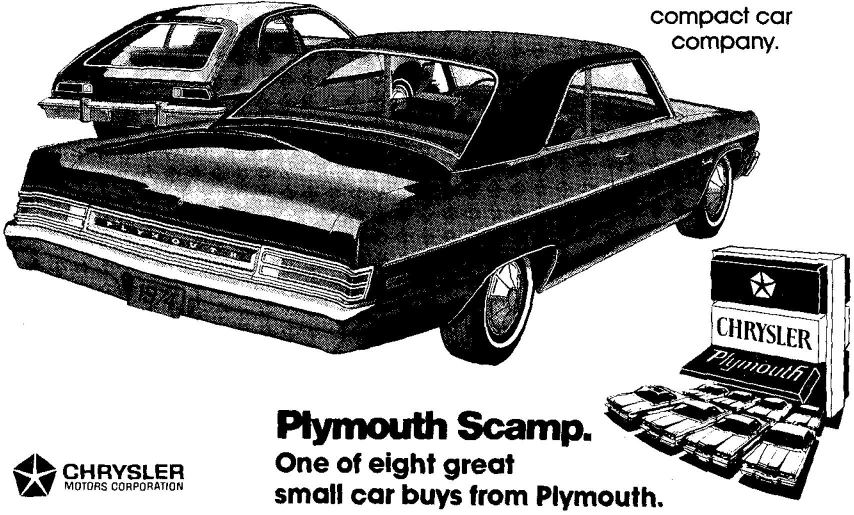

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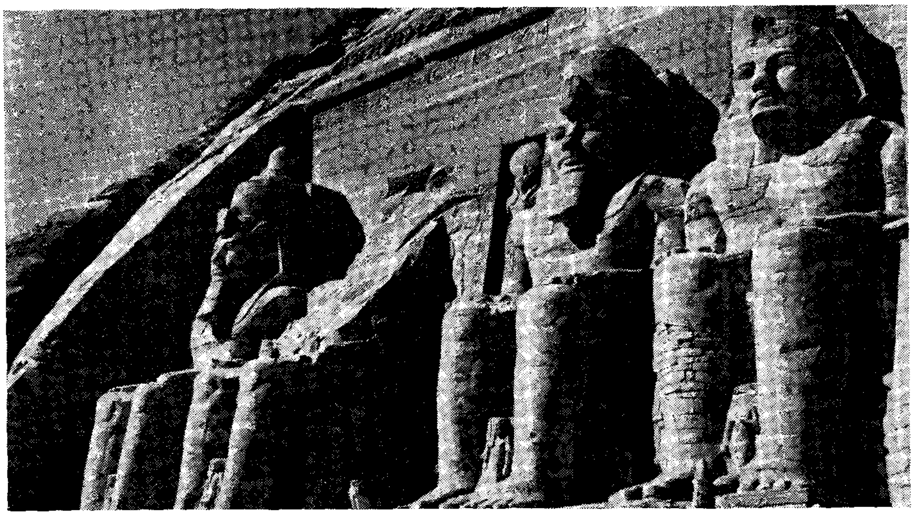

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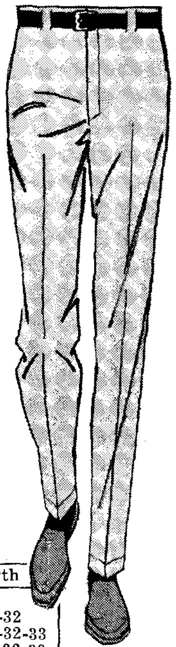

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I hadn't even known I needed—a celebration of the past and a going beyond. Dylan performed his old songs almost exclusively, but if he was looking back, it was not to invite but to reject nostalgia. Nostalgia implied revival, which implied death, and it was obvious from the moment the concert began that even Dylan's earliest songs were not only still alive but resonant with new meanings. When the crowd cheered a line like "Even the President of the United States sometimes must have to stand naked," it was reacting less to a fortuitous political reference than to the uncanny adaptability of Dylan's vision. The songs themselves were enough to make the point, but Dylan underscored it with new arrangements—a country-rock "It Ain't Me, Babe," an upbeat "Ballad of a Thin Man," an acoustic "Just Like a Woman." During his acoustic set—the part of the concert I liked least—he did a lot of fooling around with his voice, which occasionally worked but more often strangled songs with excessive volume and heavy-handed, arbitrary phrasing. What he seemed to be saying (at least to me—God knows what all the eighteen-year-olds were thinking!) was that we had been through some very special years. They had shaped us, marked us. They would always be part of us, something that we shared; they still had meaning for our lives. Yet we had to move on. That evening, anyway, Dylan wasn't about to tell us how—it was tact, as well as showmanship, that dictated his repertoire. We would go our way, he would go his, but that didn't mean we couldn't be friends.

Toward the end, after The Band's second set, Dylan did two songs from "Planet Waves." "Forever Young" was supposedly addressed to his children, but its advice (Dylan never could resist being didactic, even when he was proclaiming that messages were a drag) was obviously meant for us as well: "May you always know the truth and see the light surrounding you. . . . May you have a strong foundation when the winds of changes shift," and, finally, a child-of-the-sixties blessing (or curse) if there ever was one, "May you stay forever young." "Something There Is About You," a love song to his wife, made the only direct comment of the night on Dylan's current state of mind: "I was in a whirlwind, Now I'm in some better place." And then came the big one—"Like a Rolling Stone." It crept up on us—Dylan had changed the intro, of course—and exploded.

"How does it feel?" we screamed.

"How does it feel—to be on your own—no direction home—"

It felt as I would have expected: wonderful. The lights went out; flickering matches transformed the Garden into a giant planetarium. Dylan and The Band came back for a reprise of "Most Likely You'll Go Your Way," left, came back again, and ended with a rousing electric version of "Blowin' in the Wind." I went home as high on Dylan as I'd ever been.

I'm still feeling that way, and in my present mood I can almost psych myself into thinking that "Planet Waves" is a great album. It isn't, but neither is it as inconsequential as those *Newsweek* quotes portended. By now, we ought to know better than to judge Dylan's words on paper; it is his singing that makes the difference. And the singing on "Planet Waves" is fine. The polish of "Nashville Skyline" and "New Morning" has been abandoned in favor of a crude expressiveness that undercuts the lyrical banalities—which on closer inspection often turn out to be not so banal after all. Take "Wedding Song," for instance. "Your love cuts like a knife"? "I love you more than blood"? Not exactly your conventional images of marital bliss. As he often does, Dylan is using clichés, or apparent clichés, to camouflage innovation. Though nobody seems to have noticed, "Planet Waves" is unlike all other Dylan albums: it is openly personal. It could be argued that Dylan's mask has simply become more subtle, but I don't believe it. I think the subject of "Planet Waves" is what it appears to be—Dylan's aesthetic and practical dilemma ("I been walkin' on the road, I been livin' on the edge, Now I just got to go before I get to the ledge") and his immense emotional debt to Sara. The album is dominated by tributes to her. But there is also an anti-love song called "Dirge," whose anti-heroine (success? the audience? Joan Baez? Albert Grossman? Sara's alter ego?) is "a painted face on a trip down suicide road." This kind of symbolism can be embarrassing. Dylan has always tended to get sticky about women—to classify them as goddesses to be idolized or bitches to be mercilessly trashed. Yet his conviction that he has been saved by love is so poignant and so obviously genuine that it transcends the stereotype. Which is, in a sense, what popular culture is all about.

—Ellen Willis

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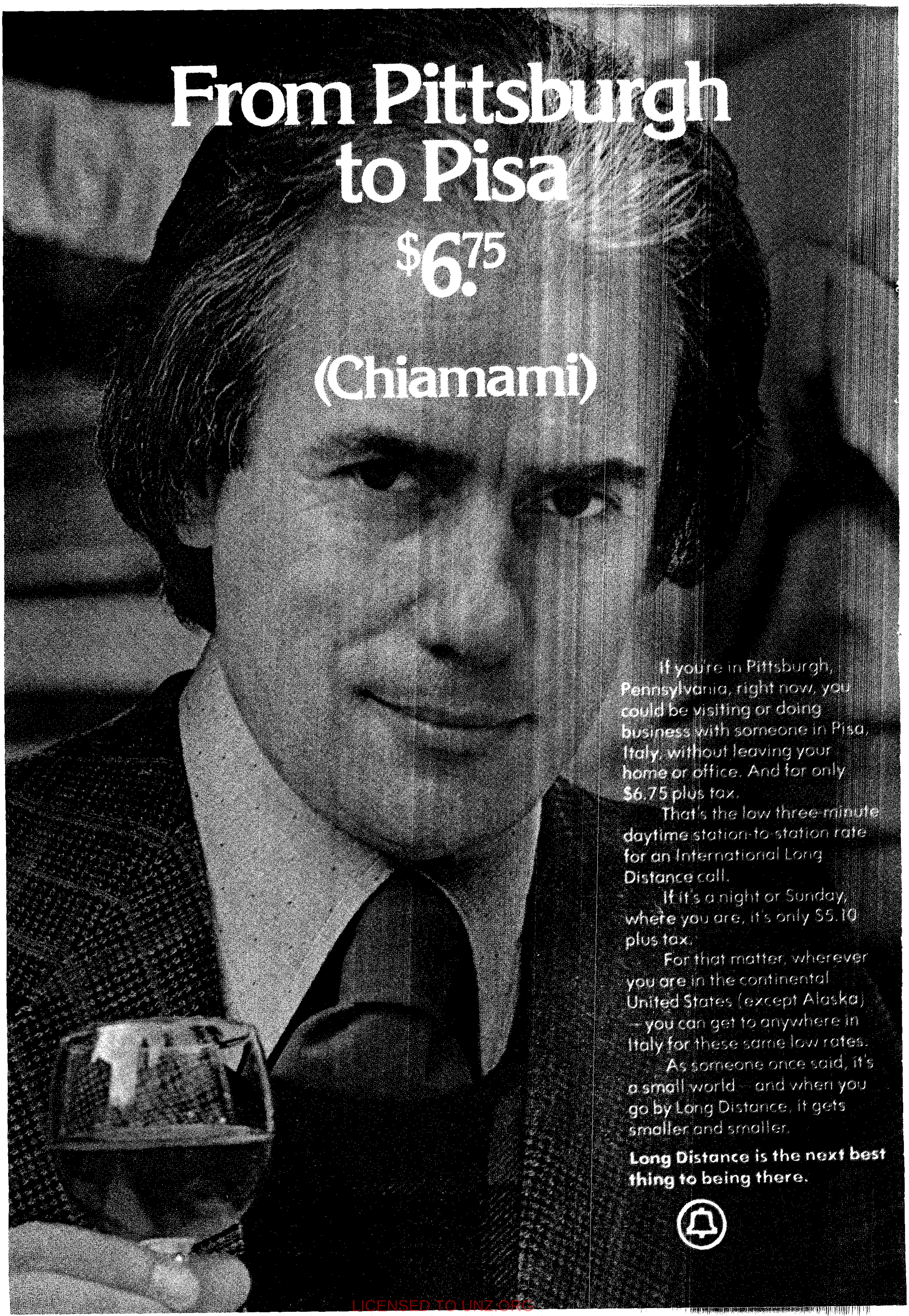

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BOOKS

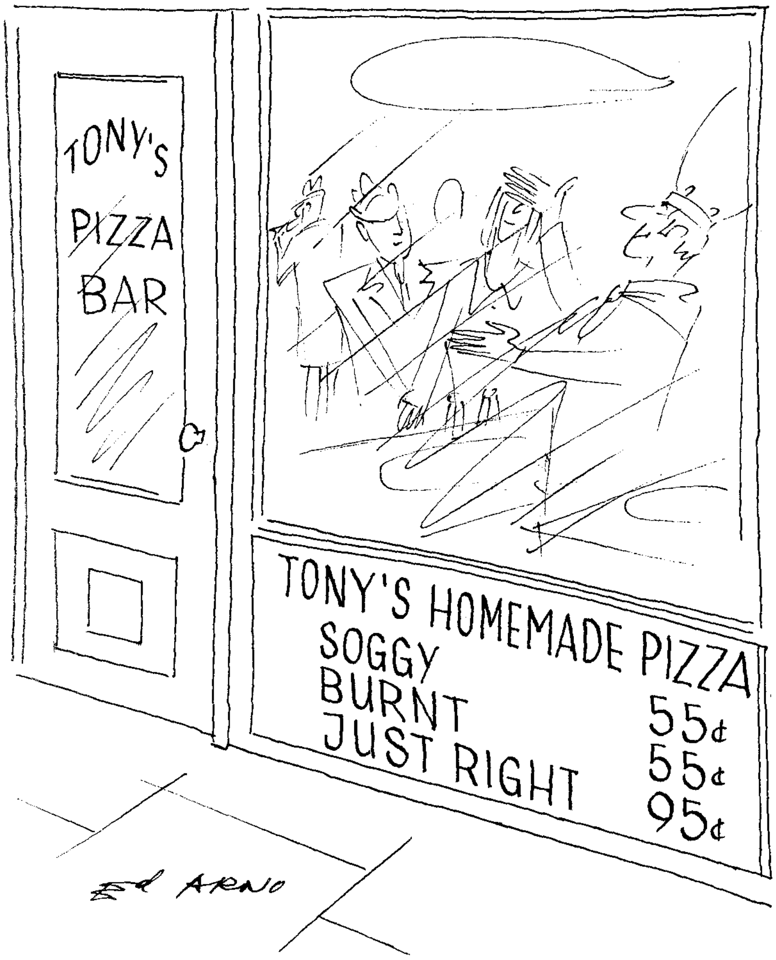
Under a Black Sun

IN his introductory remarks to "The Gulag Archipelago," the book in which he recounts the detailed history of the Soviet concentration-camp world, Solzhenitsyn mentions the following incident. During earth-moving work in the Siberian Arctic, a party of prisoners came across a subterranean frozen tarn. Trapped in the ice floe, perfectly preserved, was a collection of prehistoric fish and amphibians. The laborers hacked the creatures out of the ice, tore them to shreds by an open fire, and devoured them. As Solzhenitsyn observes, the incident has various symbolic meanings. It proclaims hunger—the never-ending hunger and food dreams of the camp population, kept barely alive. It tells of numbness, of the human brain brutalized by blind need. Perhaps there were in the work party scholars, artists, literate men and women to whom the destruction of a unique zoological find would have been abhorrent. Reduced to a routine of uncertain survival, these same human beings saw in their discovery only a few swallows of food, protein that might help endurance through the next frozen night. But the episode can have a deeper, allegorical sense. It evokes that furious smashing of the past, the violation of history and of the traces of history which marks the Soviet regime.

Historians of the Soviet era—Solzhenitsyn himself—estimate at twelve to fifteen million the number of men and women executed, left to die during deportation, done to death in reprisals and in the camps. The exterminations began with Lenin's admonition that it was unproductive, probably traitorous, to whine over the useless vermin of the intelligentsia and the opposition. Stalin merely perfected the policy. In various forms, it continues still. The vast majority of the victims have receded into oblivion. They are, in Orwell's famous phrase, "nonpersons." The mere mention of a deported relative or friend has often been sufficient to bring arrest. Books were pulped, encyclopedias purged, histories and Party documents falsified. Families, townships, ethnic minorities were dispersed or eradicated with such thoroughness that their original location, their linguistic heritage, even—in some cases—their distinct identity cannot be ascertained by the historian. Totalitarian revolutions not only devour their children but cannibalize the past.

Osip Mandelstam was one among hundreds of thousands arrested in the spring of 1938. No one knows whether he died of starvation or of illness, whether in a so-called transit camp or in Russian Asia. The date of his death—the twenty-seventh of December, 1938—may have been a casual fiction communicated by the police in order to stop further inquiries. Not a single word by Mandelstam was allowed to appear in any Soviet publication after 1933. This, too, was a banal circumstance. The fact that Mandelstam was, by the reckoning of competent judges, a poet comparable to Pushkin and one of the great voices of the modernist movement made no difference whatever. Possibly it envenomed the case. Here was a Jew who had since 1919 written poems of extreme allusive density but of an unmistakably tragic, premonitory tone. In 1933, the lunatic had not only written but read aloud an epigram against Stalin. A first arrest and a session of maltreatment ensued. No one fitted better into the Leninist-Stalinist category of "vermin." Let his work—a few slim volumes of verse, a small book of experimental prose—vanish. Let the man's name, so blatantly Jewish, be erased from the rolls of the living or the dead; let his body lie nameless in a ditch. Just another prehistoric relic preserved, absurdly, in the era of the Communist millennium.

As everyone knows, this proved to be one of the few instances in which the routine of oblivion failed. Osip Mandelstam's widow, Nadezhda, managed to stay alive, though frequently on the verge of starvation and nervous collapse. She was able to hide some of the poet's manuscripts. By an uncanny concentration of will, she committed to her own memory, and to the memories of a minute group of loyal friends, many poems and even variants of poems of which the secret police had confiscated the only known copies. Working on night shifts in a textile mill, Nadezhda Mandelstam raced back and forth between the looms reciting the poems to herself, keeping the cadence exact. At the constant risk of her own survival, she wrote down her memoirs of life with the poet, of their early love, of their almost surrealistic experiences in the Ukraine, in the Crimea, in Leningrad during the Civil War; of Mandelstam's relations to the great dissident poetess Akhmatova; of the hell that began in the late twenties. But she did something that is even more remarkable: she set down her recollections and analyses of Osip Mandelstam's techniques of composition. She described in detail how certain poems came



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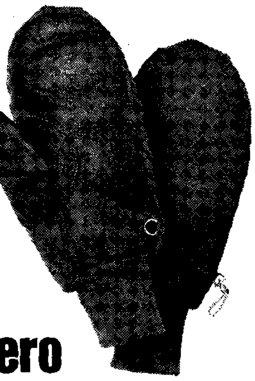

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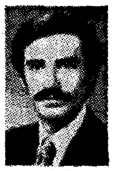

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into being, how the poet's lips moved under pressure of inner compulsion even before actual words had been formulated. The thaw that seemed to follow on Khrushchev's decision to allow the publication of Solzhenitsyn gave hope that Mandelstam's work might be rehabilitated. A few scattered references to the man and his work were allowed to pass. But the promise that a volume of poetry could be published has only now been fulfilled. (The three-volume edition published in New York some time ago is the work of émigre and American scholars. And more recently we have had a "Complete Poetry" by the State University of New York and a "Selected Poems" by Atheneum.) Yet Mme. Mandelstam completed her book and permitted it to be translated and published abroad.

Appearing in 1970, "Hope Against Hope" was, from the very moment of its publication, seen to be a classic. It is one of the truly great literary-political memoirs in world literature. It is a diagnosis of the mechanics of tyranny which has few equals. It is also a document concerning the nature of art, of imaginative invention, that will stand beside Keats' letters and the letters of van Gogh. "Hope Against Hope" not only insured the future presence of Osip Mandelstam in the history of poetry and of feeling, it suggested the unsettling thought that Nadezhda Mandelstam was very nearly as great a writer as her husband.

Though "Hope Against Hope" was in every sense monumental, there were signs of compression. It seemed likely that there would be more to come from the reservoir of Mme. Mandelstam's reminiscences and anger. Now we have "Hope Abandoned" (again, published by Atheneum and, again, translated, superbly, so far as I am competent to say, by Max Hayward). This second work is even longer than the first. But to the general reader it is far less a coherent revelation and far less accessible. The narrative is sprawling and the organization often confusing. A close knowledge of the earlier book is assumed, and indispensable. "Hope Abandoned" is in effect an extended commentary on "Hope Against Hope." Much of this commentary is either private in its prolixity and reiteration, or technical. It deals, in a style that is simultaneously minutely detailed and allusive, with the literary coteries, quarrels, betrayals that vexed Osip Mandelstam's career and posthumous fate. The bulk of this material will be invaluable to the scholar but of only partial interest and intelligibility to the layman. Long stretches of literary reminiscence are in-

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terrupted by general pronouncements on life, politics, the arts, and the condition of man. Nadezhda Mandelstam can say little on any of these topics that will not compel attention and respect; she speaks out of a lifetime of suffocation. But it is no use pretending that the assemblage of these addenda, elaborations, polemics, and philosophical generalities makes for an organized whole. When the author remarks, "Perhaps I will also be able to preserve the second book, this one I am writing now, but I don't even trouble my head with such trifling questions anymore. The main thing has been done," she is stating plain fact.

It is not only its desultory arrangement and specialized content that make this book difficult to read; it is the unqualified despair of its tone and conclusions. The modulation from the first title to the second tells all. Mme. Mandelstam no longer hopes even against hope. Her voluminous epilogue is one of almost hysterical desolation. This point of view stems, first and foremost, from a simple reflection on the facts. To recollect, to make remembrance more graphic, is to sink deeper into blackness. "The hunger suffered in a camp is unimaginable—all the sons of bitches who still block up their ears and close their eyes should know this." To think back at all is to focus on a world of "suffocating stench, filth, and typhus, lice, hunger and degradation, terror, armed guards, watchtowers and barbed wire. . . . After this, to lie in a mass burial pit with a tag on your leg meant deliverance and peace. How is it possible to live when these thoughts are always with me?" Of the suffering inflicted by the Soviet state, of the glass bell of terror under which millions of Russians have conducted their daily lives, only this can be said: "It is pointless to look for some redeeming feature; there was nothing to it except animal fear and pain. I do not envy a dog that has been run over by a truck or a cat thrown from the tenth floor of a building by a hooligan."

But it is not merely the Leninist and Stalinist past that is irreparable, whose monotony of abjection is literally unthinkable. It is the present and the future. This is the message thrust in the bottle and thrown, contemptuously, into the uncaring sea. This is the reason hope is abandoned. Tragic as they were, the isolated attitudes of Mandelstam and Akhmatova were the correct tactic. They showed that a few lone figures could stand out above the abject multitude. Today, asserts Mme. Mandelstam, the situation is worse: "We are still living in the same age—

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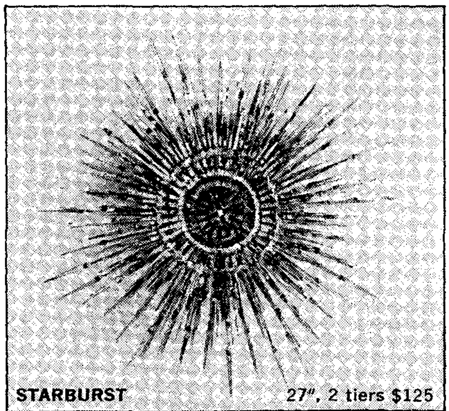

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except that now there are no longer even any lone figures." (One ponders, at this point, the evident dismissal of Sakharov, of Solzhenitsyn.) Even though he knew that he was doomed, that his poetry would be stifled in his lifetime and perhaps for generations thereafter, Mandelstam believed in a future reader. Writing in 1970, his widow finds no ground for such faith: "I do not know, see, or hear them. I fear the things brewing in people's minds at present may be quite grisly, even more horrible than anything during the era of barbed wire and the mass extermination." The present period is, at best, "a temporary breathing space." The long hell of Soviet rule can now be seen as a clear portent. The fact that so many millions could be hounded to their destruction, that rebellion did not come, that moral outrage and economic failure proved equally irrelevant to the survival of political terror, points to a general catastrophe: "It has now become clear that the destruction of mankind will be brought about by its own hand. . . . Our only hope is the caution of our fat and pampered rulers, who have no wish to go under with everybody else. Nothing else can defer the moment of suicide. Ordinary people are powerless to affect the course of events." The particular destiny of the Jews concentrates and foreshadows the general apocalypse. This is why Osip Mandelstam wrote of himself, "I awoke in the cradle, lit by a black sun." This is why to be both a Jew and a poet is to experience the approaching disaster of man with peculiar clarity.

Feeling that the current Russian scene is—certainly in its spiritual and technocratic aspects—even worse than was the great terror, Nadezhda Mandelstam turns with rage and sarcasm on the optimists, on the gradualists and believers in a détente. It is not only the Western apologists for Soviet Russia, such as Sartre, who provoke her scorn; it is some of the émigré writers and scholars, such as Nabokov and Roman Jakobson, who have done the most to keep alive the genius of the Russian language, to preserve and edit the literature Bolshevism sought to obliterate. Indeed, sometimes Mme. Mandelstam seems bitterly derisive of those who made it possible for "Hope Against Hope" to be published and internationally acclaimed. The motives for this attitude are not entirely clear. (Some recent visitors speak of finding Mme. Mandelstam in a mood of isolation, even of unreality.) But the rationale may be this: any singular occurrence—the publication of "Hope Against Hope," the survival of Solzhenitsyn, Brodsky's exit visa—which serves to obscure the general political conditions, which induces false hopes in the outside world, is to be deplored. No novel or memoir, however inspired, and no individual gesture, however authentic, can prevail against the inferno of the camps and the gray lunacies of perpetual bureaucratic oppression. Those who read "Hope Against Hope" or "The First Circle" in the safety of the West, those who pride themselves on having made such books available to the "free world," flatter their own sensibilities. They have done nothing to alter the realities recorded in these works. They may, by a subtle mechanism of sublimation, have moved even farther away from them. This view is fully understandable. That it should entail a harsh judgment of T. S. Eliot is, despite cautionary noises in Mr. Hayward's foreword, entirely fair. But that it should extend to Isaiah Berlin and, at one or two bitchy moments, even to Akhmatova makes for disbelief.

Only one relation remains unqualified: that to Osip Mandelstam himself. Nadezhda Mandelstam's love of her husband, her conviction of his genius as poet and seer, gave to "Hope Against Hope" its ardent intimacy. In the bleak labyrinth of this second volume, M.'s presence blazes still. Mme. Mandelstam finds only one true purpose in her own continued life: the preservation of her husband's work. Hounded to their several deaths or silences, the great poets must be resurrected. This purpose leads to a magnificent credo. Whatever their failings, the poets "will be forgiven and people will remember them at a moment of need for at least a single line or word which they found and gave utterance to. The mortal pity I feel for each of them gives me the strength to live." The worst that can befall a language, a society, is the extinction of poetry. A dozen of Mandelstam's last poems were seized at the time of his arrest. "I was in such a state," writes Mme. Mandelstam, "that I was unable to memorize them, or recall them subsequently. This means that they are lost forever—for which I am to blame. I am sorry about them, and even more about all the poems he did not write because he no longer had air to breathe." The motif of suffocation occurs once more in what is the only moment of pure jubilation in this book. Nadezhda Mandelstam knows that through her own tenacity, and with the help of scholars abroad, Osip Mandelstam's works have reached print and publication. Now the proof of his genius "is indestructible, and I therefore feel totally and absolutely free, and I can breathe easily (despite the lack of air). How many people will understand what joy it is to breathe freely just once before you die?" Together with the "Last Letter" to her vanished husband (which constitutes the final chapter of "Hope Abandoned"), this statement will be one of the permanent records of our murderous age.

Mme. Mandelstam's testimony leaves one with obvious but anguishing questions. "Literature," she notes, "can exist only where there is pain." Out of the hideousness of Soviet rule have come so many of the major poetic voices of this century. Must there be a Stalinism so that a Mandelstam, a Pasternak, a Solzhenitsyn can achieve his full stature? What causalities relate slavery and oligarchy to the literary-philosophical genius of Athens? What connects the perfection of Racine and Mozart to the circumstances of political absolutism under which they worked? Perhaps there is in the triviality of so much of current European and American letters an unconscious tribute to the open society. Where one can write anything, with little danger of reprisal, echo becomes ephemeral and the compulsion of seriousness weakens.

Yet in almost every line Nadezhda Mandelstam's memoir insists on the absolute irreparability of suffering. It is blasphemy for the historian to draw up balance sheets between individual agonies and the claims of historical necessity or progress—claims usually baseless. No Marxist-Leninist utopia can justify the massacres committed in its name. No rehabilitation makes up for the defamations of the past. There is a sense in which the entirety of Mme. Mandelstam's witness is a commentary on "The Twilight of Freedom," a poem by Osip Mandelstam dated May, 1918. Here is how it begins, in W. S. Merwin's and Clarence Brown's translation:

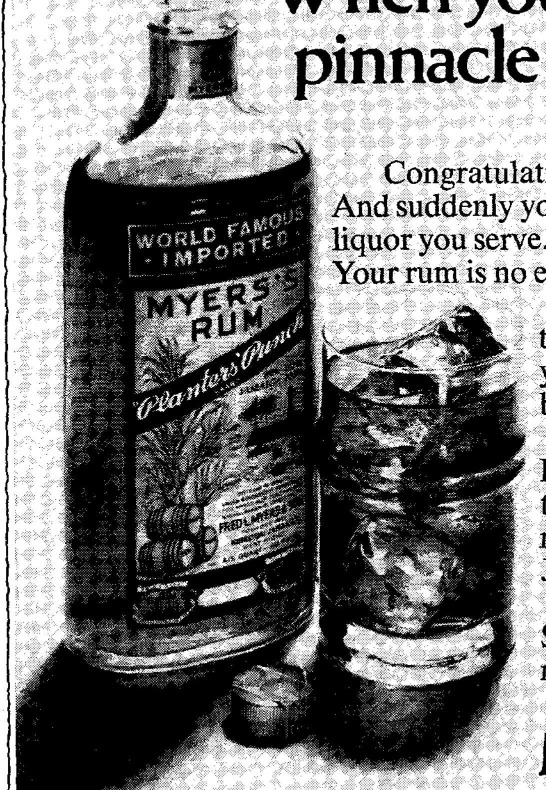
> Let us praise the twilight of
>   freedom, brothers,
> the great year of twilight!
> A thick forest of nets has been let
>   down
> into the seething waters of night.
> O sun, judge, people, desolate
> are the years into which you are
>   rising!

It ends:

> Even as we freeze in Lethe we'll
>   remember
> the ten heavens the earth cost us.

In short, the price has been too great.

No one who has not actually experienced life under the "thick forest of



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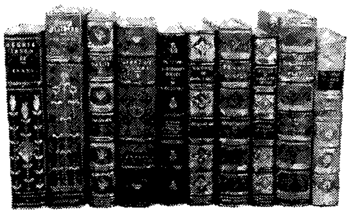

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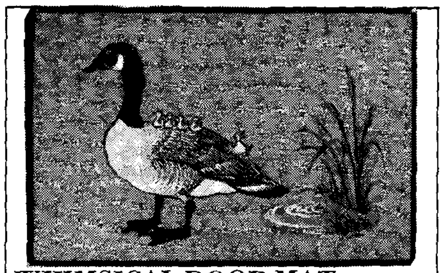

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nets," who has not waited for the uniformed hoodlums to lunge through the door, can have any adequate grasp of *what it is that* Nadezhda Mandelstam has endured, and in some measure defeated. The ugliness of American politics, the mendacities and violence that sour our hopes, are real enough. But they are as of another planet, Edenic, compared with the daily routine of "The Gulag Archipelago." To draw facile parallels between the two is a moral and an intellectual indecency. This, also, is Mme. Mandelstam's point. Her mere presence among us—like that of Solzhenitsyn, like Tolstoy's before them—means that we have to be as exact as we can in our feelings. This obligation is, one suspects, the burden of great art. —GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

JAWS, by Peter Benchley (Doubleday). In the first few pages of this book, a white shark attacks and kills a young woman who has just made love on the beach of a Long Island resort. Fearing an economically ruinous summer season if the news of her death becomes public, the leading citizens of the town decide to hush the news up—despite the entreaties of their horrified chief of police, Martin Brody. Not very long afterward, however, two more people are killed by the shark, the news becomes a public scandal, and the Chief, aided by a shark-loving, wayward Woods Hole ichthyologist and a surly, blood-and-guts fishing-boat captain, sets out to find and kill it. Mr. Benchley's book certainly touches an extraordinary number of bases: there's an old-fashioned man-against-the-elements adventure story, based on what is surely one of our most commonly held fears (though his "great fish" is more a malefic "Looney Tunes" beast than a primeval monster); yet another hard-nosed cop up against both the effete snobs and the Chamber of Commerce types; a bit of the supernatural (the white shark doesn't *belong* on the South Shore of Long Island); and a brief, yeasty affair between the ichthyologist and the policeman's wife for those doldrum chapters when the shark isn't eating anybody. It will be interesting to see the movie made from this book, because it is hard to imagine what work, if any, there will be for the moviemakers. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE LAST SUPPER, by Chaim Bermant (St. Martin's). A slow-mov-

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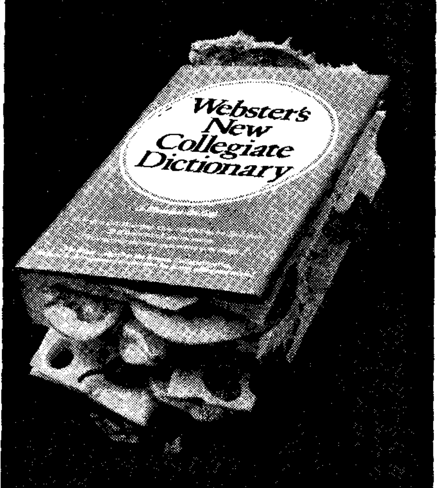

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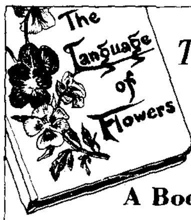

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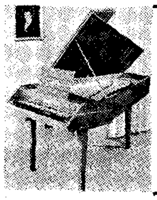

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ing, irritatingly self-conscious novel about an enormous Anglo-Jewish family that gathers together to mourn the death of one of its matriarchs. This book would have been fine entertainment if the author had been able to restrain himself from allowing his characters to constantly point out how fabulous and unusual they all are. They *are* an interesting lot: wall-to-wall eccentricities and a fascinating *haut-bourgeois* Russian past mingle nicely in their late-night reminiscence. But the self-admiring note is so piercing (and so frequent) that it is hard to keep one's mind on what is happening—especially after the author coyly (and erroneously) suggests that readers will probably consider him a cross between Chekhov and Ivy Compton-Burnett.

GENERAL

WHISTLER: A BIOGRAPHY, by Stanley Weintraub (Weybright & Talley). In his work, James Abbott McNeill Whistler (1834-1903) was a pioneer in modern painting (and, by the way, in modern interior decoration); in his life, as Professor Weintraub points out, he was a bad example to less good artists. An American who was raised in Russia and Connecticut, and who as an adult lived in Paris and (mostly) London, Whistler found his natural habitat to be hot water. He contrived, by extravagance, argumentativeness, litigiousness, high-handedness, and wit, to outshine his (to his contemporaries) avant-garde art, and for much of his life was thought of as good copy and a bad painter. Professor Weintraub puts this imbalance right. All Whistler's famous quips are here, and all the celebrities (Robert E. Lee, Degas, Henry James, Courbet, Rossetti, Wilde, and more), but Professor Weintraub always keeps in mind what the painter was painting. He tells how Whistler picked up what was in the air—*japonaiserie*, say—and used it, and describes Whistler's original inspirations, which have no traceable source but his innate creativity. The author does not claim too much for his subject—perhaps he does not claim enough—but this readable, lively book makes clear the debt that art lovers and painters owe to its troubled, troublesome hero.

FOUR REFORMS: A GUIDE FOR THE SEVENTIES, by William F. Buckley, Jr. (Putnam). A short work in which the author recommends, among other things, that welfare be left almost entirely to the states, that

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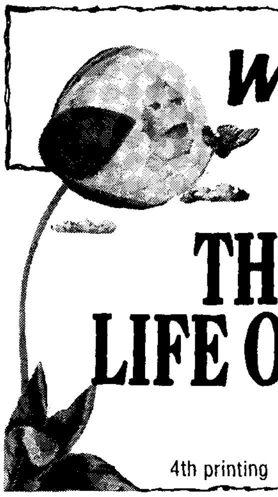

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ANEURIN BEVAN: A BIOGRAPHY, 1945-60, by Michael Foot (Atheneum). This is the second of two volumes, the first of which appeared in 1963. At the start of this volume, Bevan has assumed office in Clement Attlee's Labour Government and taken on (among other tasks) the job of creating the National Health Service. Mr. Foot, an author, a journalist, and himself a Labour M.P., tells us frankly that his subject is one of his heroes. By avowing this bias, he allows us, for the most part, to discount it, and leaves us free to appreciate his impressive work of research, narrative, exposition, and recollection. Throughout his career, Bevan asserted the claim of labor (as well as of the Labour Party) to be the essence of the British nation, as against the Tory assumption that the peerage, the established church, large proprietors, and smart officers were the real Great Britain. Bevan's insistence on this point continued throughout his life. One difficulty raised by Foot's partisanship is whether Bevan really was injured by the bad press he received during most of his career. It appears, to a dispassionate reader, that Bevan lent himself as a target because of his exceptionally colorful personality; he was a handy devil for Conservatives, and he also frightened many powerful figures in his own party. Bevan's intensity, outspokenness, and magnetism drew followers, and this suggested to other Labour politicians that he was out for power or, worse, their jobs. The book brings up all sorts of questions for Americans. One example, for the Democrats just now: Should a party of the left which has lost an election try to win by looking—and being—less left? (This was the Gaitskell position, which Bevan rejected.) In this and other respects, Mr. Foot's book is both alive and pertinent.

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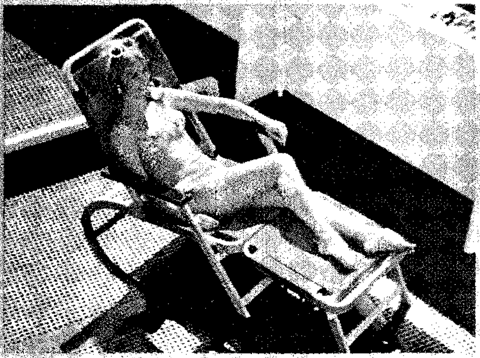

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